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TO·RIGHT·THE·WRONG

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"'IF I CANNOT HAVE FAIR ROSAMOND, I'LL HAVE NONE.'"
[Page 189.

TO RIGHT THE WRONG

A Novel

Bayly Art.

BY

EDNA LYALL (pseud.)

AUTHOR OF

"IN THE GOLDEN DAYS" "DONOVAN" ETC.

"But were it the meanest under-service, if God by His secretary conscience enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back."—MILTON

ILLUSTRATED

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to

In one sense, indeed, what is gained by any great religious movement? What are all reforms, restorations, victories of truth, but protests of a minority: efforts clogged and incomplete, of the good and brave, just enough in their own day to stop instant ruin—the appointed means to save what is to be saved, but in themselves failures? Good men work and suffer, and bad men enjoy their labours and spoil them; a step is made in advance—evil rolled back and kept in check for a while, only to return perhaps the stronger. But thus, and thus only, is truth passed on, and the world preserved from utter corruption.—DEAN CHURCH ("*Anselm*").

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PREFACE

THE attempt made in these pages to sketch the character of John Hampden has been a task of much difficulty, owing to the scanty memorials of the great patriot which have been left. Nugent's *Life of Hampden*, Forster's short Biography in his *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, and the brief character-sketches of Clarendon, Echard, and others, leave one hungering for more. Having learned from Professor Gardiner that the accounts of Hampden's last moments given in almost all histories are now found to be incorrect, as they were based on Clough's untrustworthy pamphlet, I have ignored them, and have ventured to assume that his friend Arthur Goodwin was, as he himself imagined, the last to speak with him. In Webb's *Civil War in Herefordshire* the following letter is given from Arthur Goodwin to his daughter, Lady Wharton: "I am now heere at Hampden in doinge the last duty for the deceased owner of it, of whome every honest man hath a share in the losse, and therefore will likewise in the sorrowe. All his thoughts and endeavours of his life was zealously in for this cause for God's, which he continued in all his sickness, even to his death; for all I can heere the last words he spake was to mee, though he lived six or seven howers after I came away as in a sleepe: truly, Jenny (and I know you may easily be persuaded to it), he was a gallant man, an honest man, an able man, and take all, I know not to any man living second. God in mercy hath rewarded him. . . . I have writ to London for a blacke suite. I pray lett mee begg of you a broad black ribbon to hange about my standarde. . . . I would we could all lay it to heart, that God takes away the best amongst us."

The Earl of Buckinghamshire (who kindly showed me many things connected with his ancestor) still has in his possession a sixteenth-century chalice bearing the inscription, "From this cup John Hampden received the consecrated wine at the hands of Robert

Lenthall, Rector of Great Hampden," and as it appears from the Church Register that Lenthall was not formally inducted till the 30th November, 1643, but was apparently in charge of the parish in June, it may, perhaps, be fairly conjectured that the inscription on the chalice refers to Hampden's last sacrament.

Through the kindness of the Bishop of Durham and of Colonel Waller I have been able to study the Letters, Aphorisms, and Sermons of Whichcote, and the *Vindication* and *Divine Meditations* of Sir William Waller; of these memorials I have made free use for the conversations in which the two writers take part. I am also much indebted to Mr. Hyett, of Painswick House, for his interesting pamphlet, *Gloucester and her Governor during the Great Civil War*, and for the kind loan of *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis;* while to Canon Venables I owe much information about Lincoln in olden days. The fresco, named "The Ladder of Salvation" or the "Ladder of Life," mentioned in chapter xxxix, may now be seen in Chaldon Church, near Katterham, the whitewash having some years ago been removed; and the pamphlet, quoted in the same chapter, was published anonymously in the time of the Commonwealth.

I should like to add that, in common with all students of the seventeenth century, I feel under the deepest obligation to Professor Gardiner for his *History of the Great Civil War*, and own him, indeed, my special thanks for a book which cheered many tedious hours of illness.

EDNA LYALL.

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TO RIGHT THE WRONG

CHAPTER I

> Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
> But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
> And to be boy eternal.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE hot rays of a July sun were beating down upon two riders who, with tired and foam-flecked steeds, were making their way along a ridge of country overlooking the fens of Lincolnshire. All about them lay the wide green expanse, gleaming here and there with the watery tracks which divided the few reclaimed fields, for in Lincolnshire, as a wit once remarked, "the very hedges are ditches."

Apparently, however, neither the heat nor the monotony of the landscape affected the spirits of the travellers, who were talking and laughing merrily enough. They were both young—standing that day, as it were, at the threshold of manhood—for they had just taken their degree at Cambridge, and now "the world lay all before them," and to each the prospect with its unknown chances and opportunities seemed good.

Although there was no striking likeness between the two, it was easy to tell by their voices and by certain tricks of expression and bearing that they were brothers, and possibly on account of the essential unlikeness of their charac-

ters they were also the closest friends. Joscelyn Heyworth, the elder of the two by a year, was the more striking and original; he was also, on account of his *bonhomie* and his ready wit, the more popular; while a sort of latent strength and unexpected force of character, which showed itself now and then beneath his light-hearted sociability, attracted to him almost invariably those of the highest type. The younger brother, Dick, though possessing much of Joscelyn's charm, was lacking in the strength as well as in the brilliancy so noticeable in the elder brother. He was less to be depended on—drifting sometimes from sheer good-nature into dangers from which the other's less pliable nature ran no risk whatever. On the other hand, in evenness of temper the younger was far superior to the elder, and if Dick needed on occasion to be helped out of some scrape, or prevented by Joscelyn from sowing his wild oats, Joscelyn needed very often indeed to be roused from the fits of deep melancholy to which, in common with most high-spirited people, he was liable. The two were like David and Jonathan, being all the more dependent on each other because circumstances had thrown them together almost constantly; and on this summer morning there was nothing to warn them of coming changes, nothing to make them realize how important a date this 13th day of July, in the year 1642, was to prove for each of them.

"Thank Heaven! there is Lincoln Minster at last!" exclaimed Joscelyn, as he perceived far in advance the grand central tower, and the smaller towers of the west front with their lead-covered spires glittering in the sun.

"Hurrah for the jolly Spread Eagle and a draught of good ale!" said Dick, pushing back the hair from his forehead. "This sun is grilling! We will put up our horses below hill, and go up in the cool of the day to pay our respects to your old godfather."

"I hate the thought of coming to this place no more," said Joscelyn, looking over the green plain to the towers of the lower city, and to the hill beyond, cross-crowned by its glorious cathedral.

"Who knows that we shall come no more?" said Dick, lightly; "Mr. Gainsborough may live to be a hundred years old for aught we know."

Joscelyn shook his head.

"Now that our Cambridge days are over the visits here will no longer be a saving of money, but an expense. We shall be kept down in the south. You will see, we shall settle down at Shortell and turn into Hampshire hogs!" He stifled a sigh and laughed.

"A Hampshire hog, a Surrey dog, or a Sussex boor," said Dick, with a grimace. "We are near enough to the boundaries of all three counties to leave us some choice. Do you guess our father's intentions towards us?"

Joscelyn shook his head.

"Naught has been said; in my last letter I told him of our wish to travel. Maybe at Lincoln he will send us some reply."

"He did not grudge it to Jervis, but he will grudge it to us," said Dick, with an oath. "Would to God you were the first-born instead of Jervis! I might then have stood a chance of receiving something better than snubs. 'Tis a wretched lot to be merely second and third fiddle all one's born days."

"Nay, you have little cause to grumble," said Joscelyn. "Was it not ever the youngest son who proved successful in all the nursery tales? But I—the prosaic middle one in a family of five—have nothing before me but mediocrity to the end of the chapter. Jervis must be home again from the grand tour by now. I wonder if he is at Shortell, or if he has already joined my father at York?"

"At Beverley, you should say. The court has left York by this. Great Heaven! Just look yonder! Why, the road is black with people!" The two brothers, who had journeyed that morning from Grantham, were now approaching the Eleanor Cross, just outside the city, the first of the long series of monuments marking the resting-places of King Edward's wife, and terminating at the village of Charing, near London.

At this point a road from the southwest joined the one they had been travelling on, and it was clear that from this western quarter some great arrival was expected, for on either side the way was lined with people in holiday trim.

Joscelyn, who loved excitement and delighted in crowds, urged on his steed till, on reaching the Eleanor Cross, he paused to ask an old countryman what was the meaning of the unusual stir.

"Marry, God bless your heart, master, his Majesty the King be a-coomin' from Newark," replied the man, lifting a wrinkled and weather-beaten face to his questioner. "Oh, aye, it be true as gospel, and I've left my be-usts [cattle] that I may clap eyes on him."

"The King coming here!" exclaimed Joscelyn. "I wonder if my father will be in his train? If so, Dick, good-luck for us. We will do what we can to get leave to travel, and who knows but my godfather may put in a word for us?"

"Perchance my father will wish us to join the King's army," said Dick, whose heart stirred strangely within him at the sight of the people's enthusiasm. "After all, 'tis somewhat churlish to set off travelling to foreign parts when our swords might be of use in defending both Church and King—in upholding the divine right of—"

"For God's sake let us have no politics!" said Joscelyn, with an air of impatience and distaste. "As for me," and

he laughed a hearty, boyish laugh, "I hold with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and had as lief be a Brownist as a politician. What do you say, shall we wait here and see the entry?"

"Better push on," said Dick; "we shall get no stabling for the horses else. The city is certain to be crowded."

"True. That's a prudent thought," replied Joscelyn. "What good-fortune to come in for such a pageant! 'Tis a good omen that our manhood opens with such a stroke of luck."

With keen interest he watched the busy preparations and the eager people, making laughing comments to his brother as they passed by. Many glances were turned upon him, for, as one old gossip remarked to another, he was indeed "a sight for sair een" as he rode that day into the city of Lincoln.

His face was a powerful as well as a handsome one; there was power in the square jaw and prominent chin, power in the low broad forehead, and both intellect and humor in the far-seeing, dark-blue eyes, which, with his sunny and laughter-loving nature, had been the bequest of his Irish grandmother. As though to soften the rather stern features, his complexion was unusually fair, while the thick wavy mass of hair reaching to his shoulders was of so golden a color that one might have dropped guineas among it. He wore the picturesque costume of the time in light gray cloth, a broad gray felt hat with blue plumes, and high riding-boots.

Richard Heyworth was also a handsome fellow, his hair and coloring several shades darker than his brother's, and his honest gray eyes full of good-humor. But whereas Joscelyn was broad-shouldered, lean, and sinewy, evidently a born athlete, Dick was small made, long-necked, and rather inert-looking, so that naturally one would have expected the warlike spirit to animate the elder brother, and the desire

to visit the cities of the Continent to have filled the mind of the younger. While, however, Dick at Cambridge had invariably been ready to drink confusion to the Roundheads and to argue with all the heat and ignorance of youth, Joscelyn had always turned a deaf ear to the question of the day. He hated strife and loved merriment, politics bored him, and though the country seemed to stand on the very brink of war, he still held aloof from all consideration or discussion of the problem that was dividing England. He was one of those who cannot see matters of this sort in the abstract, one of those who sleep calmly on till wakened by the actual presence of the problem incarnate—till some individual case of wrong clutches hold of them and shakes them from a pleasant dream-land into the light of truth.

Lincoln in those days must have been one of the most striking cities in England, and to Joscelyn Heyworth it was a place full of pleasant associations, for happy as his life had been, and much as he loved the old Hampshire home, yet it was here, at Lincoln, that he had first tasted the delights of freedom. At Shortell Manor he was forever being reminded that he was merely one of the younger sons, and though the Heyworths were a singularly united family, with a strong feeling for the ties of blood, yet Lady Heyworth ruled somewhat sternly, and Sir Thomas treated all but Jervis and Isabella, the eldest daughter, with a good deal of kindness, but with scant consideration. At Lincoln, naturally enough, all was different, and it was with a gay heart and friendly eyes that Joscelyn glanced up at the great Bargate, the first of the gate-houses protecting the city on the south. With something of the pride of an actual citizen, too, he looked at the beautiful Church of St. Botolph, and, fording the great Gowt—a watercourse which at that time traversed the High Street—rode past the old Saxon towers of St. Peter-at-Gowts and St. Mary-

le-Wigford on the right hand, the more modern churches of St. Mark and St. Benedict on the left, and with no small difficulty forced a passage through the great crowd of people on the High Bridge.

"Let us see if there is stabling to be had at the Spread Eagle," said Dick.

But one of the hostlers promptly assured them that there was no room at all in the inn, many of the gentry having come to the city that day to do honor to his Majesty. Finding the same state of things at the Saracen's Head, the brothers betook themselves to the George Inn, a quaint old timber building with an upper story overhanging the narrow High Street and gaining a fine view of the Stonebow, another of the city gate-houses.

By the time they had donned their best suits, and made as good a meal as might be obtained from the excited people of the inn, the crowd without had enormously increased, and though Joscelyn was not without a desire to be down in the thick of it, he yielded to his brother's assurances that they would see all that was to be seen far better from the window of the George. So with the casement flung wide they established themselves comfortably on the broad window-seat, and with a dish of strawberries within easy reach idly awaited the event of the day, chatting as comfortably and unconcernedly as though beneath this popular gathering there lurked no grim shadow of coming strife.

"Look! look!" cried Dick; "here come whole troops of clergy filing through the Stonebow! We shall see your godfather among them. How far do they go to meet his Majesty?"

"There walks the Dean," said Joscelyn, "and good Lord! what hosts of them! why, the place is all a-crawl with parsons. They can push their way no farther; they

mean to wait here. And see! from the other quarter comes our jolly old herdgroom that we met at the cross; he is determined to clap eyes on the King from the best possible point."

He turned back to the room for a fresh handful of strawberries, then leaned out once more, his eyes full of merriment, for to an acute observer a crowd will generally furnish plenty of fun. He was intent on throwing down strawberries to a child just below in its mother's arms, when shouts from the distance warned them that his Majesty was at length coming. The dense throng in the street cheered lustily, cries of "A King! a King! a King!" echoed on all sides, and the general enthusiasm touched Joscelyn; it even brought the tears to his eyes. "What a thing it must be to have such love as this thrown at one's feet!" he thought. "A king must surely be moved by such a sight, must burn to serve his people." And with an eager desire which he had never before felt he longed to see the face of his sovereign, realizing through the loving welcome of the crowd something of the strength of the King's position, something, too, of its dread responsibility.

And now, indeed, the procession was actually in sight, and looking down the High Street he could see the frantic waving of hats, the drawn swords of the gentry eager to swear their readiness to fight, and, surrounded by the guard, his Majesty himself, the one unmoved person in the whole vast assembly. With reverent loyalty fast changing to a sort of dread curiosity, Joscelyn gazed fixedly at the approaching King. Charles, unfortunately, had none of the genial bearing and habit of courting popularity which had stood the Tudors in such good stead, and without which their despotic government would never have been tolerated; his affections were strictly limited to his domestic

circle, and in no sense of the word could he be called the father of his people; cold, indifferent, reserved, he had nothing to give in return for all the devotion of this multitude.

"Vivat Rex! Vivat Rex!" shouted the hundreds of clergy ranged on either side of the street; and in the words of a pamphleteer of the day, an eye-witness of the scene, "his Majesty vouchsafed a princely recognition of this dutiful expression."

So narrow was the street, so overhanging the upper story of the inn, that the two brothers at their window were on a level with the King and quite near to him. Dick Heyworth stood, sword in hand, huzzaing with all the strength of his lungs, but Joscelyn seemed like one struck dumb; he forgot himself altogether, and merely stood there in the window watching, as though his very life depended on it, the cold, handsome face and dignified bearing of the King.

At that moment a cry was raised which overpowered by its strange contrast the shouts of welcome. To the right of the Stonebow, from the Prison Lane, a man came elbowing his way through the crowd.

"Justice!" he cried, "justice!" and the word rang out with a passionate pain indescribable.

Joscelyn's heart gave a bound; he looked at this daring unit in the throng who had ventured to uplift his voice. For an instant he saw him distinctly, and all his life he could recall the sight. A bloodless face lined with suffering, dark hair closely cropped after the fashion of the extreme section among the Puritans, a nose slit by the shears of the executioner, ghastly scars where there should have been ears—a mere wreck of a man, in fact, a living witness to the barbarous intolerance of the age, for he was clearly no criminal; the face, though tinged with fanaticism, was nevertheless a good face. It was only for a minute that he was

visible, for the people turned upon him in fury, and with oaths and blows he was hustled off the scene. The King, no more affected by the incident than he would have been by the hum of a wasp or the drone of a bee, turned to Sir John Monson and commanded him to read the speech prepared by his Majesty for the occasion. This ceremony ended, the city delivered its congratulations by the Recorder, Sir Charles Dalison, and the King, returning a gracious extempore answer, passed through the Stonebow, and bowed to the Corporation, which awaited him with a full appearance of their trained bands.

Meanwhile, Joscelyn Heyworth had awakened from his dream; he had realized that there were grievances which called for redress, and he had learned that the King was utterly unmoved by these grievances. His heart was all in a tumult. He turned hastily to the old landlady, who had been looking from one of the other windows at the King's entry.

"Who was that Roundhead fellow that cried out for justice?" he asked. "Doth he belong to these parts?"

"Why, yes, master," said the good dame, wondering at the question. "He be well known in Lincoln. 'Tis John Drake, the school-master; he was sent to prison in foreign parts. The Parliament they released him."

"Why was he imprisoned?" asked Joscelyn.

"He wrote a book against the bishops," said the landlady, "and the Star Chamber condemned him for it to the pillory; and that was how he lost his ears and the shape of his nose, to say nothing of his money; and when he coom back from prison, why, he found his wife and children had died, and it's my belief that half turned his brain, for though before he was a peaceable, harmless man, yet now he be always, as you saw him to-day, wildlike and crying for justice."

Joscelyn thought of the people who had kicked and hustled him out of sight, and he thought of the King's cold indifference. Had they treated a dog even in such a way, surely one might have expected a shade of pity or concern on the face of a good and compassionate man; and this fanatic, this mutilated school-master, was one of the King's own subjects.

"Where doth the fellow live?" he asked, filled with an unaccountable desire to make up to the poor man for the ill treatment he had received.

"Well, I've heard folks say that he lodges at the Jew's house on Steep Hill," said the landlady. "Not the one opposite the Bull Ring, but what they call the House of Aaron the Jew, wellnigh at the top o' the hill."

The conversation was interrupted by an exclamation from Dick.

"Good-luck, Joscelyn! good-luck!" he cried. "See, here rides my father."

Joscelyn returned to the window, and the perplexity died out of his face as he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Why, as I'm a living man," he cried, "there's Jervis riding beside him, wearing a lovelock a yard long, tied with sky-blue ribbons."

"The grand tour has changed him mightily," said Dick. "Was there ever such a dandy? See how my father defers to him. There's after all little hope for us, I fear."

But Joscelyn had ceased to think of the future; he was only intent on catching his father's eye, and bluff Sir Thomas, presently perceiving him, called out a hearty greeting, and bade him hasten below and meet them.

Both Joscelyn and Dick hurried down to the door, and Sir Thomas, dismounting, embraced them, looking them over from head to foot not without a good deal of fatherly pride.

"Glad to see you, my sons; glad to see you," he said. "Why, Jervis, it's an age since you set eyes on them."

Jervis's greeting was decidedly flavored with patronage, and Joscelyn was glad to turn again to his father.

"You have ridden straight from Newark, sir?" he asked.

"Aye, right away, and we are wellnigh broiled," said the baronet, taking off his beaver and wiping his red face as they mounted the stairs.

He was a fine-looking man of about fifty, but appearing older on account of his gray hair and shaggy gray eyebrows. His eyes, rather small and deep-set, were of a clear light blue, utterly unlike the Irish blue of Joscelyn's; his mouth betrayed an irritable temperament, but in other details he was not unlike his second son: there was the same rather stern profile, the same tall, broad-shouldered frame, and the same strange attractiveness which made him, with all his faults, a most lovable man.

"We left Cambridge but yesterday, sir," exclaimed Joscelyn, as they entered the parlor once more; "slept last night at the Angel, at Grantham, and rode on here just in time to see the King's entry. We had no notion his Majesty was expected."

"It was but a hastily devised plan," said Sir Thomas, setting down his tankard of ale and calling for a plate of beef. "We have had naught but chopping and changing of late; first from York to Beverley, where his Majesty hath a fine set of troops ready to fight the parliamentary villains; thence to Hull, which is still held by the traitor Hotham; after that to Newark, and so here. Jervis and I must return with the court to-morrow to Beverley, but as for you two lads you had best return to Shortell at once and help to execute the commission of array. On your way down you can stop to consult with your uncle at Bletchingley, and erelong I shall be at home to see to matters myself."

"Do you mean, sir, that you intend to raise a troop?" asked Joscelyn, all his old perplexity returning.

"Why, of course, lad, of course; what else would you have me do? Things would be come to a pretty pass indeed if an English gentleman hesitated to put all he had at the disposal of his King. I thank God that he has given me wealth and health and three stalwart sons to join with me against the foe."

Jervis, who had taken a place at the table just opposite to Joscelyn, watched him critically during this speech.

"Methinks Cambridge is somewhat behind the times," he said, with a smile. "Joscelyn has the air of one roused from the land of books to the workaday world. In the words of the proverb, 'This cock will not fight.'"

Joscelyn flushed angrily and turned to his father.

"I have kept aloof from politics, sir," he said; "and this certain news of war, this active preparation, bursts on me as a surprise. I had always thought some peaceful settlement would be made. For the rest, if war indeed come, I can fight for the right as well as any other Englishman."

"Bravely spoken," said Sir Thomas. "Come, boys, let us have a toast: Confusion to the King's enemies!"

"Confusion to the King's enemies!" echoed the three sons; but as Joscelyn drank there darted into his mind an uncomfortable question—

"And who are his true enemies?"

It was exactly as though a voice spoke the words into his ear, and indeed the question was the last that would have naturally occurred to him. Startled and agitated, he pushed back his chair, and crossing the room, gazed out of the window again at the crowded street. The motley gathering, however, had no longer any charms for him; like one in a dream he watched the people fighting their way through the three arches of the Stonebow, while above them, carved on

the old gate-house in strange contrast of repose, he could see the representation of the Virgin Mary trampling underfoot the dragon as she received the message of the Archangel Gabriel. His peace-loving nature turned with relief to the calm picture in stone. At least of this he was sure, that in the end evil was to be overpowered by good. Whatever else was uncertain, there remained the one great certainty, that peace and good-will should ultimately reign among men. For Joscelyn had a sort of vigorous faith which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength; and the vague discomfort that had now seized upon him came solely from his dread of doing wrong through his political ignorance. An unexpected call had come to him to help his father in executing the commission of array, and but a few minutes before he had become conscious that the question at issue was a painfully complicated one, and that for him at any rate it was now impossible to rush into the King's service without trying to gain a true understanding of the actual quarrel.

And yet how was this possible for him?" With the best intentions, how could he now all at once gain the knowledge he so sorely needed? In a miserable state of unrest, with a suppressed dread which he failed to understand, he tried desperately to see where his duty lay, and while still making as though he were absorbed in contemplation of the crowd, he was really praying with the passionate fervor of one who sees himself encompassed by perils. Then he stood still and waited in expectancy, but all that came to him was the trampling of feet and the buzz of tongues from the street below, while from within came the sound of Jervis's voice, singing, not too soberly, a mocking song of the day:

"Come, let the state stay
And drink away,
There is no business above it;

It warms the cold brain,
Makes us speak in high strain,
He's a fool that does not approve it.
The Macedon youth
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drank and he fought,
Till he had what he sought;
The world was his own by good drinking."

The words fell jarringly on his ear. Was this devil's argument to be shouted out so clearly, and was no help to come to him in his perplexity? All at once he remembered his old godfather. If he could not see a way out of his difficulties, there was at any rate something he ought to do at the present moment; and finding Dick little disposed to go with him, he set forth alone, relieved to get out of the inn parlor into the gay, crowded High Street.

CHAPTER II

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind—what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinion, both of men and things!—that trifles light as air should waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immovably within it that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it!—STERNE.

THE fresh summer air and the bright sunshine soon restored Joscelyn's mind to its usual happy content. Passing the churches of St. Peter-at-Arches, St. Lawrence, and St. Martin, he entered the Strait, a gloomy, narrow thoroughfare leading from the High Street to the foot of Steep Hill. Here he overtook some old friends, Henry Barrington and his pretty sister, and what with their merry talk and the bright eyes of Mistress Anne, future cares were driven still further into the background.

"You must come to us this evening," she said, gayly. "We are to have a dance in honor of his Majesty's visit. How lucky that you should have arrived in time for this gala-day!"

"Nay, come and stay with us altogether," said Henry Barrington; "for, as no doubt you have heard, old Mr. Gainsborough is taken ill, and you will have but a dull time of it there."

"Is he ill?" said Joscelyn, anxiously. "I had heard naught of that. I must go on at once and ask how he does. And for your invitation to the dance, Mistress Anne, I gladly accept it."

She gave him a bright, mischievous glance, for Joscelyn

Heyworth was one of the three admirers who she favored, and stood quite apart from a score or so of less fortunate adorers. At present, however, he was not so much in love with her as he had once fancied was the case, merely regarding her as the prettiest girl he had as yet seen and the pleasantest to talk with.

Having parted with them towards the top of the hill, and watched the last glimpse of Anne's blue skirt as it turned the corner, he suddenly came back to his perplexities with a pang of remembrance, at sight of the Jew's house which he was just approaching. In a moment the scene at the Stonebow flashed back into his mind, and once more that unwelcome voice spoke to him with startling clearness: "Go, see him at once—he was unjustly used."

Not without a certain reluctance he approached the old stone house, and, pausing at the Norman doorway, knocked for admittance.

"What is your will?" said a pale-faced woman, opening to him.

"I came to inquire after a Mr. John Drake; they told me he lodged here," said Joscelyn.

The woman looked doubtfully at his dress and at the mane of golden hair; she seemed half inclined to shut the door in his face, but the kindly look in his blue eyes disarmed her.

"If you wish him well, sir, step in," she said; "but he has not long to live, and I will not have him pestered at the last."

"What!" cried Joscelyn. "You don't mean that he was seriously injured by the crowd?"

"No," she replied. "'Twas not the crowd that killed him; 'twas his own excitement. He had been ill in bed for a se'nnight or more, but to-day, when my back was turned, he dressed himself and went downhill, being fran-

tic-like at news of the King's entrance. I'm naught but his landlady; yet, sir, I care for him as though he were my own kin."

She led the way into an inner room, where, in the somewhat dim light, Joscelyn presently descried the face that had haunted him, almost as white now as the pillow it lay upon. John Drake fixed his dark eyes on the stranger for a minute, then turned to his landlady.

"I would see none but the godly in my last extremity," he said.

"Nay, sir," said the good woman; "but this gentleman hath a kind heart, and would know how you fare. Maybe he is, after all, a godly youth."

"His clothing is too bright, and his hair is not of the godly cut," said the Puritan.

At any other time Joscelyn would have laughed aloud, but in the near presence of death a sort of awe stilled even his keen sense of humor. He felt nothing but a desire to help in some way this man who had been slowly done to death.

"Don't heed me," he said; "I am only one who saw the doings just now at the Stonebow, and would fain have sheltered you from the rough usage. Is there aught I could do for you now?"

The dying man did not speak for some minutes, he only looked steadfastly at his visitor; it was as if he now saw something beyond the fashionable clothes and the gay colors and the long hair.

"I misjudged you, sir," he said at length. "'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Nay, there is little I need now; the prison life sowed the seeds of death in me, and sorrow and want have finished the work."

His very lack of complaint touched Joscelyn; he looked down on the poor, marred face with infinite pity. What a

life this man had led! what misery he had endured! how cruel had the world been to him! and now he was dying, and the time for "kindly deeds and offices of good" was over.

"I wish your life had been less sad, sir," he said, with a sort of break in his voice, "and I wish there were aught I could do for you."

The dying man started up with sudden energy, and caught his hand with an eager, almost convulsive grasp.

"Too late for me," he said, "but in God's name think of the thousands in like case. Give your life for England and her liberties. Fight for justice—for justice!"

With that word on his lips—the first word and the last that Joscelyn heard him speak—John Drake fell back upon the pillow. His troubled life was over.

Joscelyn staggered back from the bedside, feeling as if some one had dealt him a stunning blow. Within a couple of hours there had come to him a call to arms from either side. His father bade him help to prepare a troop in Hampshire, this dying Puritan solemnly adjured him, in the name of God, to fight for the liberties of England. It seemed to him the very irony of fate that this should have happened to one whose tastes were wholly peaceful, and he wondered impatiently why he could not return to his old, comfortable, easy-going life. But his sleep was over, his dream ended; already his boyhood seemed far behind, and life—hard, perplexing, baffling life—lay before him.

Then he remembered that he must hasten on to see old Mr. Gainsborough, if possible; and full of anxiety to find out the truth about his illness, he took a hurried leave of the landlady of the Jew's house, and, mounting the rest of the hill, made his way through the Exchequer Gate into the Close, or, as it was usually called, the Minster Yard.

From the northwest tower Great Tom of Lincoln rang

solemn welcome to the King, and in the sunshine of that summer afternoon the rich Norman work of the west front seemed to Joscelyn more perfect than ever; he wondered whether John Drake had grudged the beauty of the cathedral, and whether, if he and his like had their way, all the noblest buildings in England would be levelled to the ground. Walking past the beautiful Galilee porch, and the still more beautiful south doorway, he imagined to himself an army of John Drakes at work with hammer and axe, not for their legitimate use, but for destruction—for sawing off, perhaps, the exquisitely chiselled head of the Christ in the centre of the south doorway, or for dragging the stone saints from their niches. This side of Puritanism revolted him; and yet the memory of the dead man, of his poor mutilated face, of his pitiful story, kept returning to him till his wrath against the image-breakers turned to wrath with the cruelties of Laud, and in resenting the defacing of human beings he forgot to think of the foolish attacks on art.

Mr. Gainsborough lived in an old red-tiled house facing the east end of the cathedral, and near the chapter-house. It was long and low, with curious old windows dating from the reign of Edward III. Joscelyn noticed that the curtains of his godfather's bedroom were closely drawn, and the moment the old serving-man opened the door to him he saw that Henry Barrington had not exaggerated the news of the illness.

"The master will never be out again," explained the old servant, in reply to his question. "He may linger on for a time, they say, but can never be better any more."

"Will he see me?" asked Joscelyn.

"Yes, sir, yes; come in. No fear but that he'll see you." And entering a dark passage, Joscelyn followed the man up a strange twisting staircase, built in the thickness of the wall, till he reached the sick-room. Here, lying on

a quaintly-carved bedstead with a heavy oak canopy, he found his old friend, and his heart sank within him as he saw how wan and changed he was. The invalid looked him over from head to foot, with something of the pride of a father, his eyes lighting up and his strength and energy returning as he questioned him about his success at Cambridge. Joscelyn told all gladly enough. But presently there came a pause, which was broken at length by the old man.

"And now, my son," he said, "what will you do with your life?"

"Ah, sir," cried Joscelyn, "that is the question that is haunting me. What can I do? What ought I to do?"

Then with perfect frankness he told all the story of that day, and of the strange way in which its events had impressed him. "Only counsel me," he prayed, "and I will gladly follow your counsel."

"Nay," said the old man, shaking his head, "how can I do that, lad, when I, too, am sorely perplexed? God in His mercy will take me away from these troubled times in which we see but through a glass darkly. And as for you—why, you must seek for wisdom where only it can be found."

"Yet if you do not know, sir, how can I hope to do so?" said Joscelyn.

"We can always see as far as the next needful step," said the dying man. "The days of my pilgrimage are over, but yours are only beginning—therefore be sure light will come."

"But there is no time," said Joscelyn, his voice full of distress. "To-morrow I must go back to Hampshire, must set actively to work in the King's cause. My father has already commanded me."

"Lad," said the old man, starting up eagerly, "do nothing in this matter till you can do it with your whole heart

and soul. You can serve neither King nor country till you have the consciousness of right. Let your motto through life be *Mens conscia recti*—without that your work will be worthless."

"I am full of ignorance," said Joscelyn, despondently. "How can I judge—how even search into all these vital questions? And besides, as I said, there is no time, I must set out to-morrow. And to speak of examining into the rights of the case would almost madden my father, who deems the King irresponsible, and of necessity in the right."

"True, and as yet you do not know but that you may come to see with him," said the invalid, musingly. Then after a silence: "But see, lad, you commit yourself to nothing by riding home to Shortell Manor, and, as you ride, pray for guidance. There is only one help for a man in your plight. 'Where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding? God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof. For He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heavens.'"

He lay back again on the pillows exhausted, and for many minutes there was unbroken quiet in the room. After a while the servant entered with a message.

"Sir Thomas Heyworth was below, come to inquire after Mr. Gainsborough's health; also he wished Mr. Heyworth to come with him at once, as there was a likelihood that he could be presented to the King."

Joscelyn rose reluctantly.

"Yes, lad, you must go," said his godfather; "yet come back to me again. Come to me by nine of the clock, and watch with me through the night. 'Tis the last time I shall see you in this world."

Joscelyn sighed heavily. In his miserable perplexity he

would gladly have changed places with the dying man, and with infinite unwillingness he left the quiet room, and, joining his father below, walked with him to the bishop's palace, where the King had taken up his quarters.

Sir Thomas talked fast and cheerfully, and as they crossed the Minster Green, Dick met them, full of excitement at the prospect of his presentation. But Joscelyn had the strangest feeling of unreality, for the weight of the problem upon which he must so soon decide overpowered all else, and afterwards he had the most indistinct recollection of what had passed. He could merely remember the entrance into the stately palace, the first sight of the grand banqueting-hall thronged with the Lincolnshire gentry who had flocked into the city to show their loyalty, and the extreme sadness of the King's eyes as they met his at his presentation.

All was over very quickly, and he found himself once more in the open air with Dick talking and laughing beside him, glad that the ceremony was ended and full of the King's praises. Joscelyn hardly heard him. He was lost in thought. Was it, he wondered, the death of Strafford that had brought the melancholy look to those eyes that haunted him? Was it the thought of the threatened rebellion? Was it distrust of his own advisers? Stories that he had heard at Cambridge about the King's lack of honor and trustworthiness returned to him now, forming an odd contrast to the known purity and strictness of his life in other matters. And then he thought of his cold indifference to the harsh treatment of poor John Drake at the Stonebow, which seemed to accord so ill with his proverbially religious character. Yet, spite of the chilling effect of the King's want of geniality, Joscelyn was far from harboring any enmity against him. Only the baffling question returned to him again and again, "Who were his Majesty's

true enemies?" And how was he to fight for that justice for which the dying victim of a hateful tyranny had so eagerly pleaded?

"You look melancholy, Mr. Heyworth," said pretty Anne Barrington, greeting him with her brightest smile, as he entered the ball-room a little later on. "Is it the thought of the war that makes you so grave?"

"Maybe," he replied, smiling a little, yet sighing too.

"For my part," said Anne, looking down complacently at her little pink shoes, "I think it is a delightful prospect. We shall no longer die of dulness and ennui, there will be stirring news-letters about sieges and battles and heroism. It will be like living in a French romance."

They were standing together in an oriel-window, the shutters had not been closed, the casement was wide open. Joscelyn turned away from the brightly lighted room and looked out into the summer evening; glowing sunset hues still lingered in the west.

"Do you call it romance?" he cried, bitterly. "Why, war is the desolater—the divider!"

"I do not see that," she replied. "Of course we shall all be on the right side; all people of birth will follow the King."

"I do not know how that may be," said Joscelyn, "but in any case, there are the rest. Do you make no account of them? You are a woman, and cannot realize what it will be actually to fight your own fellow-countrymen—to fight, perhaps, for a cause that you can't even understand."

"You spoil my pleasure," said Anne, pouting. "What business have you to indulge in a fit of the dismals on this gala-day? Come, the music begins, we must linger here no longer."

Joscelyn, with a sigh, turned away from the open window, and in a few minutes more was leading Anne through

"'WILL YOU GIVE ME YOUR HELP AND ADVICE AS TO THESE DIAMONDS?'"

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the stately minuet. How he wished that life was as simple an affair as this dance, and that one could master its intricacies by unmistakable rules! Yet, after all, were there not first principles upon which he could fall back? There was, at any rate, the clear duty of doing all that in him lay to study the question, though how it was to be done, and what the results would be, he could not imagine.

The minuet was followed by a coranto—to Whitelocke's music—one of the most popular tunes of the day. Joscelyn watched Anne dancing with one of her two other favored admirers without a single pang of envy. Past and present seemed curiously lifeless, blotted out by the looming shadow of the future. He danced mechanically, wondering to himself that so gay a scene could seem to him so strangely sad. Everything he had once enjoyed was there — good music, a good floor, general popularity, Anne's pretty face and fascinating smile; yet his heart felt like lead, and he was glad when nine o'clock sounded the hour of his release; glad even to bid Anne good-by, and to find himself outside in the cool twilight. On reaching the sick-room once more he found Mr. Gainsborough rather worse, yet somehow the suffering and discomfort of the dying man accorded better with his feelings than the gayety of the dance. He was glad to be here — glad to wait on his godfather, and to watch by him through the silent hours of the night.

At intervals they talked; sometimes of their mutual friend, Mr. Whichcote, Joscelyn's Cambridge tutor, sometimes about the King and the state of the country, sometimes of the hope of a speedy reconciliation with the Parliament.

Towards midnight the old man broke a long silence.

"I feel strangely drowsy," he said, trying, in the dim light, to make out his godson's features. "Do you get to

sleep, too, lad, or you will be weary for your journey to-morrow."

He motioned him nearer, looked at him searchingly, and embraced him with a murmured blessing.

"Do you know the meaning of your name, Joscelyn?" he said, a smile hovering about his wan lips. "It means *Justice*."

Having said that, he turned his face to the wall, and almost immediately dropped asleep.

Joscelyn returned to the huge dimity-covered arm-chair by the window and sat listening to the deep breathing of the old man, and watching the streak of light from the night-lamp where it fell athwart the great beam supporting the ceiling. Perhaps it was only now that he fully realized all that he owed to Mr. Gainsborough. The old man had, indeed, done much to train his mind, to implant in him certain vigorous first principles, and to show him by his own life the power of gentleness and liberality. He had, in fact, taught him all that it was in his power to teach, and the time had come when the two were to be parted—the old man to go to his rest, the young man to step forth alone into the battle of life. In the quiet of the summer dawn both slept heavily, but the old Prebendary's face was full of peace, while Joscelyn's knitted brow and flushed cheek showed that even in his dreams he wrestled with the grievous problem which he had to solve.

CHAPTER III.

It is the law of Heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise . . . unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it.—RUSKIN.

"YOU have already breakfasted?" asked Sir Thomas, as the next morning he was ushered into Mr. Gainsborough's study, where his son had just risen from the table. "Warm beer? Eh? No, I am heated with walking up the hill. I'll take nothing; and while we speak of it, Joscelyn, you'll do well in this matter to keep an eye on Dick. Thank God, I'm a sober man myself, and would have my sons the same, but Jervis hath gained no good in foreign parts, and Dick from sheer good-nature will follow his lead unless you have a care. How is your godfather?"

"Still sleeping heavily," said Joscelyn; "and the doctor thinks, sir, he will never regain consciousness, but will last a few days in this state and then die."

He spoke very quietly, but his face was full of sadness.

"Poor man!" said Sir Thomas. "Is it indeed as bad as that? Poor man!"

Joscelyn could almost have smiled. It did not seem to him that his godfather was to be pitied; surely he was in far better case than those who were left below in this miserably perplexing time—left, not knowing where to turn for advice. The thought of his own position returned to him with double force. He sighed.

"Poor lad!" said Sir Thomas. "You were ever fond of him and he of you. But courage, boy; your life lies before

you, and in these stirring times even you younger sons may reasonably hope to gain a good position. I could almost wish you were the eldest, for you are more to my taste now than Jervis."

"I scarce knew him, he was so changed, sir; but doubtless a few weeks in England will bring him to other ways."

Sir Thomas shook his head.

"He's not to my liking at all," he said, with a touch of pathos. "He has grown dissolute, extravagant, godless—unlike a Heyworth. But you, Joscelyn, you must be my right hand. I look to you now, for I can't deny I'm disappointed in my first-born—sorely disappointed."

"It was the first time his father had ever spoken to him confidentially, and the evident sadness and pain in his face touched Joscelyn to the heart; he spoke the eager words of comfort and affection that rose naturally to his lips.

"God bless you, lad!" said Sir Thomas, with one of the bright, genuine smiles which made the father and son so much alike. "I look to you to do me credit, to prove yourself a true Heyworth. But I must not stay longer. His Majesty will by this have spoken with Lord Willoughby of Erebie, who brought him a promise of six hundred horse from the gentlemen of Lincolnshire, and when that is ended the court will leave for Beverley."

"You wish us to start for Shortell this day, sir?" asked Joscelyn. "It would not be possible for me to wait on my godfather?"

"Nay; better start at once," said Sir Thomas. "He may linger long in this unconscious state, and what is there you could do for him? All being well, Jervis and I shall also come to Shortell in two or three weeks' time, but do you go and begin the work, and let drilling be the order of the day. Farewell, my son; a safe journey to you!"

He embraced him with more warmth than usual, and

Joscelyn, going with him to the front door, watched him as he crossed the green and disappeared though the gateway leading to the bishop's palace. It was not until he lost sight of the well-known figure that, with a sudden pang, he remembered that before he again met his father he must have made the search into the great question of the day upon which so much depended. What if he found it impossible conscientiously to join the King's side and make war upon the Parliament? What if his study of the just liberties of England should against his very wish divide him from his father? The very thought tortured him; and as though to escape from it he left the house, turning his steps by a sort of instinct towards the cathedral, and finally entering his favorite south doorway.

Outside there had been the glare and heat of the summer day, and the uncongenial crowd of idlers waiting about in hopes of catching a glimpse of the King; within all was quiet and cool, and full of that beautiful repose which Nature herself cannot always give, but which is seldom wanting in a nobly designed church. He sat down on one of the stone ledges in the south aisle, and looked up at the exquisitely carved angels in the triforium. The great building was empty, and its quiet stilled for a time his troubled thoughts. Where the light was to come from which should lighten his ignorance he had no notion; he only knew that it was bound to come. With his whole heart he desired to do right; the rest lay with God. But presently, with a sudden revulsion, all his old torments returned. It was true that the ordering lay with God, but the pain of it lay with him. What if the consciousness of right brought him ruin in this world, the bitter condemnation of all he loved? Worse still—what if it brought him into actual conflict with his father and Dick? His very heart sickened as the vision rose before him of a battle-field and the faces he loved con-

fronting him as foes. Could even this be borne? Could duty lead any man in so cruel a path? He sprang up and paced to and fro in the aisle, wrestling with the horrible imagination, praying with desperate earnestness the prayer of David: "Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness, because of my enemies: make Thy way plain before my face."

And after a while the beautiful silent cathedral, standing so peacefully in the midst of a troubled land, calm amid all the rage of the people, once more became a parable to him. He wondered whether perhaps it had witnessed just such a conflict as his in the past, and thought of all the strife and contention it must have looked down on, all the long years of civil war and desolation that had been in England since first it was built. But this led his thoughts back to the contentions of the present, the wretched sense of his own ignorance alternating with hopes that after all war might be averted at the last, or that he might be able honestly to side with his father. Again the words of the dying Puritan rang in his ear, "Fight for justice, for justice!" Again his godfather's eyes met his, reminding him that his very name meant *Justice*. The dread of doing wrong began to drive out every other thought; in utter misery he fell on his knees and prayed more desperately than ever for light. Then it suddenly occurred to him that only yesterday he had prayed for guidance, that no answer had apparently been given, yet that in doing his duty he had first come across John Drake, and then had received the last advice of his godfather.

Surely, light would come.

He rose to his feet comforted. Even the anguish of possible family division faded away before the perception that now came to him of a Higher Union which outer things were powerless to break; and leaving the cathedral, he stepped forth once more into the world, strong with the one

thought which could help him through his strangely perplexing life. "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

The two brothers left Lincoln early that morning; left it with old Mr. Gainsborough lying unconscious in the house in Minster Yard; with John Drake's body just placed in its coffin; with King Charles courteously thanking the gentlemen of Lincolnshire and the mayor, John Beck, for the troops they had promised to raise; with the old "herdegroome" contentedly minding his cattle near the Eleanor Cross; and the sun shining down on minster and castle and clustering houses as though, spite of the coming desolation, he would cheer the hearts of men.

Riding all through that Thursday, all through Friday, though not a little tried by the dust and heat, Joscelyn and Dick having stopped at Croydon about noon on Saturday to bait their horses, set forth once more at three o'clock, intending to reach their uncle's house at Bletchingley before night. In the first place they bore a letter to him from Sir Thomas, and in the second place they counted on getting a good deal of help and advice from him, since he was an old soldier, too much maimed for fighting, but with a large experience, upon which these two intended to draw.

Things were different in those days, and the brothers having begun their Cambridge career at the ages of fifteen and sixteen, were now, at its close, but nineteen and twenty. Young, inexperienced, and ignorant of the world, they had the great merit of being aware of the fact, and Joscelyn was not without hope that his soldier uncle might be able to solve his difficulties for him, and give him that knowledge of the state of affairs which he so greatly desired to have.

"The best of all would be if we could persuade him to come on with us to Shortell," said Dick, as they slowly

mounted a long hill. "He would do more with the training in a week than you and I in a month."

"True," said Joscelyn, plucking a bit of traveller's joy from a bush as they rode past. "My mother would like it, too, and little Rosamond will bless us, for she is mighty fond of my uncle. Good Lord! what will that poor child say to the news of the war? She is too tender for such times as these."

"Yes; she will not be so full of gay excitement as Mistress Anne Barrington," said Dick, stealing a glance at his brother. "Were we all chopped into mince-meat she would but say that it made life like a romance."

Joscelyn shrugged his shoulders.

"The novelty of war will soon wear off, and she will long for peace; or perchance, while the rest of the world is fighting, she will marry some cathedral dignitary."

"With your benediction?" said Dick, teasingly.

"Oh, entirely," said Joscelyn, with a laugh. "'She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think upon,' but having said that you have said all."

They had now, by winding lanes, reached a country church, and the wide, open expanse of Coulesdon Common lay before them; it was a fine place for a gallop, and by the time they had reached the little village of Katterham they were all glowing with the exercise, and were glad to slacken their pace as they rode past the pretty thatched cottages with their trim gardens, the village ale-house standing superior to all the other houses in the glory of red brick and tiled roof, the comfortable old rectory sheltered by a fine oak-tree, and then, after a space, with a gentleman's park on one side of the road and enclosed fields on the other, the little church with its rustic spire and peaceful graveyard. Just at this point the lane turned sharply round to the right, running along the brow of a hill and overlooking

"TO DICK'S UNBOUNDED ASTONISHMENT, HE SOBBED LIKE A CHILD."

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a most beautiful valley—one of those sweet, wild, wooded valleys that form the great charm of Surrey. The road—a mere track, forming an old right of way through private property—was in a disgraceful state, and its ruts, almost as deep as ditches, baked hard by the sun, contrasted ill with Coulesdon Common, where riding had been keen enjoyment. Just at this point they saw approaching them a family coach, a large lumbering vehicle which swung from side to side as the fine bay horses ploughed their way through the rough lane. The two brothers drew up close to the hedge which skirted the road on the one side. The way was very narrow, and a little in advance it was made narrower still, for some one had left a wheelbarrow near the garden wall which formed the other boundary. Now what gives horses their inveterate dislike to wheelbarrows it would be hard to say, but both the horses belonging to the coach shied as they passed the hated object, and the coachman losing for a time his control over them, they plunged violently to the other side of the road. An extraordinary minute of confusion followed, the cob Joscelyn was riding reared and kicked wildly, and in the end the horse and rider went over together, to the great consternation of Dick, who, being behind his brother, had escaped the danger. Instantly dismounting, he hastened to the rescue, the coachman managed to quiet down his frightened horses, while the coach door was thrown swiftly open, and a young girl sprang out, paused to give her arm to an old man who followed her, and approached just as Joscelyn, freed from the weight of the cob, began to raise himself and to look round in a bewildered way.

"I fear, sir, that you must be hurt?" said the old gentleman, with courteous anxiety. He was small, shrivelled, and wiry-looking, with a clean-shaven face and white hair almost as long as Joscelyn's.

"It was the fault of our horses, grandfather," said a sweet girlish voice at his elbow.

Joscelyn turned round that he might see the speaker. She must have been about his own age, and beside the little old man she looked very tall; she was dressed in white, with a hood of black velvet, but the strings were untied because of the heat, and the hood did not altogether hide the dark chestnut curls which alone could have fitly framed such lovely features. It was rather a grave face, with a delicate glow of color about it, with long, delicately arched eyebrows, and well-opened brown eyes, full now of awe and concern—altogether as tender, as womanly a face as you could wish to see. Joscelyn was at once seized with a burning desire to save her all possible trouble.

"Do not, pray, be troubled about me," he exclaimed. "It is nothing—I was but stunned for the moment."

But as he rose to his feet an involuntary exclamation escaped him, and he was obliged to clutch at his brother's arm.

"Something wrong, I fear," said the old man. "The knee, if I mistake not. On no account stand, sir. Here, Matthew, help the gentleman into the coach. Nay, sir, I must really insist upon it; you are in no state to mount, and might greatly increase your injury. My house is within a stone's-throw, and we will do all that we can to make you comfortable.

Joscelyn politely protested, but the old gentleman was inexorable, and before many minutes had passed he found himself on the back seat of the family coach, with his host and the pretty granddaughter sitting opposite. Driving through a gateway close by, they approached a well-built Tudor house, whose massive walls and mullioned windows looked as if they might very well stand a siege.

"Bid them prepare a bedchamber on the ground-floor,

Clemency," said the grandfather, "and in the meantime our guest shall rest in my library, and the surgeon, who by good chance came this day from Croydon, and is at the dower-house, shall be called in to see what is amiss."

"Clemency," mused Joscelyn; "what a strange name! It has a Puritanical sound, yet spite of that I think it suits her. I never saw so gentle a face that was yet so strong."

He began to wonder who his host could be, and perhaps the old man had the same thoughts about him, for he asked if they had intended making a long journey that night.

"We had but a few miles still before us," said Joscelyn. "We were to lie at the house of my uncle, Sir Ralph Whitfield, of Bletchingley. If the surgeon, indeed, forbids me to travel, my brother must go on alone."

"I have long known Sir Ralph. Are you then a Whitfield?"

"It was our mother's name. We are Heyworths, of Shortell, in Hampshire."

"What, sons of Sir Thomas Heyworth?"

"Is it possible you know him?" said Joscelyn.

"Nay, he would not remember me," said the old man; "but many years ago, when I was imprisoned in Hampshire, I recollect seeing him. Now, sir, my man shall help you into the house. Take your time."

Not without considerable pain, Joscelyn was led through a square entrance-hall into a most comfortable room, where the servants helped him on to a sort of couch of carved oak and cane-work. The words, "imprisoned in Hampshire," kept ringing in his ears. What did they portend? And who was this brisk, wiry old gentleman?

His question was answered by almost the first thing his eyes fell on. Close by the couch stood a small table, and

on this lay a letter directed in handwriting which could be read at a glance:

"To Sir Robert Neal,
At the Court House, Katterham,
In the County of Surrey."

At that moment Sir Robert himself entered with Dick, and while they were still talking together about the accident and the state of Joscelyn's horse, which had luckily escaped without any serious injury, the surgeon was announced.

It proved that Joscelyn, like the cob, had escaped better than could have been expected; but his knee was injured, and would need absolute rest for at least three weeks.

"Three weeks!" he exclaimed, with a curious sound of relief in his voice rather than of dismay.

Dick, on the other hand, turned away in high disgust, swearing vehemently, so that he did not see the look of satisfaction in his brother's face; but Sir Robert saw it, and was puzzled as to its meaning.

Joscelyn seemed to have fallen into a deep reverie. The fact was he had just realized that here was the help he so sorely needed; here the time for thought and study; here the means of keeping him from Shortell and the active preparation for war. He had believed all his life in prayer, and yet he was awed and startled by this direct answer, and something of this expression showed in his face, mingling with the deep relief. Sir Robert watched him searchingly; he felt strangely drawn to his guest, all the more so because he could not quite understand him.

"But, sir," exclaimed Joscelyn, coming to himself again, "since I am to be laid up so long, I cannot consent to be a burden on you. If you would be so good as to lend me your coach, I will go back to the village inn."

To this, however, Sir Robert would not listen for a moment.

"The accident was caused entirely by my horses," he said, "and I could not think of allowing you to move to the village. Entire rest for three weeks will no doubt quite cure you, and we shall be most happy to have you as our guest. And you, sir," turning to Dick, "you will, at any rate, spend the night here, I hope."

Dick thanked him for his courtesy, but would not consent to stay. "For my brother there is, I fear, little that I can do," he said. "My father has intrusted us with preparing a troop for the King's service, and since the standard is to be raised next month, there is no time to be lost."

Joscelyn fancied he saw a queer little elevation of Sir Robert's brows. The old man, however, made no comment on the words, but merely summoned the servant, and bade him bring in cakes and ale at once. Dick, having refreshed himself, took leave, and promising to make light of the accident at home, he parted with his brother, murmuring not a little that fate should have marred their plans and left him to work single-handed. Sir Robert went with him to the door, and on returning to the library a little later was struck by the extreme sadness in his guest's face.

"I fear this accident is a great inconvenience to you," he remarked, drawing up an arm-chair towards the couch, determined to understand this youth a little better.

Joscelyn started as though recalled from painful thoughts.

"I was wondering how my brother and I should meet again," he said. "But in truth the accident itself is a godsend to me and no inconvenience. It was time that I needed—time to think, to try at least to see the rights of the case before taking up arms."

Sir Robert's eyes kindled.

"Yours is the right spirit," he said, warmly. "Too many, I fear, on either side will rush blindly into the fray before they have truly weighed the matter in their own minds. 'Tis hard for the young not to yield to the first impulse, not to follow the lead of their friends and companions."

"That is true," said Joscelyn, with a heavy sigh. "To stand aloof from all that one's own set, one's own family, hold by, to be looked on as a traitor, a foe!—God grant it may not come to it! But I must, at any rate, try to understand something of the state of the country, and here in this three weeks' quiet lies my sole chance."

"How is it," said the old man, "that you are so unlike the rest of your generation? I should have expected you at your age to be a hot partisan."

"It is because I have never gone into these matters, sir," replied Joscelyn.

"Neither does your fiery partisan, as a rule," said Sir Robert. "He merely echoes the views of his set; you will rarely find him seriously studying politics."

"It may be," said Joscelyn, "because I hate all strife and division."

Sir Robert mused for a few minutes. Then he looked up kindly at his guest, and said:

"Your position interests me greatly. But I cannot altogether fathom it till I know what has been your life in the past. 'Tis from no curiosity I ask, but only because it may perchance lie in my power to help you if we fairly understand one another."

"My life is soon disposed of, sir," said Joscelyn; "never surely was there a less eventful one. We were all brought up at Shortell Manor, in Hampshire, and had a happy enough childhood. As to what was happening in the country, we knew nothing whatever about it. The sole thing relating to public affairs which I can remember is the stir

in the village when the communion-table was moved by the archbishop's orders from the middle of the nave, where it had stood since the Reformation, to the east end of the chancel. I was eleven years old then, and well remember how our old coachman groaned aloud and declared it meant bringing in the papists. To me it seemed a vast improvement, for before the men of the village used to pile up their greasy hats on it in a way which would not have been tolerated on any gentleman's dining-table. Later on I remember, too, that we were bidden, though not forced, to bow to the communion-table on entering or leaving the church, and my mother took it ill that I could not be brought to do this, not rightly seeing the sense of the practice. As for schooling, my brother and I went to Winchester. I was there till I was fifteen, and then was at home for a year with sore eyes, which for the best part of a twelvemonth kept me prisoner in a darkened room. 'Twas at that time I first learned to think; there was naught else to do. My eyes cured, I went to Cambridge with my brother. We were at Emmanuel, and our tutor was one Mr. Whichcote."

"Whichcote!" exclaimed Sir Robert. "I have heard much of him; a noble-minded man, and as fine a scholar as any in the land. You were fortunate, sir, to be under the tuition of such a one."

"From him," said Joscelyn, "I learned the answer to the doubts and thoughts which had assailed me in my year of illness. Some men deem him a Puritan; but that must be a mistaken notion, for a man less dogmatic and narrow, less given to gloomy fanaticism, never existed."

Sir Robert laughed a little; his shrewd, humorous face lighted up with keen enjoyment.

"I am a Puritan myself," he said, "yet would I not for the world force all men to agree with me. 'Tis enough if we agree upon the duty towards God and the duty towards

our neighbor. Let me persuade you, Mr. Heyworth, that all Puritans are not sour, cross-grained, melancholy, and ignorant, as the stage-plays and the songs of the day would have you think; 'tis but a few of a fanatical turn that persist in cropped hair and ostentatious piety; the bulk of us desired only to see temperance and godliness and a just liberty in our country. I'll be bound you think no Puritan could play a game of tennis, or sing a song, or enjoy the chase. Is it not so?"

Joscelyn hesitated, not a little confused, for Sir Robert had rightly guessed his thoughts. John Drake was precisely his idea of a Puritan, and that Sir Robert, with his genial laugh, his long hair, his air of good-breeding, should be classed among Roundheads (the derisive name now in vogue for those who held with the Parliament) seemed to him laughable.

Just then Clemency returned to the library.

"Your room is prepared, sir," she said to Joscelyn; "'tis the one adjoining this, so that you will not have far to move."

"And let us have supper presently in here, my child," said Sir Robert. "Where is your sister Faith?"

"She is in the park with the children. The hay is to be carried this evening, sir, and the children were promised to ride in the wagon."

"Then, unless you desire to be with them, dear, stay and cheer Mr. Heyworth with a song. He hath till this fully believed that we Puritans could sing naught but psalms, that we forever showed our piety by upturned eyes and nasal voice, and were in fact the hypocritical and melancholy folk that the wits represent."

Clemency laughed as she took her guitar and sat down near the window; for a moment a sort of shyness stole over her, but a glance at Joscelyn's eager face dispelled it, and

she thought to herself that he would prove no very severe critic. Perhaps it was on purpose that she selected Ariel's song from the "Tempest," the most joyous of all the songs in her collection, and the old panelled room rang with the sweet tones of her fresh young voice. As she finished, and as Joscelyn poured out compliments and thanks, Sir Robert crossed the room to the window.

"See," he said, "there goes the last wagon-load, and the children following it."

Clemency stood up, one hand still resting on the guitar as she looked out into the sunny, peaceful park. They could hear the hay-harvest song in the shrill voices of the children, and in the loud, uncouth tones of the hay-makers. But somehow the merry sounds brought tears to her eyes.

"Why do you weep, child?" said her grandfather, turning towards her.

She hastily wiped away her tears, blushing to think that he had called attention to them.

"I was thinking," she said, "of the changes that must have come by next hay-harvest. Faith married and gone to Gloucester, and the country, very like, full of war and bloodshed, this very house, perchance, destroyed."

The old man put his hand upon her shoulder tenderly.

"Child," he said, "troubles there will be, you may be sure; nevertheless, go not half-way to meet them. If you look forward, then look beyond them, and think of the happiness and freedom bought for the generations to come by the strife of to-day."

Joscelyn saw her smile through her tears as she looked forth once more at the peaceful landscape; the heavily loaded wagon was just disappearing from view, and the children came running towards the house, their little wooden rakes and forks carried over their shoulders, and the words of the song growing more and more distinct as they approached.

CHAPTER IV

New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast with truth.
—LOWELL.

CLEMENCY CORITON'S life had been in some respects a sad one; it was not, as Joscelyn had at first fancied, her Puritanical training which had brought the serious look into her beautiful face and the thoughtful depth into her eyes. Her mother, the only child and heiress of Sir Robert Neal, had married a neighboring squire, Mr. Coriton, but had died when Clemency was only a year old. A year later her father married again, and for some time Clemency's life had been serene and happy. Not all the foolish gossip of the servants could induce her to distrust one so tender and loving as her step-mother, or to feel the slightest jealousy of the little sisters as one by one they came to gladden her lonely nursery. But when she was nearly seventeen, growing day by day more of a companion to her step-mother, a terrible shadow fell over the happy home.

In one day two of the children fell ill of the plague. Clemency, with Faith, Hester, Prudence, and little Hal, were at once sent away to Sir Robert Neal's house, a few miles off, and that hurried departure proved their final farewell to the home that had grown so dear to them. For, first, Molly and little Robert died, then their father sickened and died after only a day's illness, and, last of all, the poor

mother, worn out by grief and watching, sank from exhaustion, after giving birth to a little girl who seemed too puny and frail to live. By the mother's wish she was baptized at once by the strange name of Admonition, "for," said the dying woman, "God hath taught me to look for lasting joys not in this world, but elsewhere."

The nurse bade her keep up her heart, for she would yet live and be spared to her children. But she herself knew better, and after lingering a day or two between death and life, she passed away quietly in her sleep. The last words she had spoken were for Clemency.

"Tell her," she said to the nurse, "to love and tend my babe for me as I loved and tended her for her dead mother. Tell her I bless God for giving me so sweet a step-daughter, and my children so good a sister for an example."

A month later, little Admonition, still very frail and tiny, was brought to Katterham Court, and Clemency, in her sorrow, found her best comfort in striving to obey to the utmost her step-mother's dying message, repaying to the best of her powers the love and care which had made her own childhood so bright. This terrible visitation had happened four years ago, and since then Chaldon Manor had been closed, and old Sir Robert's house had become the home, not only of his own granddaughter, but of all the Coritons. To become mistress of so large an establishment, and to be at once elder sister and second mother to so many children, taxed Clemency's powers not a little, and though at times she was merry and light-hearted, yet, as a rule, there was about her a sort of sweet seriousness which made her seem older than she really was. Joscelyn had ample opportunities of noticing this, and unconsciously fell into the habit which prevailed in the household of leaning on Clemency, looking up to her for counsel, and waiting on her words with a curious deference, as though she had been his senior.

Beautiful and winsome as she was, he nevertheless remained perfectly heart-whole; she seemed to him a sort of guardian angel; there was a far-away look in her face sometimes as if she were seeing what was invisible to other people; and though when she waited on him her eyes were gentle and full of sympathy, they were totally lacking in the deliberate witchery that made the glances of Anne Barrington able to inthrall every man she came across, and to hold him her prisoner for days or weeks—even occasionally for months.

Clemency, it is true, had received many offers of marriage, but they had been formal affairs, with very little preamble of courtship, for she was shy and rather distant in manner to outsiders, rarely revealing her true self save to those who actually shared her home. It was now pretty well understood in the neighborhood that Mistress Coriton intended to follow good Queen Bess in the path of single blessedness; her lovers — or servants, as they were then called—bemoaned their hard fate, and protested that it was a cruel thing for the heiress to Sir Robert Neal's estate to show so singular an aversion to the holy estate of matrimony; but her refusals were always so very decided that they seldom approached her a second time, and Sir Robert never sought in any way to influence her choice. Her half-sister Faith had behaved far more reasonably, and had accepted the first man who had proposed to her—worthy Mr. Christopher Bennett, of Gloucester—and Joscelyn was not a little dismayed to learn that her marriage was to take place in a week's time.

"You will at least let me be removed to the village, then," he said. "At such a time as a wedding the Good Samaritan himself would not have housed a sick stranger."

Clemency laughed a little.

"But, indeed, you will not be in the way," she protested. "Both Faith and Mr. Bennett refuse to hear of a public

wedding. All will be quite quiet, and we expect only two guests—a brother of Mr. Bennett's, and a friend of my grandfather's, Mr. John Hampden. It is even a little uncertain whether Mr. Hampden will be able to come, since his duties in Parliament and the preparations for war occupy him much."

"I have read of him in these pamphlets which Sir Robert has given me," said Joscelyn, laying his hand on a great stack of printed papers beside him.

Clemency looked up sympathetically.

"They must be weary reading," she said. "Methinks one hour's talk with Mr. Hampden will do more to tell you the true state of the country than many months' study of those."

"At least he is true to his own convictions," said Joscelyn, musingly. "He has endured imprisonment and obloquy. Is he much soured by it all?"

Clemency laughed aloud—a ringing, girlish laugh, full of mirth.

"Why, he is the most sweet-natured and courteous man you ever set eyes on," she exclaimed. "His health has never been the same since he was imprisoned in the Gate House, but he himself can only have been ennobled by it. My grandfather always says that he is the greatest man in England, and, indeed, I believe it. He is to me like the man whom David described in the fifteenth Psalm. And though he is much sought and full of affairs, yet he will spend time and trouble on the least and the poorest."

She crossed the room to a curious tortoise-shell cabinet, and, unlocking the inner compartment, drew forth a letter and handed it to Joscelyn.

"This will show you in some degree what sort of man he is. He wrote it to me when I was but a girl, barely seventeen. Yet he—a man overwhelmed with work—took time

to think of the granddaughter of one who had been kind to him as a boy."

Joscelyn read the letter; it unveiled to him the sad tragedy of the Coriton family, but it revealed, too, as Clemency had guessed it would reveal, the beautiful nature of the writer—his wide sympathies, his perfect faith, his delicate chivalry. He began to look forward very eagerly to meeting this resister of ship money, this champion of liberty, who, to judge by his letter, was entirely free from the pharisaic pride and the narrow exclusiveness which he had always fancied must characterize the opponents of the King.

As Clemency had remarked, the study of the pamphlets of the day was weary work. He read the Third Remonstrance, the various declarations, the general accounts of the kingdom published by the Parliament; he read the King's answers, and also the Observations made on the King's answer to the Lords and Commons of the 19th May, 1642; his answer to the Somersetshire petition, and a pamphlet on some "of his Majesty's late answers and expresses." In the bewildering maze of strife he wandered to and fro, miserably seeking some sort of conviction in which he might find anchorage, while Sir Robert said little, but merely kept him supplied with the literature of both sides. He used to turn away with relief sometimes to the busy wedding preparations which were beginning to make a stir in the quiet country household. Faith, the pretty bride-elect, would come and talk with him about her new home in Gloucester, or her wedding gifts; little Admonition, or Monnie as she was always called, would trot up to his couch and tell of the great bride-cake which cook had made, and of the sweetmeats and comfits prepared for the day; or Clemency would sit in the window-seat working hard at a piece of embroidery to be worn by her sister at the marriage,

and would talk of the separation she so much dreaded, and of the woful distance between Katterham and Gloucester.

Nothing, however, could banish for long the haunting question upon which Joscelyn was bound to decide; he grew very grave and thoughtful, even little Monnie could seldom rouse him from his anxious and harassed musing. The child was very fond of him, and on the evening before the wedding, finding the rest of the world too busy to take much notice of her, she sat for more than an hour beside him, her fat little fingers busily working at a daisy chain. An artist would have loved to paint her quaint little babyish face with its air of intent preoccupation, her sunny curls, and her demure little white frock reaching almost to the ground. And perhaps no greater contrast could have been found than Joscelyn, stretched on the old oak settle with his books and his pamphlets round him, bearing on his face the same look of intent preoccupation, save that where the child's expression was calm and happy, his was full of pain and perplexity. The contrast between the two struck John Hampden as he was shown into the room. Sir Robert had told him beforehand of his invalid guest, and of the dilemma in which he was placed, and since Joscelyn was absorbed in what he was reading the searching yet deeply sympathetic gaze of the new-comer had rested on him for some moments before he was roused by a movement from little Monnie, who sprang up from her stool to curtsey to her grandfather and the visitor.

"One hour's talk with Mr. Hampden will do more for you than many months' study of those," Clemency had remarked to him, and the words came back to his mind as he looked up into the stranger's face from the dry, dreary arguments through which he had been toiling.

He saw a powerfully built man of about eight-and-forty, with an abundance of crisp wavy hair falling almost to his

shoulders, but brushed away from the forehead, so that it did not conceal the height and breadth of a very striking brow. The features were good, the upper lip very short, the mouth firm but sweet-looking, the jaw square and massive, the eyes singularly thoughtful.

Sir Robert introduced Joscelyn, and after making kindly inquiries as to the invalid, Hampden sat down and took little Monnie on his knee.

"And what is Mistress Monnie making so happily?" he asked, stroking the child's bright curls.

"Chains, sir," said Monnie, holding up in triumph a long string of linked daisies.

"Chains, Monnie?" he said, smiling. "Why, England has too many already!"

"Then it shall be a crown for you, sir," she answered, twisting the two ends together, and with the loving confidence of a child stretching up her chubby little hands that she might crown the "greatest man in England."

Running to a little distance to see the effect of her work, she seemed not wholly satisfied with the result. Hampden laughed at the seriousness of the little face.

"'Tis not great enough for you, sir," she said; "I will put more daisies."

"Nay," said Hampden, stooping to kiss her as she took off the wreath, "keep it as it is, and crown the bride. See, here she comes." And he rose to greet Faith and her future husband, Mr. Bennett, of Gloucester, a somewhat austere-looking Puritan of five-and-thirty, whose extreme gravity contrasted curiously with Faith's sunny brightness. Joscelyn wondered that his choice had not fallen upon the much more serious Clemency, and could only hope that Faith had enough cheerfulness for the two, and that she would not be overpowered by her sombre bridegroom. However, even quiet Christopher Bennett could not resist

"'THEN KISS ME, MOTHER,' HE SAID. 'FOR THIS IS OUR LAST MEETING.'"

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the magic of Hampden's genial presence; before long he was actually laughing at the description of a rustic wedding in Buckinghamshire, where a countryman having been addressed by the minister in the usual form, "Wilt thou have this woman," etc., had replied, to the great consternation of all present, "Well, sir, now you put it so solemnlike I don't reckon I will," and there and then walked out of the church.

When the laughter which greeted this tale had died away, Hampden produced his wedding gift, two beautifully chased silver flagons, and by the time these had been admired by all present supper was announced, and Joscelyn, who was not allowed to adjourn to the entrance-hall, where meals were served, found himself left to his own thoughts. Every now and then, when the servant came in bearing him food or wine, he could hear through the open door the merry talk at the supper-table, and the mellow voice and hearty laugh of Hampden, which made him long to be at table with them all. But by-and-by his turn came, for when the rest of the party had gone to the withdrawing-room to discuss certain matters connected with the marriage, Hampden returned to the library. He glanced from the invalid to the books and pamphlets surrounding him, and smiled a little.

"Sir Robert keeps you well supplied with literature," he remarked.

"'Tis of a kind that is hard of digestion, sir," said Joscelyn: "I have been struggling to-day with Lord Brooke's treatise on Episcopacy."

"Beware how you abuse him, for he is my very good friend," said Hampden, unable to help laughing at the young man's expression. "Yet I grant you the book is not easy reading, specially the first part. Nevertheless, it contains the true solution of our chiefest difficulty, and would to God that the people of England were fit to grasp the notion!"

"The notion of granting liberty to the sects?" asked Joscelyn.

"Yes; of toleration, of entire religious freedom," said Hampden. "But the spirit of retaliation is abroad, and for the tyranny of the bishops men will strive to substitute the tyranny of a presbytery. Brooke has here set forth the only true remedy, the only lasting way of peace, the right of every individual to liberty of conscience, the utter folly of trying to force all into one groove."

"Do you speak, sir, as a Puritan?" asked Joscelyn.

"I speak as a member of the Church of England, yet as a member who would fain see the abuses of the Church reformed, who would have the bishops caring for the souls of their people, not interfering with matters of State. Personally attached to the Book of Common Prayer, yet I am averse to thrusting it on those who prefer a simpler worship; the nation is not at one on religious matters, and there never can be peace until there is perfect liberty. Yet, mind you, Lord Brooke is far in advance of his times. Only through blood and tears will the bulk of the people come to see this truth he now sets forth. Could they but see it now, the coming war would lose half its horrors."

"You mean that there would be less bitter division?"

"Yes, for few Englishmen would join the King only to uphold his despotic rule, but many, seeing the existence of the Church imperilled, will join the royal army—aye, many of our best and noblest." He sighed heavily.

"And you will fight them, sir?" cried Joscelyn. "You will do all that may be done to kill these men whom you own to be partly in the right? You will help on what may bring the destruction of the Church of which you are a member? Will help to set up another, perhaps a greater and more distasteful tyranny?"

"You are right to face these questions," said Hampden,

quietly. "Believe me, I have faced them for many a year; have tried, as so many others have tried, all that patience and moderation and waiting and slow reform can do. But the time is now come to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard. England must be saved. The just liberties of the nation must be preserved, not only preserved, but enlarged—for where there is no growth there is no life. The King and those who join him will drag the nation back, will reduce it to the slavery of the other nations of Europe. Will you give your life for such work as that? Nay, throw in your lot with those whose watchword is 'Forward'; come and help on the march of freedom, and thank God on your knees that He allows you to suffer in such a cause."

"If only matters were less strangely mixed," said Joscelyn, his face full of weary perplexity. "If only all that one cared for and reverenced were on the one side, and all that one would fain abolish on the other!"

"Since the world began that has never been the case," said Hampden. "Wheat and tares grow together among both Royalists and Parliamentarians. If you wait for a perfect set of workers you may wait forever. Your duty is to look which side most truly promotes the progress and healthy growth of the national good. Its ways may not be your personal ways, its blunders may cut you to the heart, yet still through all you will be able to discern that, spite of many imperfections, it is pressing on to better things."

"At any rate," exclaimed Joscelyn, "by the refusal of Hotham to allow the King and his soldiers to enter Hull the hostilities seem to have been begun by your side."

"Nay," said Hampden, "but what is the true state of the case? Before Hotham came on the scene at all the King had already appointed the Earl of Newcastle governor, and had plotted to introduce into Hull the Danish

troops, which he had once thought to employ in Scotland during the bishops' war. 'Twas not until this plot was revealed to Pym that Sir John Hotham was ordered to secure Hull, and not to yield it until summoned to do so by the King's authority, signified unto him by the Lords and Commons."

And then with impassioned earnestness, which yet never descended into bitter invective, Hampden began to speak of what had passed in the country since the King's accession. He described to Joscelyn the foreign policy of the Government and its disastrous results; spoke of the cruel way in which ship-owners and mariners pressed into the King's service had been treated; enlarged on the miseries which must always follow when a king plunges into foreign wars against the will of the nation; showed how Charles had again and again broken the law, and how the country was reduced to its present state of misery and oppression at home, and utter friendlessness abroad, through the King's incapacity.

With the graphic language of one who had been an actual participator in the struggle he told the story of the third Parliament, of the Petition of Right and its apparent failure, of the pathos of a Parliament broken-hearted and in tears at the desperate condition of the country, of the consent to the Petition at last wrung from the King and of the joy throughout England, how bells had pealed and bonfires burned, and how they had all tried with a last effort of loyalty to believe that the King was free from blame, and that the disasters of the past came from Buckingham's evil counsel.

Then he told how after Buckingham's death, and in spite of the King's promise, illegal taxes were yet continued, and how judges, solely dependent on the Crown, had profaned justice. With tears in his eyes he told of Eliot's imprison-

ment and death; he showed how the bishops, neglecting their true work, had, to the undoing of the country, meddled with the government of the State, even proving the principal promoters of the war with Scotland; how the unconquerable spirit of the nation struggled desperately for its just liberties; and how at last they had come to see that with a King who believed himself to be above law—a King whose rule had reduced England to such a desperate condition—a King who clung to the notion of sovereign power of the monarch and passive obedience of the subject, there never could be anything but oppression and ruin. He argued that for those who loved their country the question now was, Would they leave her to the unregulated rule of one who had trampled her honor in the dust? or would they fight for the supremacy of Parliament, aiming a deadly blow at that authority which the King had so fatally abused, and making it forever impossible for England to be at the mercy of one incompetent and irresponsible ruler?

When he paused there was for some minutes perfect silence in the room; then, irresistibly drawn to this wonderful man, Joscelyn began to urge his objections, to raise difficulties, and Hampden, with the most winning gentleness and patience, fully entered into and met every one of them.

With marvellous tact, with the rare modesty which specially characterized him, he listened, now and then suggesting a question, hinting a doubt, throwing in a phrase which seemed to flood his companion's mind with new light. He was full, moreover, of sympathy for Joscelyn's difficult position, but it was a strong sympathy which nerved to endurance and made inaction seem impossible.

After a time the door was opened, and Clemency stole softly in, glancing a little nervously at Joscelyn.

"I came to see if you would like lights," she said, "but do not let me disturb your talk."

"Nay, our talk is ended," said Hampden, rising to meet her, "and we want one of your songs, Clemency, to raise us out of sad thoughts."

"I will gladly sing," said she; "but first, sir, for fear I have no other opportunity of speaking to you quietly, will you give me your help and advice as to these diamonds."

She opened a case of red leather, and even in the fading evening light Joscelyn could see how the beautiful necklace within flashed and sparkled.

Hampden took the case in his hand, looking at the diamonds with admiration.

"My advice," he said, smiling, "is to wear them; and my help—" he took the necklace up and fastened it round her neck.

Clemency laughed and blushed.

"They were my mother's," she said, "and now they are mine to do what I like with. When I heard how people were sending money and plate to the Guildhall to help in defending the country, how the poor women were even bringing their wedding-rings, then I thought of these diamonds, and my grandfather says I may send them if I wish. Would you take them back with you to-morrow?"

"But I think it will be hard for you to part with what was once your mother's. The thing is most beautiful, too, and of such great value," he glanced inquiringly into the lovely girlish face.

"It is because I do care for it very much that I want to send it," she said, her voice faltering a little. "I want to help, and there is but little I can do; men can give their lives for the country, but women can only stay at home and grieve."

"Nay, you will do something better than that if I mistake

not," said Hampden, gently. "You will pray; you will bring up the children intrusted to you to love truth and justice and freedom; you will, perhaps unknown to yourself, influence some of the men who go forth now to fight. As to the diamonds, I will take them to the Guildhall if you indeed wish it."

"I do," she said, earnestly. "My grandfather says they are worth much money because they are cut in the new Dutch fashion with many facets."

She made as though she would unclasp the necklace and give it to him there and then, but Hampden checked her.

"Wear it to-night, and to-morrow at the wedding," he said. "Let it once more fulfil its natural function before it is converted into the defences of the country."

And then before long they were all laughing at an elaborate calculation made by Hampden as to the number of soldiers who might be comfortably shod if the diamonds were converted into boots, or the number that might be fed if they were converted into loaves. A servant at this moment brought in two candles in massive silver candlesticks, but Clemency would not have the shutters closed.

"The night is calm," she said. "See, the red of the sunset still lingers; it will surely be fair weather to-morrow."

A silence fell upon them; Hampden stood by the open window looking out into the peaceful stillness of the summer evening; his face, bright with humor only a few minutes before, was now full of ineffable sadness, yet beneath the sadness one could read an unconquerable hope. He was a man whose heart had been wrung by private sorrows, and now the thought of the coming war which must bring desolation to so many homes had been brought to him very vividly and freshly, first by his talk with Joscelyn Heyworth and the realization of his difficult position, and then again

by Clemency and her offering of the diamonds. He who felt so powerfully the necessity of drawing the sword and flinging away the scabbard was yet a man of the gentlest tastes, a man of the tenderest heart, and he suffered as only the strong can suffer.

Joscelyn watched him with a sort of fascination; he knew that for the first time in his life he was in the presence of a leader of men; every word, every gesture, every look of Hampden's seemed to him invested with an extraordinary power and influence. From the fine old beech-tree on the lawn a thrush flooded the twilight with exquisite song. Within, Clemency silently arranged some red and white roses in a china bowl, her diamonds flashing with radiant light at each breath she drew. All was strangely calm, yet all seemed hushed and awed by the coming strife. Presently Hampden recrossed the room.

"You promised us a song," he said; "may we not have it when your roses are arranged?"

She handed him the finest rose from her posy.

"'Tis not often that this striped York and Lancaster rose has so fine a blossom," she said. "I am fond of them; they seem full of sad tales with happy endings."

He fastened the flower in his doublet.

"The emblem of peace after strife, of union after division," he said, musingly. "How many of us, I wonder, will live to see righteousness and peace meeting again in a reconciled England?"

Clemency was silent, something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her. She turned away, and passed her fingers lightly over the strings of her guitar.

"Do you sing that newly composed song to the words of George Herbert, 'Sweet Day'?" asked Hampden. "I am told it begins to be much spoken about. 'Tis a favorite of mine."

"'Tis also a favorite of my grandfather's," said Clemency; and at Hampden's request she began to sing. To Joscelyn it seemed that music and words were alike fitted for this still summer evening with its strange underlying sadness.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

"Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

"Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

Afterwards, Joscelyn and Clemency remembered the long-drawn sigh which escaped Hampden as the last soft chords died away into silence.

The next day pretty Faith Coriton was married in the old church of Katterham, and Mr. Bennett, being eager to reach Gloucester as soon as might be, carried her off that very afternoon in defiance of custom, protesting that it was far better to make the first stage of their journey as early as might be, since there was no saying how soon hostilities might begin, and the roads become dangerous. The parting between the sisters was a sad one, but Clemency did not altogether break down; she only went about looking pale and stunned, and with the strange far-away look in her eyes that Joscelyn had more than once noticed.

Hampden did not long outstay the bride and bridegroom. While his horse was being saddled he waited in the library with little Monnie on his knee, and Prue, Hal, and even shy Hester clustered round his chair. Genial and kindly and full of rare sympathy, it seemed to them all, when he rose to go, as if the sunshine were going out of the house. Clemency's tears, bravely kept back so long, rose now. He stooped to kiss her.

"Farewell, dear child," he said, tenderly. "May God bless you. I will not forget your gift to the country."

Then, turning to Joscelyn, who had instinctively risen to his feet, though under orders to keep his knee absolutely still, he grasped his hand warmly, looking full into his eyes with kind, earnest inquiry.

"Farewell, Mr. Heyworth," he said. "I do not yet give up the hope that we may meet again and fight beneath the same banner. If ever I can be of service to you, let me know."

The others followed him out to the door, and Joscelyn, with a sigh, fell back again on his couch.

Should he meet this king of men again, he wondered; and, if so, would it be as friend or as foe?

CHAPTER V

A man has as much right to use his own understanding in judging of truth as he has a right to use his own eyes to see his way.—WHICHCOTE.

SHORTELL PARK had now for nearly three weeks been the scene of daily drilling. By slow degrees the little troop had increased in numbers, and what with Dick's persuasiveness, the zeal of good old Sir Thomas, who had returned from Yorkshire, the threats of Jervis, and the excitement and novelty of receiving instructions from a grim old veteran who had served in more than one foreign war, the villagers were stirred up into a most warlike spirit, and contributed their men willingly enough. To watch the drilling was little Rosamond Heyworth's great delight; and one Friday evening she might have been seen in her usual nook under the ash-tree near the park gates with her usual companions—Cymro, a Welsh collie belonging to her brothers, and old Barnaby, the gate-keeper.

It was easy to tell that Rosamond was Joscelyn's sister; the two were curiously alike, and in spite of a certain fragile look about the little girl's face, it was quite clear that though there might be physical weakness, there was an unusual force of character and a vigorous intelligence in this twelve-year-old maiden. Rosamond was the youngest of the family by several years. No one had specially welcomed her advent; she had always been kept sedulously in the background, and from a very early age she had learned to live her own life to herself and to expect little from outsiders. The servants snubbed her, the chaplain who acted as tutor

set her wofully long tasks, her mother rarely spoke except to chide, and her father was so wrapt up in his daughter Isabella that he seemed to have little love to spare for this shy, silent child, who had never been encouraged to show her love for him, and would not have dared to speak unless spoken to. Favoritism in parents has worked mischief ever since the days of Jacob; and Sir Thomas, though he little thought it, had wrought no small harm by his blind devotion to Isabella. The elder daughter ruled the whole house; her every wish was gratified, and she was so completely spoiled by the process that her punishment was already beginning to affect her and to render her peevish and discontented. To the outside world her faults were only too apparent; she was far from popular; and this to one of her *exigeant* nature was a never-ceasing annoyance.

Sir Thomas was responsible, too, for Rosamond's shy reserve, and for many a heartache never confessed save to Cymro, her safe confidant. For Rosamond knew that she loved her father and mother quite as well as Isabella did, and though she accepted her lot in life quietly, nothing could make her see the justice of the way in which she was treated.

"For you see, Cymro," she would say, burying her hot face in the dog's soft neck and hugging him closely, "when Isabella is ill—even a very little ill—the whole household is all in a stir, and she is cockered up with all the comforts you can think of, and perhaps taken away to Tunbridge or Epsom, which must alone be enough to cure folks just with the happiness of the journey.; but if I am ill they do but blame me and bid me not to complain, or, if past that, they leave me to lie in bed all day alone, and give me vile draughts by way of cure, and will not even let me have you up-stairs."

Then Cymro would lick the hot little face with his soft

"STOLE NOISELESSLY UP TO ONE OF THE WINDOWS."

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comforting tongue, and the child would lavish on the dog the ardent, clinging love which nature had intended to be bestowed on the parents.

But fortunately there came intervals when life was much brighter for Rosamond. The boys came home from school or college every now and then, and with Joscelyn and Dick the little sister was on the happiest terms; she loved them both dearly, but her love for Joscelyn almost amounted to worship. He had always been kind to her—tender where others were rough, and, above all, just where others were unjust. Moreover, Joscelyn was her mediator; though he himself was one of the despised youngers of the family, yet there was something about him — an undefined charm of manner, or perhaps a latent strength of will — which gave him, in spite of his birth, a position of his own in the household. He could hardly fail to be popular, and he was often able to win slight concessions from the authorities for poor little Rosamond, who envied his fearless courage, and looked up to him with boundless admiration. The only other person who was really fond of her was old Barnaby, the gate-keeper; he was her great ally, and on this August evening the two were, as usual, talking away very comfortably to each other.

"Barnaby," said the child, looking up into the broad, honest face of the gate-keeper, with its ruddy, weather-beaten skin and bushy, grizzled hair — "Barnaby, I wish they would go on drilling for ever and ever. I like very much to watch them here, but it will be terrible when they have gone off to the war; it will be *horrible*, Barnaby."

Barnaby cleared his throat and began to sing in a quavering old voice a rhyme which he much affected—

> "There was an army went into Spain,
> When it got there it came back again."

Rosamond laughed; she knew that the song was a satire on the unlucky Spanish expedition which had so greatly enraged the English against the late Duke of Buckingham.

"Do you think, Barnaby, that it will be like that with this army? Do you think, perhaps, after all, there will be no fighting?"

"Maybe, maybe not," said Barnaby. "Nobody can say beforehand. But it's my belief that this here dispute will devilup into the biggest war England has ever seen."

Rosamond, who never could resist a smile at Barnaby's pronunciation of the word "develop," turned aside and began to gather the buttercups within her reach.

"I tell you what I wish, Barnaby," she said, after a pause. "I do wish women could go to the war and men stay behind."

"Mercy on us!" cried Barnaby, shaking his head. "Why, mistress, that is a strange wish! How should the likes of you go out killing and being killed?"

"I am only a child and should stay at home," said Rosamond decidedly, "but I would much rather that my father and the boys stayed at home, and that my mother and my sister and cross old nurse and the rest of the maids went away."

Barnaby's broad shoulders shook, and he laughed quietly as he protested that it would never do. But Rosamond, as she watched the villagers being drilled, went on carrying out her plan in her own mind.

"Men are always nicer than women," she reflected. "It will be very dreary at home without the boys, but without Isabella it would be *delightful*." She clinched her hands at the thought, for though to all outward appearance the most gentle and submissive of children, within she was often enough like a little volcano, and Isabella's real un-

kindness and injustice had stirred up a smouldering jealousy into active hatred. She was startled back to the present by a sudden movement on the part of Cymro, who bounded towards the gate with curious little whines of gladness. Rosamond sprang to her feet.

"'Tis Joscelyn!" she cried, running at full speed across the grass and flinging open the gate long before old Barnaby could reach it. Joscelyn dismounted as soon as he caught sight of the little flying figure; his face, which had been strangely grave, brightened into a smile as the child gave him a rapturous greeting.

"Well, Fair Rosamond," he said, stroking her golden curls, "as usual, you are the first to welcome me. How are you, Barnaby? What, drilling going on in the park? Is Dick there?"

"No," said Rosamond, clinging to his arm, "they are all at supper, and there are guests. They were playing bowls till late, but now they are gone into the house. Isabella said I was not to be seen because my gown is shabby. But you"—with a sigh—"you are hungry, doubtless, and will go in to them."

"No, I will stay with you," said Joscelyn. "Have my father and Jervis returned?"

He sighed as she replied in the affirmative. They began to walk slowly up the carriage-drive, and Joscelyn glanced from the men at drill to the familiar red-brick manor with its clustering ivy, its comfortable homelike look. Rosamond was startled by the sorrowful gravity of his face. She began to feel uneasy.

"Oh, Joscelyn," she said, "how I do wish there was no such thing as war! Why must you fight against the Parliament? Why *must* you?"

"I cannot fight against the Parliament," he said, gravely.

Rosamond's brain seemed to reel.

"You mean," she gasped—"you mean that—"

He finished the sentence for her.

"That in these three weeks I have come to see things as I never saw them before, and it is no longer possible for me to fight on the side my father has chosen."

Rosamond was silent, because she saw one of the grooms approaching them; but when he had led away the horse she spoke in a low, almost terrified voice.

"You will take the opposite side to our father?" she cried. "You will fight against the King? Oh, Joscelyn—why?"

By this time they had reached the terraced garden; he led her down one of the sheltered paths into a little arbor at the far end.

"'Tis not against the King as king that I would fight, but against his tyranny, against a despotism that must bring ruin upon England," he said, gravely. "Till October, however, I am not of age, and if my father wills it I can go out of the country until peace is restored. Do you think I willingly differ from him and from Dick?"

The terrible pain in his face cut her to the heart. She threw her arms round his neck.

"I know you will do what is right," she said, vehemently.

Her childlike trust seemed to comfort him. He began to tell her the details of his stay at Katterham Court, of Hampden's visit, and of his gradual change of views, or rather of his first dawning of any sort of political knowledge; and Rosamond, spite of her youth, was able to understand to a great extent the position he had taken up, though her thoughts would turn back, in spite of her patriotic efforts, to the perception of the grievous way in which Joscelyn's views must affect their home life.

"Tell Dick, as you have told me, alone," she pleaded.

"Tell him before you tell the others, for he will grieve over it more because he so greatly loves and admires the King."

Joscelyn sighed heavily. There was a silence; only the splashing of a fountain on the lawn close by broke the stillness. Presently Rosamond gave a start of fear.

"What is the matter?" asked Joscelyn.

"Hush!" she whispered. "I am sure I hear voices. Yes. Hark! it is Isabella and Sir Toby Blount. Oh, where shall I go? She will be so angry if this shabby gown is seen."

"I will go to meet them and inveigle them into the other path," said Joscelyn, getting up. "Then when we are out of hearing you can escape unseen."

Rosamond, still trembling, yet with a happy consciousness that with Joscelyn as helper no harm could come to her, peeped out cautiously through the leafy bower to see the meeting. Isabella, in her white satin gown, was glancing up coquettishly at little Sir Toby, with his faultless features and his eager eyes and his scented lovelocks. Rosamond wondered what she could see to like in him, and contrasted him in her mind with her father's fine, manly figure, with Dick's frank, boyish looks, and with Joscelyn's goodly presence and noble face. The lovers both started at the sudden apparition that blocked their way; but Isabella, though excessively annoyed at the interruption, was obliged to smile sweetly and give her brother a sisterly greeting, with many inquiries after his injured knee. And after a little manœuvring, all the time talking with the utmost cheerfulness, and explaining how he had been told on his arrival that they were at supper, Joscelyn contrived to lead them away from the arbor, not leaving them until Rosamond had had ample time to escape.

Then he made his way to the house, and with a very sore heart received his father's delighted welcome; but fortunately the guests occupied Sir Thomas a good deal, and

when later on Joscelyn, having supped and changed his clothes, made his way into the withdrawing-room, he found every one playing cards, and was glad enough to take a hand and forget for a while the cloud that hung over him.

"You are not looking well," said his mother, glancing at him across the card-table.

"'Tis doubtless the effect of three weeks within-doors," said Joscelyn.

"Then Dick will soon effect your cure," said Lady Heyworth, laughing. "He will have you out at drill from morning to night, I warrant you."

Joscelyn's color rose a little; he changed the subject abruptly. "Is it Sir John's deal or mine?" he asked. The question recalled Lady Heyworth to the game, and the evening passed without any further *contretemps*.

It was not until the guests rose to go that Joscelyn was once more conscious of a terrible sense of loneliness and separation, for Sir John Winton made some allusion to the war, and the others caught it up, so that for a few minutes the whole room seemed full of that all-absorbing subject. He stood listening in silence, then, unable to endure his isolation, left the room on the pretext of seeing whether the coaches had come up to the door. When at length the last of the guests had gone, he realized that, after all, they had been a protection, that they had at least helped to defer the evil day, and that the time had now come when he must tell Dick. The only comfort was that from Jervis's sharp eyes and tongue he had nothing to fear, since the heir to Shortell Manor lay drunk on the floor of the dining-room. Sir Thomas, with a sigh and a shrug of his broad shoulders, gave orders that he should be carried to his room, and then, turning to Joscelyn with the air of perfect confidence and affection that had wrung his son's heart at Lincoln, bade him a kindly good-night.

"'Tis the greatest relief to me to have you at home once more," he said. "I have sorely needed you. Good-night, my lad; to-morrow there are many matters I must discuss with you."

Joscelyn went up the broad staircase with dim eyes, and, to Dick's unbounded astonishment, had no sooner reached their bedroom than he broke down altogether, and sobbed like a child. With his own pain he had been face to face for the last week, but the pain he was about to give to others had only been faintly imagined. Now he knew what lay before him.

CHAPTER VI

Those whom God will single out for the greatest trials, He will fit aforehand with the best enablements.

—Ralph Browning, 1592–1659.

Rosamond slept little that night. "The boys," as they were still called, had always occupied the room next to hers, and with feverish anxiety she heard them talking on and on for hours when all the rest of the household slept. At first they seemed to be arguing with some heat, but soon the voices grew quieter, the sentences longer, the tone, she fancied, sadder. When the family all met together the next morning, Rosamond looked anxiously towards her brothers. They seemed on perfectly good terms with each other, but still there was no mistaking the trouble in both faces, or the endeavors that each made to keep the conversation in safe channels. Joscelyn had planned to ask for an interview with his father when breakfast was over, and then, alone and free from interruption, to tell him the whole truth. Dick had promised to keep Jervis out of the way, and they had intended to give Rosamond a hint to occupy her mother's attention, if possible, for as long as might be. But the best-arranged plans are often frustrated, and, unluckily, Jervis, with an aching head and irritable temper after his carouse of the preceding night, was eager to find fault with something or some one, and speedily became aware of the boys' depression.

"You two look as gloomy as mutes at a funeral!" he said, impatiently. "A pretty pair of soldiers you will make if you have no better spirit than this."

"Dick has shown more ardor in the cause than you," said Sir Thomas, shortly, "and as for Joscelyn, I warrant he will fight for the King as boldly as any man. Eh, my son?"

There was dead silence. Rosamond saw the color rush into Joscelyn's face; she made a desperate attempt to help him.

"Is it not fortunate," she began, "that his knee is—"

But her mother checked her sharply.

"Rosamond," she said, "you forget yourself. How often must I tell you that you are not to speak until you are spoken to?" The child's head drooped; she waited in an agony of suspense to see what would happen.

"Did I not tell you, sir, at Lincoln," said Jervis, with a grating laugh, "this cock will not fight? Joscelyn will take his ease at home with his books while we go out to battle. At heart he is a Puritan."

The father looked from one to the other, annoyance and perplexity in his honest old face. At Lincoln, Joscelyn had fired up indignantly at a similar reproach, now he sat silent with downcast eyes.

"Come, my lads, don't quarrel," he said. "We need all our strength against the enemy, and cannot afford to dispute among ourselves. Why don't you speak, Joscelyn? Let us have done with this nonsense. Tell him that you will fight for the King—aye, and die for him if need be."

Joscelyn glanced hurriedly round, conscious of a desperate wish to see once more the faces of his family before they were forever changed to him. The look of pain in his eyes startled Sir Thomas as it had startled little Rosamond in the arbor.

"It cuts me to the heart, sir, to grieve you," said Joscelyn, speaking with great effort, "but I cannot fight against the Parliament."

Sir Thomas neither spoke nor moved; the blow had fairly stunned him.

Jervis broke into a laugh.

"So the murder is out at last," he said, mockingly. "Does your extremely sensitive conscience allow you to handle the sword at all? And shall we have the pleasure of fighting against you? I trow not. You will stay at home like the coward that you are."

But this was more than flesh and blood could stand. Joscelyn sprang to his feet, and in an instant had drawn his rapier. "Liar!" he cried, furiously.

Dick, however, flung himself between the two, and amid shrieks from Lady Heyworth and Isabella, Sir Thomas thundered out a command that they should desist, and lest words should not suffice, wrenched the sword from Joscelyn's hand.

"You are no coward," he said; "I grant you that. But you are worse—you are a traitor. Great God! to think that a son of mine should be disloyal to his King!"

He broke off in speechless wrath and grief. Joscelyn's anger cooled a little; he forgot Jervis, and began to think only of his father.

"Sir," he said, "you cannot think that I willingly pain you. And if you wish it I will not stir in this quarrel, but will go to France or Italy till the country is at peace once more."

"Go to the devil!" said Sir Thomas, passionately. "Do you think I shall spend another penny on you? What! send you to foreign parts to enjoy yourself as a reward for your disloyalty? Nay, in truth, I will arrest you rather, and save his Majesty from one dastardly traitor. You would not scruple to fight against your King, and I do not scruple to put you under arrest. Would to God you had never been born!"

"Sir!" pleaded Joscelyn, "at least hear me; let me tell you how—"

But Sir Thomas, who was now in a towering rage, interrupted him with a volley of oaths.

"Let me neither hear your traitorous tongue nor see your face till you have repented, till you have returned to your allegiance. Wife, let me have the key of the tapestry-room. 'Twill at least serve as a prison, and may bring this fool to his senses."

Lady Heyworth drew forth a key from her cabinet.

"Let the chaplain first argue with him," she urged. "He does not, perchance, understand how in fighting against the King he fights against the Church too."

"Nay," said Sir Thomas, vehemently, "I will have him under lock and key first, and you can try your arguings afterwards. Now, boy, either swear this minute to fight against the rebels, or else I arrest you as a traitor."

Joscelyn's face suddenly changed. The sorrowful, downcast expression was chased away by a flash of enthusiasm.

"To the Parliament I vow my service!" he cried. "And may God preserve the liberties of England!"

"Let this traitor be removed!" shouted Sir Thomas. "Jervis, fetch in the men and let him be taken at once."

"There is no need to use force, sir," said Joscelyn, quietly. "I shall submit to your word better than to a pack of servants."

He gave one glance towards poor Rosamond, and then followed his father out of the room, while Jervis and Dick, from different motives, hurriedly closed up the rear.

For a minute Rosamond remained at table, tears streaming down her face, though her sobs were restrained in a curious unchildlike fashion, the result of her severe training. But when she found that her mother and Isabella were far too much absorbed in discussing Joscelyn's unfortu-

nate views to notice her, she slipped quietly from the room, crossed the square entrance-hall, and flew up the broad staircase and along the corridors till she came to the wing in which was situated the tapestry-room, long disused, because it was said to be haunted. Her father was just unlocking the door, and with a sort of shuddering curiosity mingled with her grief she stole up on tiptoe and peeped in as well as she could between Dick and a shabby old curtain hanging before the oriel-window in the passage.

At rare intervals the haunted room was swept out, but the windows were boarded up, and it had never been used since the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when a certain John Heyworth, the young orphan heir to the estate, had been murdered by his guardian in the very same old four-post bed which Rosamond now caught sight of.

Into this dread abode Joscelyn found himself securely locked and bolted; he flung himself into the first chair he came to, far too much agitated by all that had passed to give a thought as yet to his surroundings. That his father was a hot-tempered man he had always known, but he had never before seen him so deeply wounded, so full of grief as well as of wrath. Had it not been for his love for Sir Thomas, his perception of the stanch faithfulness of his father to that idea of the divine right of the King to receive the passive and unreasoning obedience of the subject, he would, perhaps, have found time to be indignant with the way in which he was treated. But the ignominy of his imprisonment did not greatly affect him; it was of deeper things that he thought—of the hopelessness of the separation that had arisen between him and all he loved best; of the dark mysterious future awaiting not himself alone, but the whole country; of the strangely mingled good and evil on either side. The thought of the war brought him back to his own situation. He had vowed his service to the Par-

liament, but he knew well enough that his father's vow to keep him in durance till he would swear to change sides had been registered just as firmly and with just as strong a consciousness of right. Heyworths were not in the habit of yielding, and he built nothing on the chance that either of them might think of relenting.

He knew that Sir Thomas was quite capable of keeping him a prisoner for weeks if necessary, and that the war should last longer than a few weeks was a contingency that had as yet occurred to no one in the country. All thought that one great battle would settle the dispute.

But Joscelyn had no intention of occupying the haunted room longer than he could help; he had not been in it an hour before he was calculating the chances of escape. Fortunately the sun was full on the room, so that in spite of the boarded windows a fair amount of light stole in through cracks and crevices, the knots in the wood gleaming out ruddily. He wondered whether escape in that direction were possible, but he had no sort of weapon with which to work at the closely nailed boards. He then lifted the tapestry on each side of the walls, hoping that by chance there might be some secret door or sliding panel leading into the adjoining room; the process half choked him with dust, but his search was useless. He began to fear that he could not get out unless he had the help of some accomplice in the household, and from this idea he shrank, dreading lest he should bring trouble on others. All at once the only available way of escape occurred to him. With hurried steps he crossed the room to the fireplace, and looked anxiously up the wide old chimney. If his knee did not play him false he thought he could manage it; the part he felt uncertain about was the possibility of descent from the outside, till suddenly, as he was musing over the position of the chimney-stack, he recollected that it also contained the

chimney of the room immediately below. This room had recently been fitted up as a private study for the chaplain, who, not being of a superstitious frame of mind, had no objection at all to the ghostly rappings and scufflings overhead. If, then, Joscelyn could climb up the chimney of the tapestry-room and down the chimney of the chaplain's study, he might, if he chose his time carefully, walk out of the house with the greatest ease. Throwing himself back in the chair once more, he thought out by degrees his plan of action. To attempt the escape at once was out of the question, for it was a Saturday, and on that day the chaplain was sure to be writing his sermons. He must wait until Sunday; then, in the evening, when the family were at church and the chaplain safely in the pulpit, he would at any rate make the attempt. There was only one part of this plan from which he shrank: he could not endure to go away without a word of farewell to Dick and Rosamond, yet he dared not take them into the secret of his escape, lest afterwards they should be questioned by Sir Thomas. At last he resolved on a compromise; he would write Rosamond a note asking her to be in the arbor in the garden on Sunday evening while the rest were at church, and to induce Dick to stay with her. He knew that the child never went to the evening service, and that Dick could very well stay at home without provoking any remark, while as to Jervis, it was highly improbable that he would be sober.

Having once determined upon this plan, he set his wits to work as to the letter itself. He thought it possible that either Dick or Rosamond would contrive to steal up to speak to him before night, and he could easily slip a letter under the door to them, but the worst difficulty would be to find anything to write on. After some little trouble he managed to wrench from the wall a nail which supported an ill-drawn picture of poor John Heyworth; this would

serve both to draw blood from his wrist and to scrawl fairly legible characters; he then hunted all over the place for something upon which it was possible to write; at last, and not without a shudder of distaste, he came to the bed itself and drew back the dingy old hangings. Tradition had handed down the story of the murdered boy, and the details flashed back now into Joscelyn's mind. It was just fifty years ago that the treacherous guardian, who had been next heir to the estate, had stolen into this tapestry-room in the dead of night and had attempted to strangle his ward; John Heyworth had, however, been roused, and a desperate struggle had ensued; finally he had been stabbed. But the guardian had managed to deceive every one, and to make it appear that the youth had broken a blood-vessel. He succeeded to the estate, but the ghost of his victim left him no peace; and although he had the tapestry-room entirely closed, the visitant from another world pursued him wherever he went, and the matter so preyed on his mind that he fell sick and died within a year, making full confession in his last moments. The estate had then passed to quite another branch of the family, the Lincolnshire Heyworths. Sir Thomas's father had lived for two-and-twenty years at Shortell, and in 1615 Sir Thomas had come into the property. Curiously enough, the ghost still continued to haunt the tapestry-room, and Joscelyn as a child had often heard, with shuddering awe, the blows, the scuffling of feet, and the piercing cries which at times penetrated to the rest of the house.

The murderer had decreed that the room should be left precisely as it was at the time of John Heyworth's death. Joscelyn perceived as he drew aside the rotten old curtains that the very bedclothes were still there. Shivering a little, he drew back the mouldy coverlet and blanket—the sheets had been removed, but even in the dim light he could see a dark stain on the bed beneath. A feeling of chill horror

crept over him; he would have turned away had it not been for a strange sense of expectancy for which he could not account. He lifted aside the pillow, and slightly raised the bolster under it. To his surprise, he saw a small brown volume, and taking it up found that it was a psalter, and that in many places the edges of the leaves and even the margins were stained, as though blood had trickled over them. Somehow the sight of it made the past curiously vivid to him, and a sense of deep compassion for his young kinsman took possession of his heart. He crossed the room to look once more in the uncertain light at the picture which he had just taken from the wall; he even fancied a sort of likeness between himself and the youth with the fair hair and broad Elizabethan ruff, whose eyes looked back at him from the picture with such curious sadness.

Beside the bed there was a sconce for a candle, which he had not before noticed. He pictured to himself how John Heyworth had read the psalms for the evening, had put out the light, had drawn those very curtains, and had fallen asleep at peace with God and man; how he had been roused to find the foul treachery of his guardian, and to make a desperate but ineffectual effort to save himself. He wondered why he had never before thought with strong sympathy of his dead kinsman, and had been content to regard "The Ghost" with trembling awe and vague dislike. This book under the pillow had made John Heyworth human to him, and it was with a sort of apology to the murdered boy that he tore the fly-leaf from the psalter, and, while the light still lasted, traced upon it the message for Rosamond. This done, he wiped the mould from the covers of the book and put it in the pocket of his doublet, rearranged the bed, drew the curtains, and retired once more to the big high-backed chair by the hearth.

Slowly and wearily the hours dragged by. He heard the

sounds of drilling in the park, he heard Rosamond practising Whitelocke's coranto on her lute, he heard his father's voice and the chaplain's in the room below. But no one came near him, and at last it became clear to him that his imprisonment was to be rendered as hard as possible, and that he need not look for food or water before the morrow.

Towards evening for very weariness he fell asleep, but the straight-backed chair, though possessing old-fashioned high sides to it, which had seemed comfortable enough at first, proved but a chilly couch, and Joscelyn's sleep was uneasy, and broken by horrible dreams. Just at midnight he was roused by the most appalling noise in the room. The well-known sounds which in the distance had often made his blood run cold were now in his very ears; his heart beat wildly, it seemed to him that evil spirits filled the room, he could hear the flapping of their wings, could hear their hideous cries, and before that awful dread of the mysterious and unseen his courage fled. He cowered back in the depths of the chair, cursing the fate that had condemned him to pass a night in the midst of such horrors. A deadly fight was going on close to the bed, there could be no manner of doubt as to that; but blackest darkness filled the room, and he could see nothing whatever. That the spirit of John Heyworth was uttering those fearful shrieks he somehow could not any longer bring himself to believe. Possibly he might have been permitted to haunt the guilty conscience of his murderer, but now, surely, "after life's fitful fever" he rested well. Could it, he wondered, be the torment of the faithless guardian to re-enact that ghastly tragedy with the roles reversed, and to struggle against demons for his life? The thought was hardly calculated to lessen his terror, and an overmastering desire for light possessed him. He thought of the sconce behind the bed, but the remains of the candle had long ago mould-

ered away. Then he remembered that the tinder-box had stood on a rude bracket close by it, and trembled at the thought of crossing the room to fetch it. Angry with himself when he found that his knees smote together, he forced himself to get up and cautiously to grope his way by the wall in the direction of the sconce. The combatants were far too much absorbed in their deadly strife to heed his movements, and with throbbing heart he drew nearer and yet nearer, till at last he had seized the box, and drawing forth the flint and steel, struck them with desperate energy. The tinder flared up, and Joscelyn, glancing round eagerly, saw to his amazement that all this ghastly and terrifying noise had been produced by three bats who were engaged in a desperate fight. At the sudden light they dispersed with shrill screams, two of them instantly making for the fireplace, the other retreating with flapping wings to the bed tester, where, doubtless, it had long found a home. In his relief he laughed at the thought that such harmless things had, with the help of darkness and tradition, driven him almost out of his senses with fright. Then returning once more across the dark room, he settled himself for the night in the depths of the old chair, and, falling asleep, dreamed that John Heyworth stood beside him bidding him take courage, telling him that in all his loneliness he was not forsaken, but compassed by great hosts of witnesses; reminding him that earthly existence with its pain and strife was but "as a dream when one awaketh," and that beyond lay the real life which alone could satisfy the heart of man. His night in the haunted room taught him forever to disbelieve in the vulgar tales of noisy and terrifying ghosts, but to believe more than he had ever done before that the world of the seen and the world of the unseen were really as closely united as the body and the spirit of man himself. In truth, he needed all the comfort that could be brought to

him in sleep, for it was painful enough to wake the next morning to the recollection of his father's anger, and to the thought that he must this day go forth into exile, penniless, unarmed, and alone. As the clock struck five he heard a low tap at the door; some one called him by his name; it was Rosamond.

"Joscelyn," she whispered, as he drew close to the key-hole, "I could not come before; they watched me too closely. Did the ghost harm you? I hardly slept for fearing it."

"On the contrary, he has done me good service," said Joscelyn. "But do not stay here, lest they find you out. See, I have written you a letter. Do not fail me."

He pushed the fly-leaf of the psalter under the door, and Rosamond stole away to read it in secret, then to discuss it with Dick, who was quite unable to guess in what way escape from the tapestry-room could be effected. However, it was agreed that they should keep their own counsel, and, as Joscelyn wished, wait for him in the arbor that evening.

In the tapestry-room the hours passed heavily enough. Shortly after the usual breakfast hour Joscelyn heard the bolts of his door withdrawn, and, somewhat to his surprise, his mother entered, bearing in her own hands a loaf and a jug of water. Most of Lady Heyworth's love had been lavished on her two elder children, but Joscelyn had always got on well with his mother, and his love for her was very great. When he saw the cloud on her brow his heart sank within him.

"Have you thought better of your folly?" she asked, coldly.

"I have not changed my mind, mother," he replied. And then, an odd giddiness seizing him, he took up the jug of water which she had set down on the floor, and drank thirst-

ily. She stood watching him intently, and as she watched the cloud on her face darkened and her brown eyes grew hard and pitiless.

"I am glad you do suffer," she said. "You have brought misery enough to your father and to me at a time when there was need of comfort rather than of fresh trouble."

"Mother!" he cried, desperately, "do not let these matters come between us. After all, how can they touch my love to you—my duty? I will be content not to fight—will stay here at Shortell. It is not fit that you should be left alone in this country-house in war-time."

"I am very sensible of your kindness," she said, mockingly. "But I should prefer to have in the house any loyal yeoman or peasant. What! do you think I would have as protector, or own as my son, one of the King's enemies? Nay, indeed, until you change your mind I will see you no more!"

She turned as though to go, but he strode forward and stood in front of the door. Something in his face frightened her; perhaps it was the grief, perhaps the resoluteness of his expression.

"Then kiss me, mother," he said. "For this is our last meeting."

The conviction with which he spoke the words, and perhaps a faint return of motherly pride in the tall strong figure blocking the way, and almost commanding a farewell, suddenly broke down her pride. She kissed him, and went from the room weeping. The sight of her tears was almost more than he could endure; he paced to and fro in hopeless misery. After all, had John Heyworth's fate been so sad? Would not death—an early death—solve all these miserable problems, and end the worst of the separation? It is a mistake to think that it is only the aged who look forward to death with longing; there are moments in youth when the

sick distaste for life, the fierce craving for freedom from pain, work upon the mind much more actively, though, doubtless, in a healthy nature, they are soon conquered. Stretched on the floor of the deserted room, his face hidden, his frame shaken with sobs, Joscelyn Heyworth fought his way through his first great trouble, and presently, exhausted by want of food and by strong emotion, sleep fell upon him, and once more the spirit of his dead kinsman brought him comfort. It spoke of the shortness, yet of the vast importance, of the life on earth—the sole time in which it is given to man to suffer for the truth; and when, before long, Joscelyn awoke, he rose with a strange new energy of endurance, a sense that he was needed, and called and intrusted with a part in the great struggle for freedom. It was well for him that he could not look on into the future, could not tell how slowly, how painfully, with what dire checks, liberty would gradually advance — well for him that he thought a few months would bring in the reign of peace and justice. For most truly "we are saved by hope," and the disappointments and griefs, which would be intolerable were they foreseen as a whole, can be borne as they come to us one by one.

Refreshed by sleep and food, he began to feel eager to attempt his escape, and the hours of waiting seemed long to him. Sometimes he read in the psalter, sometimes studied the picture of John Heyworth, or the quaint designs on the tapestry, and then again he would pace to and fro trying to plan out his future life, and wondering where and how he should again meet Mr. Hampden. At last, to his relief, he heard the bells of Shortell Church ringing for evening service; later on, listening intently, he heard the closing of the great front door, and the steps and voices of those who were going to church. When the bells ceased chiming, and the process of tolling-in began, he knew that

his time was come. With one more look round the haunted room where he had passed through so grievous a struggle, he turned away, and with some difficulty worked his way up the wide old-fashioned chimney, where the two bats had disappeared on the previous night. At length, breathless and half choking, he reached the place where the other chimney opened into the shaft. Here he paused for a minute or two, thankful to find a ledge that would support him. The ascent had been manageable, but about the descent of the chaplain's chimney he did not feel quite so easy in his mind. Luckily he had a steady head, and was well used to athletics, and though the descent was difficult and dangerous, and the prospect of lying on the hearth below with broken bones more than once flashed across him, as with every muscle strained he cautiously made his way down, yet in the end he found himself standing safely on the floor of the study, giddy and shaken, with strained and bleeding hands, but otherwise none the worse for the adventure.

Opening the door, he listened for a minute, but the house was perfectly still. The servants were far away in the north wing, and even if they heard steps would merely think that Dick had come in from the garden. So he quietly walked along the corridor into the hall, and up-stairs to his room, and having washed off the soot and dust with which he was begrimed, and hastily changed his clothes, he snatched up his hat and cloak and stole down again, going by a side door into the garden. In three minutes he had gained the shrubbery, and striding along the paths by which he had only two days before conducted Isabella and Sir Toby, he hurried towards the arbor, where Dick and Rosamond greeted him with exclamations of surprise and delight.

"How did you manage to get out?" cried Rosamond. "And oh, look at your hands! How you have hurt them!"

"The brickwork of the chimney is rough. But that is nothing," he replied, sitting down between them. "I am out and free, and can breathe again. The air of that room is like a vault."

"But what will you do?" said Dick, whose merry, careless face had grown strangely grave. "You have no money."

"Not a farthing," said Joscelyn. "But I have a good pair of legs, at any rate, and it will go hard with me if I cannot contrive to reach Mr. Hampden and claim his promise of help, which help, I take it, will be a post in his regiment."

"I lost what little I had at play last night," said Dick, ruefully, "or it should have been yours."

"And I have but these few pennies," said Rosamond; "but they will be better than nothing." And amid protests and some laughter she succeeded in putting them into the pocket of his doublet. Soon, however, the sense of the parting that must come in a few minutes sobered them.

"There is one thing, Dick, which you will do for me," said Joscelyn, huskily; "be to my father what Jervis can never be, what I would fain have been."

"I can never make up to him for you," said Dick; "but I will not leave him, I promise you. Oh, Joscelyn! is there no help for it? Must you indeed go?"

"There is no help," said Joscelyn, gravely. "Did we not talk it all out the other night? Neither of us can go against his conscience. Better to be opposed to each other than to be false to the sense of right."

He rose to go, but Rosamond clung to him with such bitter sobs that he was almost unnerved.

"Oh, why must it be?" she cried. "If only it could have been Jervis! Why—why is there war at all?"

That was the question going up from thousands of hearts in England on that peaceful August evening, and many households were as cruelly divided as this one—father

against son, and brother against brother. There was a painful silence in the arbor. Dick, with a choking feeling in his throat, looked across at poor little Rosamond as she clung to her favorite brother, and he knew that for his sake Joscelyn would say no more as to the necessity of war and the reasons for it. The silence was eloquent of love triumphant over all differences of view.

"Rosamond," said Joscelyn, at last, "you will trust us both, aye, and pray for us both, I know."

She checked her tears with an effort.

"Always, always!" she said, fervently.

"We cannot tell what may happen," he went on; "but whenever it is possible I will send word to Barnaby, and he will tell you and Dick, and hold his tongue to the rest of the household. You must tell him I trust to him, for I will not risk going to his house now. Time is getting on, and I ought not to linger."

The terror lest her father should by chance encounter Joscelyn came as a help to Rosamond's courage, and carried her through the parting.

"Yes, go," she said, with a last kiss. "The service may be shorter to-night than usual, and you might be seen and taken."

Anxiety now drove out every other feeling, and she was, in fact, the only clear-eyed one when, with a last embrace, Joscelyn tore himself away from Dick and in silence left the arbor. He would not let them come with him; but when his steps had died away in the distance they stole down to the edge of the shrubbery and watched him as he crossed the park in the direction of a small wicket-gate at the south-eastern corner.

"Dick," said Rosamond, her voice faltering a little, "I believe he means to look in at the church, that he may at least see the others once more."

Her instinct was right. Joscelyn left the park, walked hurriedly along the deserted road, passed through the churchyard gate, and strode up the bricked pathway which led between a narrow avenue of lime-trees to the north porch. He did not enter the building, but crossed the grass to the south side and stole noiselessly up to one of the windows. The old Norman church, whose curiously bowed pillars represented the sides of a ship, the familiar round-headed arches, the little side chapel where from his childhood he had come Sunday by Sunday with his parents, were all clearly revealed to him; he could even see the newly erected brass to one "John Eager 20 March 1641," with its quaint design of a skeleton, and below the solemn warning,

> "Ye earthly impes which here behold
> This picture with your eyes,
> Remember the end of mortal men
> And where their glory lies."

Close by, in the manor pew, with their backs to him, he could see his mother and Isabella, but his father's side face was visible as he knelt with closed eyes, and though sobs rose in Joscelyn's throat as he watched the old man's devout face, he was glad that he could take away a happier remembrance of his father than the remembrance of that last sight of him in fierce anger on the Saturday morning. The chaplain's voice reached him distinctly, and with all his heart he joined once more in the words hallowed by the use of so many centuries, "Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants—as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting."

As the words of the grace were spoken he looked his last on his father's face, and moving out of sight, leaned for some minutes against the church-wall, face and attitude alike tell-

ing of the grievous pain which tore his heart. Presently the sound of music roused him, and through the open windows there floated out to him the quaint words of one of the metrical psalms:

"The Lord doth reign, whereat the earth
May joy with pleasant voice,
And eke the Isles with joyful mirth
May triumph and rejoice.
Both clouds and darkness eke do swell
And round about Him beat:
Yea, right and justice ever dwell
And bide about His feet."

Before the next verse was ended the graveyard was once more deserted; the lime-trees rustled sadly in the evening breeze; the ruddy sunset light cast a glow over the old gray church and softened the more modern brickwork of the tower, and touched with glory the tomb of John Heyworth. But within the church remained loyal old Sir Thomas, and without—a solitary wayfarer passed swiftly along the rough high-road.

CHAPTER VII

Both Heaven and Hell have their foundations within us. Heaven primarily lies in a refined temper, in an internal reconciliation to the nature of God, and to the rule of righteousness. The guilt of conscience and enmity to righteousness is the inward state of Hell.

—WHICHCOTE.

JOSCELYN had turned his steps in the direction of the little town of Farnham, his road lying for part of the way through the Holt Forest, which at that time was of greater extent than at present. It was not exactly a road which one would have chosen to travel alone and unarmed, but he was too sad-hearted to give a thought to the possible dangers of the way, and he passed on unmolested in the summer twilight beneath the dark oaks and beeches. The loneliness, the semi-darkness, the utter dreariness of the walk, accorded only too well with his feelings, and it was a relief when he had left the forest behind him and had reached the outskirts of the town. By this time night was closing in; he paused for a minute, looking back towards his home. A cold light still lingered in the west, dappled with dark clouds; the sky looked, to his fancy, like the side of an iron-gray horse.

With a heavy heart he turned away and walked wearily on through the familiar little town. As he passed along West Street and the Borough it crossed his mind how, not so very long ago, his greatest treat had been to come in with Dick and old Barnaby to see the Farnham horse-fair. A great gulf seemed to lie between those past times and this dreary present; he seemed to himself like some other being, and nothing perhaps but the sharp pain of those old

memories as they contrasted with his loneliness could have convinced him that he was in truth the same Joscelyn Heyworth. Lights still lingered in many of the windows, and from the celebrated Bush Inn there came a cheerful glow and a sound of eager voices. He reflected that although he could not afford to pass the night anywhere except in the open air, yet that Rosamond's pence would at any rate pay for a manchet of bread and a tankard of ale, and his walk had served to remind him that during the last two days his fare had been but scanty. So he crossed the well-known court-yard, and receiving a respectful recognition from the landlord, was ushered into the parlor whence the babel of tongues had proceeded.

Mr. Giles Graham, of Guildford, and a party of friends had ridden over that evening and were supping, the landlord explained, and he proceeded to offer his guest all that the house would afford: a cut from an excellent saddle of mutton, a fat capon, deviled kidneys, or toasted cheese. Why any one should be ashamed of poverty, and especially of poverty voluntarily incurred for the sake of a principle, it is hard to say. But undoubtedly this human weakness is almost universal, and Joscelyn, as he declined the dainties offered by his host, colored up like a girl, and was convinced that the man could see that of silver and gold he had none. However, he soon recovered his equanimity, and forgot himself in the interest of the talk going on around him. Apparently Mr. Giles Graham had been drinking rather freely; he was a burly, thick-set man, and looked the soul of good-nature; he was talking to a sallow and rather surly-faced man at his right, and Joscelyn speedily discovered that the war was the subject under discussion.

"Surrey for the Parliament, do you say?" roared Mr. Graham. "I tell you the knaves are counting their chick-

"THEY PROCEEDED TO DISCUSS VARIOUS HOUSES WHERE ARMS MIGHT POSSIBLY BE OBTAINED."

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ens before they are hatched. There are plenty of loyal hearts in Surrey, I'll be bound."

"Of course, of course," said the sallow man, with a frown. "The very business we are met upon shows that. But already the rebels are beginning to attack the houses of the Catholic gentry, and to take all the arms they can lay hold of, and it behooves us to be as active. What chances are there in your neighborhood, Sir Andrew?"

The young man appealed to was invisible to Joscelyn, being far up on the same side of the table.

"There is only one, to the best of my belief," he replied, "but that would be worth trying. A fine strong Tudor house in a picked position, commanding three valleys, and close to the road, with a good store of old arms, and, what is better, with plenty of spoil, for the place belongs to one of the richest men in the county."

"But doubtless it will be well defended," said Mr. Graham.

"I don't think it," said Sir Andrew. "Old Sir Robert Neal is too easy-going and unsuspicious."

"Good. Then that house shall head our list, and the sooner it is attacked the better," replied the other.

They proceeded to discuss various houses where arms might possibly be obtained, but the talk gradually became less coherent and more noisy; and presently, taking advantage of a boisterous drinking chorus to cover his retreat, Joscelyn slipped quietly from the room. Either the supper party had not noticed him at all, or in their noisy merriment had laid aside the prudence which would have suggested the possibility that this youth might belong to the Parliamentary party.

Having parted with the very last of Rosamond's pence, Joscelyn left the Bush and wandered out into the summer night. It was clearly now his duty to go to Katterham at once, and acquaint Sir Robert with what he had heard, but

he was too tired to walk any farther that night, and having reached the outskirts of the town, he bethought him that the park would prove a tolerably safe sleeping-place; and turning up past a way-side inn named the Six Bells, he scaled the park fence, and soon found a sheltered nook, where, with a sloping bank behind him and a thick growth of brake-fern by way of covering, he made himself a tolerably comfortable bed. Yet it was long ere he could sleep, for his brain was over-excited by the suffering he had passed through. He lay listening to the sighing of the wind in the tall elm-trees above him, and as the church clock struck the hours it seemed to him as if the great bell were tolling for the death of his old life. "Gone, gone, gone!" it seemed to say. He wondered if his whole future was to be passed now in shadow; whether the brightness and light-heartedness which had hitherto buoyed him up through the slight troubles and disappointments he had met with could ever return to him. The stars were shining gloriously, and from the place where he lay he could clearly see Charles's Wain; he looked up at it, finding a sort of comfort in what for so long had been familiar to him. And presently the dark sky and the faint starlight brought back to his mind the words of the psalm which had been sung that evening in Shortell Church. Was it not possible even now "to triumph and rejoice"? Was it not possible even in this distracted England to trust in the eternal "right and justice" of the One who ruled all things, One who in the right way, at the right time, would disperse the clouds and darkness that had gathered? This night of misrule and oppression was, after all, only a night, and even in the midst of it there were not wanting many witnesses, shining forth like stars in the surrounding gloom, to remind all men that justice and truth and liberty were sacred and lasting realities, and that the dawn must break.

With this thought in his mind he fell asleep, and it was not until the early morning that a herd of deer passing by at a few yards' distance roused him. He started up from his bed of fern and looked about him, the cavalry of his dream resolving itself into the noble creatures with their branching antlers and soft brown eyes and beautifully dappled skin. He thought he had never seen anything so exquisite, as at sight of him they bounded lightly down the soft green slope, over which there rested a white veil of dew. The tall elms with their masses of dark green August foliage reared their heads solemnly into the clear blue sky; here and there fleecy white clouds floated, and something in the general stillness and peace—something, too, in the balmy freshness of the atmosphere—made Joscelyn for a moment almost ready to fancy that he had left the world which but last night had been so grievously at wrongs, and had waked in Paradise.

Then, gradually coming to himself, a great hopefulness took possession of him; the perfect morning seemed to breathe into him a different spirit. True, strife and pain and effort awaited the whole country, but he, for one, would ever keep before him that ideal of the reign of righteousness after the pattern of which all earthly governments should as far as possible strive to mould themselves. It seemed to him that he had never before realized the truth that, though men may hinder and mar the gradual progress of good, they are unable to overcome it in reality, and with his whole heart he thanked God that he had been able to give up all, and to devote his will to the service of One to whom he owed more than either to king or father. Often afterwards he was obliged to pass through times of grievous depression and perplexity, yet he never lost for long the glad sense of working in unison with a Higher Will, which had first come to him in the beauty and peace of that early

morning in Farnham Park. A penniless, disgraced exile, he nevertheless set forth with that best of possessions, the happiness which endures through sorrow.

Recollecting that both on account of taking the warning to Katterham and also because pursuit from Shortell was still a possibility, he must not linger, he started off while it was still quite early and began his walk along the high ridge of country known as the Hog's Back, to Guildford. Then, having rested for half an hour in the outskirts of the town, he struck across country, and avoiding the neighborhood of his uncle's house at Bletchingley, where his views were little likely to meet with sympathy, he mounted the wooded height to which he had directed his course.

The sun was setting, and knowing that he was scarcely a mile from Katterham Court, he paused for a minute or two to rest at the top of the long hill. A glorious plain lay beneath him, bounded in the distance by three distinct chains of downs, while to the right, all flooded with a crimson glow, he could see the beautiful outline of Leith Hill. He was not sorry to think that his day's work was nearly over, and the final tramp over the old Roman Stane Street seemed long to him, but at last the common was crossed, the rough country lane was ended, and the gates and lodge of the Court-house rose before him in the twilight. He rang and was speedily admitted, receiving a friendly greeting from the gate-keeper. A road bordered by a close shrubbery led towards the house, and turning sharply to the left, soon brought him within sight of the red brick mansion, with its gables and picturesque chimneys and moss-grown roof. It was with a sense of keen pleasure that Joscelyn perceived Sir Robert Neal sitting in his elbow-chair at the open door; and the old man, catching sight of him, started up with a welcome so hearty and so kind that it was no longer possible for Joscelyn to feel himself alone in the world.

"A GLORIOUS PLAIN LAY BENEATH HIM."

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At the sound of his voice the children came running out, delighted to see him once more, and Clemency was summoned from the withdrawing-room, where she sat with two distant kinswomen, Mrs. Arbella and Mrs. Ursula Neal, who, through the kindness of Sir Robert, had for many years lived rent free in the dower-house hard by. Joscelyn, who had been describing to Sir Robert the way in which he had heard of the possible attack on the Court-house, broke off abruptly as Clemency and the two maiden ladies from the dower-house approached, for during his previous visit he had learned that Mrs. Arbella and Mrs. Ursula were stanch Royalists.

They were, into the bargain, apt to regard ordinary members of the male sex with little favor, and Joscelyn, though sincerely respecting them, somewhat resented the patronizing tone of Mrs. Arbella and the seeming indifference of Mrs. Ursula. That the latter should be Clemency's greatest friend puzzled him much; he had not yet learned to see the unselfish, devoted nature, the rare humility, which lay beneath Mrs. Ursula's rather cold countenance.

"Mr. Heyworth has kindly come out of his way to bring me important news," said Sir Robert. "By-the-way, I hope your horse is being seen to? Did one of the men take it?"

"I came on foot, sir," said Joscelyn, coloring in a way which revealed both to Sir Robert and to Clemency much of his story.

"On foot!" exclaimed Mrs. Arbella, with an expression of strong disapproval on her comely though wrinkled face. "It was extremely rash to walk such a distance when your injured knee is but recently restored! It was absolute madness!"

"It was necessity, madam," said Joscelyn, with a touch of irritation in his voice. "As the proverb hath it, 'If wishes were horses beggars would ride'; but at present,

those who are turned adrift on the world with empty pockets find wishing but an idle pastime, and must tramp it as they best may."

A kindly expression dawned in Mrs. Ursula's quiet face. Though far from sympathizing with the views which Joscelyn had adopted, she could not but respect his courage and regret his pain.

"I trust the knee will be none the worse," she said, pleasantly. "But you must be weary with your journey, and I think, sister," she added, turning to Mrs. Arbella, "that we had better make our farewells, or the darkness will overtake us."

She wished Joscelyn good-night kindly, and gathering up her black silk skirt in a way which revealed a pair of small feet and shapely ankles, prepared for the short walk across to the dower-house.

Mrs. Arbella followed her, commenting as they went in her rapid, energetic way on the return of Joscelyn Heyworth. She was a lady who dealt out patronizing judgments on the faults and failings of mankind with extraordinary volubility. Yet, in spite of this, there was something lovable about her which took the sting from her most sweeping condemnations.

"Oh, he is a handsome stripling, I grant," she said; "but I'll warrant that he is lacking in all reverence for authority. He must be headstrong, self-willed, and opinionated to run counter to his home surroundings after this fashion. And I am not at all sure that he has not already an eye to the pretty heiress and these broad acres, and that his so-called love of the land is not love of this land we walk on. Doubtless the important news Sir Robert mentioned was but an excuse to get back to the Court-house."

"Nay, nay," said Mrs. Ursula, "there I believe, sister, you wrong the poor lad. I am persuaded he has too much

dignity and right feeling to dangle round an heiress. One who was capable of that would not speak in the tone he used but now of being in the position of the penniless tramp. In respect for authority he may be lacking, but I cannot credit him with mercenary thoughts touching Clemency's inheritance."

"Poverty is a strong temptation," said Mrs. Arbella, not without a pathetic thought of the shabbiness of her sister's gown.

"Only to the weak," said Mrs. Ursula, with decision; "and, if I mistake not, Mr. Heyworth is strong, and does not lack proper pride."

Mrs. Arbella was silent. Pride and poverty appealed to her, for there was much of both in her own life.

"I am not prepared to say," she remarked, as the sisters entered their sparsely furnished house, "that his family have done wisely in treating him with such severity. However mistaken his opinions, it is a dangerous thing for one of his age to be cast adrift without money, and it is well that he has fallen in with such a worthy man as Sir Robert, who must be esteemed even by his opponents. As for our good kinsman's political errors, why, he is a man, and, like all men, easily misled by his own vain prejudices. Had he been born a woman, now, I venture to assert that he would have been as loyal to Church and King as we are ourselves."

CHAPTER VIII

Heart, my heart, what is this feeling,
That doth weigh on thee so sore?
What new life art thou revealing,
That I know myself no more?
—GOETHE.

"THE COURT-HOUSE, KATTERHAM,
"*Friday the 12th August*, 1642.

"MY DEAR FAITH,—Your letter in reply to the first I wrote after hearing of your safe arrival has just been delivered to me by your brother-in-law's man, and since he goes on to London to-morrow, and returns within a week to Gloucester, I shall give up the day to writing you all that has passed.

"But first let me tell you how I rejoice that we can write thus each to each, as we once talked, and that Christopher does not demand a sight of the letters. For as three is dull company, so also is a correspondence which is enforcedly not betwixt writer and reader, but for a third eye and mind. How greatly would our chat weary him; as much methinks as the reading of his letters on business would weary us! In saying that the unity of husband and wife does not demand the laying bare of the confidences of kinsfolk or friends, but best proves its reality by its trust, he seems to me to show his wisdom and nobleness, and I feel able to spare you to him with a less grudging heart. But oh, Faith! there are times when I feel sick for one more sight of you, and the house is sorely changed by the lack of your voice and the want of your face; indeed, it is scarce like home any more. You see how I need you to drive away

my doleful thoughts, and I will waste no more of the paper with idle repinings, but make the most of this talk from shire to shire, the chance for which does not come every day. I told you in my last that Mr. Joscelyn Heyworth had through his talk with Mr. Hampden come to see that he could not, as his father wished, serve in the King's army. Well, he took leave of us on Friday the 5th, but on the Monday evening unexpectedly returned, much spent with the journey from Farnham, which he had made on foot, and bringing with him sad news. His parents had taken his change of views grievously to heart, had treated him with great severity, and he had escaped from a sort of home imprisonment, making his way to Katterham penniless and unarmed. He had intended to journey to London, there to seek Mr. Hampden, but at Farnham he chanced to hear the intention of Mr. Giles Graham and others to bring a force to the attack of certain wealthy houses of our county, and among others of Katterham Court. Hester and the children were not told of it, for we thought it would but frighten them to no good purpose. But grandfather let me sit by whilst he and Nat Tamplin, the new steward, whom we all greatly like, talked till late in the evening, planning what steps had best be taken. They agreed that Tamplin should order several of the farm men to sleep on the premises, and as we had but little powder, it was arranged that Mr. Heyworth, attended by Jack Morrison, should ride over to Croydon the next morning at sunrise to bring back a supply, and also to acquaint the Committee of Public Safety with the plot he had heard. None of the servants but Charlotte knew there was any danger, and she, dear soul, made light of it lest I should be anxious, though all the same I could see, when in the early morning she brought me my bowl of new milk, that her face was careworn and as if she had not slept.

"'Did you think they would murder us all in our beds?' I asked, laughing—for it was easy to laugh with the darkness past and the sunshine streaming in at the window, and the lowing of the oxen and the bleating of the sheep and the singing of the birds just as we have heard it every morning of our lives.

"'I'm not thinking they would trouble us in the house,' protested Charlotte. 'It's the harvest I'm thinking of, for they do say that foraging parties are wandering over the country and reaping the corn by stealth in the night, and off with it before the owner is well awake, to store the garrisons.'

"But though she made much of the corn, I know her real care was for us children; and, Faith, I truly think that if it had come to it dear old Charlotte would have laid down her life to protect us without so much as a thought that she was doing anything unusual. And neither would it have been unusual, for when one thinks of it she is giving herself up to other people and serving others all day and every day. What should we have been without her!

"I had just made an end of the house-keeping and was in the garden with Monnie cutting off the withered roses, when up came Original Smith with a long face and a long story; he had heard of the report brought back by Mr. Heyworth, and saw fit to complain that he had not been the one to be sent over to the Committee of Public Safety. Why did we put so much confidence in a stranger, and not allow one who had known us all our lives to be of service? I told him it was natural that Mr. Heyworth should have been chosen to go since he was the one who had heard the talk at Farnham. To which he made answer, 'I see you prefer new friends to old, but 'tis seldom they prove the most faithful.'

"I said it was not a question of friendship at all, but of what grandfather thought best to arrange, and then to give the talk a turn asked if the children had been good and whether their lessons were done. He answered shortly and went off much in the dumps, and I think I must somehow have offended him, for his manner has been strange ever since. I would not have him think that we do not value old friends. His father seems to me as fine a specimen of a yeoman as one could wish, and his mother is one of the saints of the earth, and though Original himself would be more to my liking if he did not crop his hair and anathematize all whose views square not with his own, yet I have always respected him, and he is the best tutor the children could have. When, at eleven o'clock, we met again in the hall at dinner, he was still in his dumps, but of course no more could be said because Hester and the children were present. In the afternoon Mr. Heyworth and Mr. Morrison rode back from Croydon, and with them came Captain Johnston and half a dozen men, whom we had to entertain as best we could for the night. The children were told that they had come to beat up recruits in the neighboring villages, which was indeed true, and I made a pretext to send them over to the homestead to see the cows milked and to order Mrs. Purnell to send over an extra supply. Then, when they were gone, Captain Johnston and grandfather and Mr. Heyworth and the new steward, Nat Tamplin, went over the house, and planned how it had best be defended in case of attack, and somehow with the coming and going, and the excitement, and the having so many orders to give as to the food, I had no time to feel afraid until after supper that night, when, having left the men-folk talking with grandfather in the study, I went up to our bedroom, which seems lonesome always without you, though I have little Monnie for company.

"It was a dark, cloudy night, and when I looked from the window I felt for the first time afraid of the stillness, and could have blessed Monnie for waking as she did and begging me to sing her to sleep again. I shut the casement and drew the curtain, still with that sort of creeping terror of what might be out there in the darkness; and to feel nearer the rest of the house I set the bedroom door ajar and felt a cowardly relief at hearing steps on the stair, and knowing that either Mr. Heyworth or Captain Johnston must have come up to his room. Monnie kept saying, 'Sing, Clemency, sing,' and as much to comfort myself as to soothe her, I began:

"'The Lord is both my health and light,
Shall men make me dismay'd?
Sith God doth give me strength and might,
Why should I be afraid?'

"When I got to the verse about 'My parents both their sonne forsook,' I fell to thinking of Mr. Heyworth. It is strange how the Psalms always do fit in with our life of to-day, and that what David said long ago should be just what I wanted to say in this seventeenth century. But the singing cheered me as nothing else could have done, in especial those last verses:

"'Teach me, O Lord, the way to Thee,
And lead me on forth right,
For fear of such as watch for me
To trap me if they might.

'My heart would faint but that in me
This hope is fixèd fast,
The Lord God's good grace shall I see
In life that aye shall last.

'Trust then in God whose whole thou art;
His will abide thou must;
And He shall ease and strength thy heart,
If thou on Him do trust.'

"WE BOTH LISTENED INTENTLY."

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"Monnie was sound asleep by the time the psalm was sung, and the last words had scarcely left my lips when some one knocked from without; throwing the door wider open I saw Mr. Heyworth standing there, and he, with many apologies, asked me to sing no longer, but to listen with him for a moment at the open window of the passage. I knelt on the old oak chest, and we both listened intently; this time there was something more terrible than the intense stillness—the sound of horses' hoofs on the road from Willey Farm, the quarter from which we had fancied the enemy would come. I think if Mr. Heyworth had not been so quiet my fears would have all returned, but if panic is apt to prove infectious, so, I think, is calmness.

"'The unwelcome visitors, if I mistake not,' he said. 'Sir Robert must be told.'

"We ran down-stairs to the study, where grandfather and Captain Johnston sat smoking their pipes; they flung open the side window, and more clearly than ever we heard the beat of the horse-hoofs on the road. I heard Captain Johnston discussing with Mr. Heyworth as to how they should rouse Tamplin and the men from Croydon, and how reach Morrison at the gate-house. Before it was settled, however, grandfather had insisted that I should go up-stairs, and I had promised to stay in the upper part of the house and to keep the great oak door at the head of the front stairs closely barred. Having drawn both the upper and lower bolts, I went again to the passage window, and, kneeling once more on the chest, looked out into the night. Some one was let out at the front door. I supposed it was Captain Johnston going across to the gate-house; and as I heard his steps crunching the gravel in the court-yard I thought to myself, 'If it were a man one cared for, how one would fear for his safety!' And then, oh, Faith! I saw that it was not Captain Johnston at all, but Mr. Heyworth, and

my heart seemed to stand still, and when it went on again it was no longer my own. I saw him plainly, for the light streamed out from the open door and shone upon his hair, and though he and Captain Johnston are of much the same height, yet there was no mistaking that. He was gone in a minute, and I was left to look and look till my eyes ached at the inner gate of the court, and the two pillars with their round balls, and to listen in an agony to the horrible tramp coming steadily nearer and nearer. I do not know how the time went; I heard the front door being locked and bolted, and steps hurrying hither and thither, and after a while Charlotte came and insisted on closing the casement and fastening the shutters, though I begged hard to keep watch still. She would not hear of it; yet when the horsemen seemed actually to be just outside the court-yard her anxiety for grandfather got the better of her, and she let me unfasten the bolts of the oak door, and stole quietly downstairs to see how matters were going. I waited with the door partly open, straining my ears to hear what passed. There were steps on the gravel, and then a loud knocking at the front door. I heard Charlotte and grandfather speaking together, and then the grille was opened, and grandfather asked: 'Who is there? And why do you seek admittance at this hour of the night?'

"'Open, in the King's name,' was the summons from without.

"'I refuse to open,' said grandfather, with a ring in his voice which made it sound like the voice of a young man.

"'We have forces here enough to storm your house and burn it about your ears, said the voice from without. 'Open, in the King's name, and yield your arms and your plate in the King's service.'

"For all answer grandfather sharply closed the grille.

"The spokesman had scarcely moved a couple of steps

on the gravel when I heard a gun fired and another and another, and in my sickening anxiety to know how matters were going I think I must have broken my word and thrown back the shutters to look out, or even run down-stairs to grandfather, had not Monnie waked with a cry of terror; and, fastening the bolts of the door again, I ran back to my room, and sat on the bed beside her singing the psalm through once more, and as lustily as I could, that my voice might drown the sound of the guns and the cries and shouts from without. I thought my brain must have given way with the strain of the fearful anxiety for those without, and for grandfather below and for all the children, when one remembered that hateful threat of firing the house. Yet there were times when I knew that One was soothing me much as I soothed Monnie, and stilling the storm of fears that again and again tried to rise in my heart. After what seemed a long time the firing ceased and the shouts and cries died down to a confused murmur, and Gyp and Rover, who had been barking furiously, grew less excited. To my relief Monnie fell asleep too, and, hearing steps ascending, I went to unbolt the door at the head of the stairs, yet paused for a moment in deadly terror at the thought that the quiet without might after all mean our defeat, and that the footsteps might be those of the enemy.

"'Who is there?' I cried, as some one knocked; and the answer came back in a clear ringing voice, 'It is I, Joscelyn Heyworth.' Then I flung back the door, and in one breath we both cried, 'Are you safe?' and there and then I felt thankful that Hal was not by to cry out, as he assuredly would have done, 'Hook fingers and wish, for you spoke the same words.'

"I seem still to feel his hands grasping mine, still to see his eyes striving, as they did that night, to read my very soul. Oh, Faith! tell me, is it my fancy that he had feared

for me as I feared for him—that to him, too, it had been a night of revelation?

"We went down to the entrance-hall, and there I heard how the enemy had ignominiously retreated, being utterly surprised and routed by a sudden attack made from the shelter of the nut-trees beside the bowling-green by Captain Johnston and his men. Mr. Heyworth and Morrison, with some of the farm men who had been sleeping in the gate-house, followed up the advantage and pressed them hard from the other side, and having doubtless expected to find us unprepared with any defence, they were the more easily disheartened and repulsed. Several were wounded, among others young Sir Andrew Grey, who this time last year, you remember, asked grandfather for my hand in marriage, and was for many months one of my most wearisome and importunate servants. Methinks Original Smith is wrong, and that new friends are sometimes more desirable than old! Morrison got a slight cut on the head, which, however, has only enamoured him of war and fighting, and two of Captain Johnston's men were hurt, yet not severely. Charlotte made much of them and bandaged their wounds, and we had a second supper somewhere in the small hours of the night, at which I felt merrier far than at your wedding-feast, so great was the relief after the fears of the evening.

"But now we are sober and sad enough. There is not much fear that the house will be attacked again, and Katterham being off the main road we do not hear much of what is passing, and Mr. Heyworth started yesterday at sunrise for London.

"There must be thunder in the air, or else I am going to be seized with a fit of the spleen, for there seems an intolerable weight on everything; I must write no more, but take the dogs and go to Whitehill and, as Charlotte would say, blow the cobwebs from my brain with the fresh air from the

downs. Do an you love me write ere long. Oh, Faith, why do half a dozen men for whom one cares naught protest that they are ready to die for you, while one other man witches the very heart out of you without so much as a 'By your leave,' and rides off to the wars with never a word but just 'Farewell'? In truth I fare anything but well, yet could beat myself for acknowledging it even to you. Burn this when read. And, dear Faith, write soon.

"I am your affectionate sister,

"CLEMENCY CORITON.

"POSTSCRIPT.—Charlotte hopes you do not over-weary yourself with your new household. All here are well, and grandfather has suffered no ill effects from the commotion of Tuesday night."

CHAPTER IX

Not stirring words, nor gallant deeds alone,
Plain patient Work fulfilled that length of life;
Duty, not Glory—Service, not a Throne,
Inspired his effort, set for him the strife.
—CLOUGH.

JACK MORRISON had, as Clemency expressed it, become so enamoured of fighting from his brief experience during the attack on Katterham Court, that the very next day he had asked Sir Robert's permission to join the Parliamentary troops. In the end it had been arranged that he should accompany Joscelyn, for Sir Robert insisted on furnishing his guest with horse, arms, money, and all necessaries, overcoming Joscelyn's scruples by making much of the service he had been to them as a protector. Morrison, a sturdy fellow of five-and-twenty, broad-shouldered, sinewy, and of Scotch descent, promised to be a first-rate soldier, and was already as good a groom and servant as could be wished for; moreover, he had become much attached to Joscelyn, whose gift of winning hearts stood him now in good stead. Morrison wondered a little at his silence and his grave set face as they rode to London; he himself was full of excitement at the prospect of the new life which was that day to begin, and had no suspicion that his new master had received a far more serious wound during the attack on that Tuesday night than his own insignificant sword-cut.

But Joscelyn as he rode saw nothing of the landscape, thought nothing of the war. He saw instead a staircase with a half-opened door at the head of it, and a slight, white-robed figure with chestnut curls against a white neck and

round white throat. He saw a face of loveliest outline, and hazel eyes whose glance changed from consuming anxiety to rapturous relief, eyes which seemed but the windows from which a spirit of purity and love looked forth.

And now, after the manner of lovers, he alternated between joy and pain, at one moment ready to deem that brief meeting of soul with soul enough to content him for years, at another distracted at the thought of the hopeless gulf which separated them, and counting it the most cruel turn of fortune's wheel that he should have been robbed of home and kindred, and then as a penniless tramp should have fallen in love with the best, the most beautiful, and—as ill-luck would have it—the richest girl in Surrey. He wondered whether, had he foreseen this, he could have adopted so unflinchingly the course of conduct which had cost him his inheritance, but was glad that on reflection he honestly could feel that even had he known all that lay before him, love of Clemency could not have induced him to temporize. The bare thought of it was intolerable. As it was, the only course he could rightly take was that of honorable silence. Yet the prospect was far from cheerful, and accounted fully enough for the gravity of expression which had surprised his servant. He went to offer his services to his country without Morrison's gay alacrity, but soberly and thoughtfully, having counted the cost, and deliberately chosen to sacrifice himself. They rode straight to Mr. Hampden's London house, where Joscelyn asked to deliver in person a letter from Sir Robert Neal. Learning, however, that the member for the County of Buckingham was in the House of Commons, Joscelyn dismounted, leaving Morrison to take the horses to the nearest inn, and made his way past the Abbey, the towers of which were plainly seen in the distance enclosed, as in a frame, by the high gabled houses.

Crossing Palace Yard, where several coaches and sedans

were in waiting, he entered Westminster Hall, and was making his way past the stalls where booksellers and milliners vied with each other in trying to tempt customers with the latest pamphlet or the newest thing in gloves and ribbons, when he was accosted by one of his old Cambridge companions.

"Why, Heyworth," exclaimed his friend, "what are you doing here among the lawyers? I thought you had started on the grand tour?"

"I am passing through London, and am charged with a letter for Mr. Hampden," explained Joscelyn.

"What, old Ship-money?" replied his friend. "I saw him pass into the House but now. Folk say some report will be made upon the late doings at Cambridge. Come and let us see if we can get into one of the galleries and hear the rights of the business."

The two passed through the entrance leading from Westminster Hall to the House of Commons, the door which then as now was usually employed by members of Parliament. Not without heart-stirring emotion and a thrill of excitement Joscelyn glanced round the plainly fitted room where, of late, scenes of such absorbing interest had been enacted. He was amazed to find a place of such vast importance so small and insignificant. The wainscoted walls were unadorned by tapestry or hangings of any sort; the galleries at the sides and at the west end rested on plain iron pillars with ugly gilt capitals; there was a wide open space in the centre of the House flanked by rows of uncomfortable-looking seats for the members, and some way from the wall, surmounted by the royal arms, was the Speaker's chair, the only richly decorated object in the place.

It was not a very full House, for many of the members were absent in their respective counties furthering the preparations for the war. Joscelyn soon descried Hampden,

and as he looked down at the noble face and lofty brow of the patriot he felt once more that he was indeed in the presence of the greatest man of the day. Pym, with his vigorous intellect and shrewd astuteness, might be the more practical statesman of the two, but there was a breadth, a completeness, a geniality about Hampden which was not even approached by any other leader of those times.

To the satisfaction of the two Cambridge graduates, they were in time to hear the member for Aldborough, Sir Philip Stapleton, one of the Committee for Defence of the Kingdom, make his report. It appeared that Mr. Cromwell had taken possession of the magazine in the castle at Cambridge, and had hindered the carrying away the plate from that university, "which, as some report, was to the value of £20,000 or thereabouts."

When the House adjourned, Joscelyn, taking leave of his companion, made all speed to deliver his letter, and overtook Hampden just as he had entered Westminster Hall.

"So you have come," said the patriot, grasping his hand with a warmth of welcome which made the young man's heart bound. "To tell the truth, I have been expecting you, for I had not much doubt which way your studies would lead an unbiased mind."

He paused for a minute, hastily reading Sir Robert's letter, and gathering from it the facts of Joscelyn's story.

"You must be my guest," he said, putting his arm within Joscelyn's as they walked down the Hall to the great doorway. "Is it true that you have a special wish to be in my regiment?"

"Yes, sir," said Joscelyn, eagerly; "let me be but with you and I will be content to be a private, a servant—what you will."

"You shall carry our colors," said Hampden. "It so

happens that young Wilmot, our ensign, or cornet, has been forced to send in his resignation owing to ill-health. To-morrow you and I will ride down to Buckinghamshire together, and you shall begin work in good earnest. But already, Sir Robert tells me, you have been under fire. I hope the children and pretty Mistress Clemency suffered no ill effects? She is a brave maid, but over-delicate for times like these."

"She is brave indeed, sir," said Joscelyn. "I asked her what she did during the attack, and she made answer, very simply, 'I sang to Monnie very loud and cheerfully lest she should be frightened by the firing.'"

Something in his voice made Hampden glance at him searchingly, and the heightened color in his face and the light in his eyes told their own tale. The statesman smiled a little, but sighed too, thinking to himself that "war, death, and sickness" would but too probably turn this opening love-tale to a tragedy. His face grew sad as they left the Hall and walked together to his house.

"The true spirit of womanhood breathes in those words of hers," he said. "How many wives and mothers and sisters will try their best to sing 'very loud and cheerfully' for the sake of those they love! God grant this war may be sharp and short—not a protracted struggle!"

"Have there been many of these attacks on private houses, sir?" asked Joscelyn.

"I have heard of some on either side," replied Hampden. "Indeed, I myself was concerned in one but a short time since. We were mustering the Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire men on Chalgrove field, when word was sent us by Mr. Whitelocke that the Earl of Berkshire with a considerable following of gentlemen had come to Watlington to make proclamation for troops in the King's name under the Commission of Array. So we left the bulk of the levies

still on Chalgrove, and set off promptly with a company of my own regiment and a troop of Goodwyn's horse. The commissioners, however, got wind of the muster and retired in consternation to Ascott, took refuge in Sir Robert Dormer's house, pulled up the drawbridge, and stood upon their defence. I verily think they fancied the moat with the stout walls of the house and a few shots they fired from within would scare us away; but as soon as they saw us making ready for the assault they yielded upon quarter, and the earl and Sir John Curzon and three of the chief commissioners were sent prisoners to London. This, I take it, with our success at Oxford, will leave us unmolested in getting matters forward in Buckinghamshire, and has, I am told, greatly vexed and disconcerted the Royalists."

The evening passed by only too quickly for Joscelyn, who was intensely interested by the glimpse it afforded him into the busy life of Hampden, with its countless demands for help, counsel, orders, and directions. Like all really great men, he had the capacity for taking infinite pains, and his way of making time to help other people was very remarkable. With all the cares of his double position as soldier and statesman thronging upon him, to say nothing of his private anxieties, he nevertheless contrived to throw himself heart and soul into the affairs of his protégé, and the next day, during their ride to Buckinghamshire, learned both the strong and the weak points of Joscelyn's character.

Friendship is generally the result of a certain similarity of taste between two natures, or of a very striking contrast. In this case it was the similarity of disposition which drew into close relationship the middle-aged leader of men and the young ensign who had just made his first perilous plunge into independent life. Perhaps, too, it was the lad's solitariness which made Hampden treat him in so fatherly a fashion. For it was not difficult to see that Joscelyn was one

of those who stand in special need of the presence of a companion whom they can revere. Genial by nature and keenly appreciating the popularity which he usually evoked, there was yet in him a vein of strong reserve; cut off from a wise sympathy, he might either develop into a self-contained, stern man, or, on the other hand, might neglect the higher side of his nature, and fall a prey to the love of pleasing and the love of pleasure, which unless held in check might altogether wreck his life.

By the time they had reached the Chiltern Hills and the welcome shade of the green beech woods of Buckinghamshire, the two were better known to each other than many people find themselves after years of intercourse. A perception that at twenty he had been much like his young companion gave Hampden the clew to Joscelyn's thoughts and feelings, and with all the rare tact and the gentle kindliness of his noble nature he set himself to help in every possible way.

It was not till the cool of the evening that they entered the park and came into sight of Hampden House. The setting sun lighted up the somewhat gloomy battlemented walls and the heavy mullioned windows, and made the old red brickwork glow with that warm mellow color which the most skilful of artists cannot reproduce. To the left stood a square-towered church, and the shade of sadness that had passed over Hampden's face was quickly chased away by a glad cry which greeted him from the church-yard.

"Father! father!" exclaimed a chorus of voices. And, looking round, the riders saw a pretty group of girls and boys, the younger members of Colonel Hampden's family by his first wife. In a minute they had flocked out into the road with the spontaneous demonstrative welcome which children only know how to give, and Hampden, dismounting, stooped to embrace them with less ceremony and more

eager warmth than the stiff conventionality of those times usually permitted.

Joscelyn looked with special interest at the two youngest children, Richard and William, auburn-haired, bright-faced boys of eleven and nine, who were besieging their father with eager petitions.

"Let me lead your horse to the stable, sir, do let me?" cried Richard.

"I could, father, I truly could," pleaded the little one.

"Come, there is a horse apiece for you," said Hampden. "Let Will take Mr. Heyworth's. This is my daughter Ruth, Mr. Heyworth, and this is Judith, and this Mary."

The three maidens greeted him charmingly, having inherited much of their father's genial and kindly nature; the little twelve-year-old Mary specially delighted Joscelyn, perhaps because in height and bearing she much resembled Rosamond. She seemed also to have rather a special place in her father's heart, being the youngest girl, and bearing the name of another little daughter who had died years before in infancy.

Judith ran on to the house to announce her father's arrival, so that when they reached the old porch, with its stone shield bearing the cross and eagles of the Hampdens, the Lady Letitia, Hampden's second wife, stood at the head of the steps to welcome them, and beside her one of the married daughters, Anne, and her husband, Sir Robert Pye.

The house, which dated back to the time of King John, had a delightful air of antiquity about it, while many additions and restorations, made in the reign of Elizabeth, added greatly to its comfort as a dwelling-place. Owing to the troubled times, there had been of late very few guests at Hampden House, but this perhaps served to make it all the more peaceful and homelike. Indeed, as Joscelyn sat that night at supper in the old hall, and listened to the family

talk, he found it hard to believe that so calm and restful a bit of life was being lived in the midst of divided England. The supper table, with its silver candlesticks, made a little oasis of light in the dim vast hall; faint features gleamed out in ghostly fashion from the portraits hanging upon the wainscoted walls; the heavy balustrades of the galleries which ran around the place on all sides were revealed by four small lamps at each corner, while from the gallery above the entrance some one made soft music on the organ which had lately been built there. Never surely had there been an interval so quiet—a pause so strangely peaceful in the heart of a storm!

The next morning, after a turn in the park, Hampden took Joscelyn into the brick parlor, a small snug room opening by a Gothic doorway into the dining-hall; its square windows looked upon a sunny pleasance called King John's Garden, laid out with rose-bushes and fountains.

"One would fain see from here that vista through the beech-trees which you showed me from the park, sir," said Joscelyn.

Hampden leaned his arms on the window-sill for a minute, and a smile played on his lips as he looked forth at the roses.

"We owe that view to Queen Elizabeth," he said. "She stayed here once, and with excellent judgment remarked to my grandfather how vastly the place would be improved by a vista cut through the beeches. That very night all the retainers were summoned by my grandfather, and in the morning when the Queen rose, behold, the avenue was cut."

"That showed great devotion to the Queen," said Joscelyn.

"You see we are, after all, no disloyal family," said Hampden, laughing, "but can sacrifice noble beeches for such a ruler as Good Queen Bess, though refusing to pay thirty-one shillings and sixpence to King Charles for an unjust tax."

"And yet surely, sir, by resisting, you were more truly serving the King than those who encouraged the tyranny?"

"In truth I think so," said Hampden. "It was in this very room, by-the-bye, that they summoned me. 'Tis no fiction that those on our side fight for King and Parliament. But 'tis true that we war to the death against the false notion of the sovereign's divine right to govern wrong. Ever since the time of the coronation, when Laud tried to alter the form of the King's engagement by leaving out the acknowledgment of the legislative power of Parliament and attempting to put in the phrase, '*salvo prerogativo regali*,' there has been a steady conspiracy to destroy the liberties of the English people. Every effort at a peaceable settling of the matter having failed, there is nothing for it now but war. You and I are happy in having a chance of serving in the cause of justice, in offering our lives for the safeguarding of the country's freedom."

Joscelyn remembered the vista through the beech-trees, and thought of the destruction that had been necessary to open out the wider view, and Hampden's words, "offering our lives for the country's freedom," returned to him with a force and significance and breadth of meaning indescribable. He looked back into the study and thought of all that had passed there, and he looked at the patriot himself. There are some scenes which, without any apparent reason, fix themselves indelibly on the memory, and to the end of his life Joscelyn could always call up a distinct vision of Hampden's look and bearing as he stood opposite him that August morning, his thoughtful eyes full of light and animation, his winning face aglow with earnestness, his long waving hair stirred by the breeze which came through the open casement, and his hand laid caressingly on the shoulder of his little daughter Mary who had stolen up to him.

During the next week Joscelyn found his time fully occu-

pied ; his host put him to the study of D'Avila's history of the civil wars in France—a work which was popularly termed "Colonel Hampden's Prayer-Book," as it was so great a favorite with him that he never travelled without it. Then, too, a great part of each day was spent in drilling and active preparation for the war, while old Madam Hampden, the patriot's mother, loved to talk with him about her son, and the children were always ready to dance attendance on him when he was disengaged. At length the day came on which the regiment was to march. Joscelyn, clad in his green uniform, with the tawny orange scarf worn by the Parliamentarians, and proudly bearing in his hand the regimental colors, felt that now at last the work of his life had begun. A crowd of country people, and many of the more wealthy neighbors, gathered to see the soldiers as they set out on their march to Northampton, at which place Hampden was to take the command. Accompanying the infantry and some guns was a cavalry regiment, under the command of Hampden's colleague, Arthur Goodwin, and all the on-lookers cheered them as they mustered in the park.

Joscelyn's heart beat high as the inspiriting sound fell on his ears, yet a great sadness stole over him as he watched his leader. The colonel's face was pale and stern, for his heart was wrung by the painful farewells he had just made, but his voice rang out clear and strong when he gave the word to advance, bidding the men sing the 121st Psalm as they marched. And to these words the Parliamentarians set forth. Joscelyn took one glance back at the battlemented walls of Hampden House, and at the peaceful church and church-yard ; then he looked up at the blue flag which he bore and thought of the words inscribed on it—upon one side Hampden's own motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," on the other the motto of the whole Parliamentary army, "God with us."

CHAPTER X

> Let Liberty, the charter'd right of Englishmen,
> Won by our fathers on many a glorious field,
> Enerve my soldiers.—BLAKE.

A TIME of waiting and preparation always seems long, and to Joscelyn those summer days at Northampton seemed endless. The suspense was most trying to all, and the anxiety and the great heat made both men and officers irritable. They were longing to test their strength, to be brought face to face with the enemy, to strike an effective blow for the cause on whose behalf they had risked so much. Joscelyn began to wonder whether, after all, they would be cheated out of their share in the struggle, and left to defend a place which would never be attacked. Like most people in England, he fancied that one great battle would decide the whole war, and he felt that to have lost all for the cause and then to be denied a share in the actual conflict would be intolerable. The novelty of military life wore off in a few days, and in itself perhaps it was the very last life he would have chosen; it was actual and effective service for which he craved, and an intense restlessness consumed him as night after night passed and found him still in the lodging which he shared with two of his brother officers in the Northampton market-place. Rumors of the King's doings at Nottingham had of course reached them, but it was not till early in September that they heard from an eye-witness what had passed.

It chanced one evening that Joscelyn was sitting with

Hampden, acting, as he was often allowed to do, as the colonel's private secretary, when a servant knocked at the door to ask whether Mr. John Hutchinson could be admitted. The colonel gave orders that he should be shown up at once.

"'Tis a son of the member for the County of Nottingham — Sir Thomas Hutchinson," he remarked. "I trust he has come to join us."

Joscelyn, looking up, saw a very well dressed man of about six-and-twenty, of medium height and fair complexion, with an unusual amount of long light-brown hair, and a pair of keen gray eyes which seemed in admirable keeping with his firm and slightly underhung mouth.

He greeted Hampden respectfully, asking whether Lord Essex had yet arrived.

"He is expected in a few days' time," replied the colonel. Then, as Joscelyn rose to go: "Nay, do not leave us, Mr. Heyworth; let me present you to Mr. Hutchinson. Mr. Heyworth is a new adherent to the good cause, and has sacrificed much to join us."

"He is happy to have had a clear call," said John Hutchinson, attracted, as most people were, by the straight look of Joscelyn's clear blue eyes and by the mingled frankness and modesty of his manner and expression. "As for me, though I have declared for the Parliament, yet I have not fully made up my mind to join the army."

"There is much need of such men as you," said Hampden. "Your moderation, your education, both alike are wanted. Is it true, the report that reached us that already you have been in some little danger from the King's party?"

"'Tis quite true," said John Hutchinson. "There is a warrant out to seize me because I thrust the quartermaster-general from my father's house at Nottingham when he

would have taken possession of it the other day for the use of my Lord Lindsey. When my lord himself came he was civility itself, used but one room, and was pleasant enough to the household; but the quartermaster, having taken umbrage, would be revenged upon me, and being warned by a friend I left home and took refuge in Leicestershire. However, a warrant was sent to the sheriff to seize me there, and so escaping with the help of my servant, I came to the house of an honest fellow at Kelmarsh, in this county."

"And what is the true account of the setting up of the royal standard?" asked Hampden. "Many conflicting rumors have reached us."

"The truth is this," said John Hutchinson. "At six o'clock on the evening of the 23d August his Majesty, attended by some of the militia and about eight hundred horse, mounted the hill overlooking Nottingham, and ordered his proclamation to be read. But after the herald had begun, the King, with his customary changeableness, caused him to stop, and, sitting there with the paper on his knee, wrote some corrections, and gave it back to the herald, who, they say, bungled horribly at the hastily scrawled amendments. Then came a great blowing of trumpets, and the standard was unfurled, with the motto broidered on it, 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,' not — one would have thought — a well-chosen watchword, all things considered. No one seemed to know what to do or where to set up the standard, and heavy clouds gathered, throwing a gloom over the scene, and the wind blew in such gusts that the cavaliers could scarce stand against it. At last they agreed to set the standard on one of the towers of the castle, but the wind blew it down the following day. They next set it up in the park, but found the ground little but rock, so the heralds dug

out a hole with their daggers, but could not get the staff to stand firm, and for hours had to support it with their hands."

"An ominous beginning," said Hampden, thoughtfully. "What is going on down below, Mr. Heyworth? I hear a great tumult of voices."

Joscelyn looked from the open casement into the market-place. The shades of evening were falling, and already lights shone from some of the windows.

"The people are all crowding round a rider, sir, who seems to be asking his way," said Joscelyn. "His horse is covered with foam, and he himself turned copper-colored with the heat. Ah! he draws rein at your door, sir; he bears despatches."

In another minute the weary messenger was led into the room.

"Do you come from London?" asked Hampden, eagerly.

"Nay, sir, from my Lord Brooke, at Warwick," said the messenger, handing in the despatches which had been intrusted to him.

With eagerness indescribable Joscelyn watched his colonel, his heart giving a great bound when upon the stillness of the room there fell at length the welcome news, in Hampden's clear, inspiriting voice:

"Lord Brooke sends word that intelligence has reached Warwick that the Royalists, under the Earl of Northampton, are in full march towards Northamptonshire, and begs that we will, if possible, hasten to his support."

In but a few minutes Joscelyn was speeding across the market-place with messages from his chief, and before long the bugles sounded to arms, and the whole population of Northampton turned out to see the Parliamentary troops muster, and to cheer them with all the strength of their voices as, in the cool summer night, they started on their march.

With a leader whom he loved—nay, almost worshipped, with that inspiriting motto on the standard he bore, surrounded by men of courage and even in that early stage of the war admirably disciplined, Joscelyn could hardly have been more favorably placed, and he did not wonder that John Hutchinson, as he bade him farewell, regarded him almost enviously. In after-days he used to look back to this beginning of his career as to a sort of paradise. Yet it was a stiff march, all through the night, and with but a brief rest all through the following day, and he was tired out when, the next evening, they joined Lord Brooke, who, with about three thousand men, had taken up his quarters at Southam. With the men from Northampton there were altogether nearly six thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry, so that the town was severely taxed to accommodate them all.

Joscelyn, after a good supper, supplied by one of the townsfolk, was glad enough to avail himself of a makeshift bed on the floor of his host's parlor, and, thanks to the long hours he had spent in the open air and to the fatigue of the march, he was asleep in five minutes, notwithstanding the lights and the buzz of eager talk in the room.

For three hours his sleep was unbroken, then a stir and commotion without began to make him restless; he dreamed that he and Dick were boys again; they stood with Barnaby at the corner of Castle Street, watching the trial gallops of the horses at the Farnham horse-fair; over by the market-place a cheap Jack, mounted on his car, harangued the crowd, relieved at intervals by a man who beat a drum and blew a trumpet at the same moment. "Look, look!" cried Dick, shaking with laughter, "the fellow blows as if he would burst."

Joscelyn started up on his elbow; the vision of Farnham faded, only the ghost of Dick's laughter seemed to fill the strange room, and a very real sound of horse-hoofs without

in the street, of drums beating to arms all through the town, and of bugles sounding the alarm, made the blood dance in his veins. He sprang to his feet, and in a few minutes had joined his comrades, the host, whose face had a scared look in the dim candlelight, unbolting the door for them and wishing them good-speed. Men with lighted torches were hurrying along the street. "What news?" shouted Wagstaffe, the lieutenant-colonel of Hampden's regiment, as, with Joscelyn at his side, he pressed on. "The enemy is at hand," came back the reply. "The Earl of Northampton with all his forces is but two miles off."

So eager were the soldiers to try their powers, so enthusiastic were they for the cause, that their great shouts of joy at hearing these tidings made the whole place ring; hats were thrown into the air, arms clattered on the stones, and in the highest spirits the little army led by Colonel Hampden and Lord Brooke marched into the fields near the town, where till daybreak they waited in battle array. In the first line, posted on some rising ground, was Hampden's brigade with the guns; with the second line was Lord Brooke, and the cavalry was in reserve, sheltered by the brow of the hill. Standard in hand, Joscelyn stood through the long weary waiting-time, and at length, as day broke, the enemy, who had been afraid to attack Southam in the night, having heard that the Parliamentarians were on the *qui vive*, appeared on the Dunsmore road and began to form opposite. Then, in dead silence, the two armies faced each other for some three hours. At length, about eight o'clock, Lord Brooke moved up his cavalry on the right and the Parliamentary cannon opened fire, Hampden charging with his infantry the instant the King's artillery had taken up their ground.

What passed in the sharp skirmish that followed Joscelyn would have found it difficult to describe. He was conscious only of pressing on with his standard, of the strange con-

tagion of enthusiasm which made the regiment like one man, of the thunder of the guns, then of a confused and desperate hand-to-hand combat, amid the clash of steel, the shouted watchwords, the groans of the dying, the ghastly cry of wounded horses. The Parliamentarians were outnumbered, but by the promptness with which they had opened fire they had gained an advantage. On and yet on they pressed against the living wall opposed to them, Hampden, the very ideal of a leader, urging them forward, and himself ever in the forefront of the struggle. So complete was the mêlée that Joscelyn made prisoner with the greatest ease a Royalist captain, named Legge, who had actually mistaken Hampden's green-coated men for his own.

At length the King's troops utterly gave way, and were hotly chased by Brooke's cavalry as far as the river. Beyond this, however, pursuit was impossible, for the Royalists formed behind it and showed a force quite four times as strong as their opponents. But the day had clearly been won by the Parliamentarians, and the country-folk of the district rose upon the retreating forces, harassing the stragglers with cudgels and staves, but making much of the victorious troops under Hampden and Brooke, and bringing them a welcome supply of provisions.

In a few days' time they found themselves in their old quarters at Northampton, the towns-people receiving them with open arms, for not only were they inspirited by the news of the victory at Southam, but they had been seriously apprehensive of an attack during their absence; the petition of Withers, the mayor, for troops from London to garrison Northampton had unavoidably been refused by the Parliament, and the sturdy inhabitants, left to their own devices, had employed the time to good advantage, both men and women working day and night at earthworks and fortifications.

The good news that Portsmouth had capitulated to Sir William Waller, and that almost the whole of the south of England, with the exception of Cornwall, was now in possession of the Parliament, made further matter for rejoicing at Northampton; but about the middle of September, Lord Essex having taken the command there, Joscelyn had once more to leave the place, marching with his regiment to Aylesbury, where Hampden had been despatched to take the command, guarding the Buckinghamshire magazines, and protecting the London road in Essex's rear, which was threatened by the Earl of Northampton.

At Aylesbury another sharp skirmish took place, Hampden's well-disciplined regiment, combined with that of Holles, again overcoming the Royalists; many were made prisoners, many were killed, and the darker side of war began to unfold itself to Joscelyn. There were scenes during the hot pursuit of the retreating Royalists to Oxford which never left his memory; scenes which he recalled whenever he thought of that first sight of the university town, its calm, impressive grandeur contrasting strangely with the miserable, exhausted soldiers, chased by Hampden as by an avenging angel, dislodged from Oxford with Lord Byron, the Royalist commander, followed relentlessly into the vale of Evesham, and there hopelessly routed and scattered.

Aylesbury had, in the meantime, been garrisoned by a fresh detachment of the Parliamentary forces, and Hampden, with his gallant greencoats, pressed on to Worcester, there to join the main body of Essex's army.

Then followed a weary three weeks of inaction, and grave anxiety began to fill the minds of all, for both money and arms were grievously needed. Much satisfaction was caused by the successful capture, on behalf of the Parliament, of a ship at Yarmouth, laden with arms which the Queen had

purchased in Holland, and the feeling against the King deepened inexpressibly when it was discovered that he had sent two commissioners to the King of Denmark asking him to send arms for twelve thousand men, twenty-four cannon, money to the amount of £100,000, some ships of war, three thousand infantry, and one thousand horse. The notion of this foreign aid almost maddened the people, and the King's orders that Roman Catholics should be admitted to his army greatly prejudiced his cause. An idea gained ground that he was but a tool in the hands of the pope, and that a great papist conspiracy was being fomented by the Queen—a suspicion natural enough to a generation whose fathers had told them of the martyrdoms they had witnessed at Smithfield. Matters were not mended by the publication of a protestation in which the King declared Essex and his followers to be traitors, Brownists, Anabaptists, and atheists.

About the middle of October the King, who had shown great skill in the manœuvres round Worcester, managed to join his forces with those of Lord Northampton. He was now at the head of about twenty thousand men, and had cut off Essex's retreat to London. A battle became imperatively necessary, and at length, on the 18th, to Joscelyn's inexpressible relief, Hampden's regiment received orders to march, and once more active work lay before them. After a night's rest at Stratford-on-Avon they found they had but just arrived in time to hold the town and the bridge against a severe attack on the part of the Royalists. The passage of the river secured, the regiment and the excited townsfolk who had lent their aid were glad enough of a brief rest, but it was prolonged in a most unfortunate way. Not until the evening of Saturday, the 22d, were Hampden's greencoats able to leave Stratford, for they had been ordered to take charge of the greater part of the Parliamentary artillery, which had been left behind by the main

body of Essex's army, owing to the negligence of their engineer, who had forgotten to provide horses.

The delay chafed Hampden almost beyond endurance, for though neither army knew exactly where the other was, there was every reason to apprehend a speedy meeting, and when at last the necessary horses had been procured he pushed forward in desperate haste, grudging every moment of wasted time.

The march was a terrible one; thick clouds shut out even the faint starlight, and through the black night, guided by a few flickering lanterns and the uncertain glare of torches, the four regiments composing the rear-guard of the Parliamentary army struggled on. In all there were about three thousand infantry, and their leaders, Colonel Hampden, Lord Brooke, Colonel Grantham, and Colonel Barkham, rode to and fro, cheering them on and superintending the desperate exertions necessary to get the guns through the deep lanes, almost impassable by reason of the thick mud and the ditch-like ruts. The autumn wind was piercingly cold; at intervals heavy showers drenched the men to the skin, and Joscelyn, tired and depressed, found the hours drag by with intolerable slowness.

He thought of Clemency, and recalled her sweet voice as he had heard it on the night of the attack on the Court-house. Toiling painfully along the weary way, he tried to march to the psalm tune he so well remembered, and to cheer himself in the darkness with the recollection of the hazel eyes which he so greatly longed to see again.

At last the clouds dispersed, the sun rose, and with the beginning of that clear cold morning came fresh vigor, and the chill depression of the all-night march passed away. Just as the men had halted at a little way-side village, and were making a hasty breakfast, a trooper galloped up with a message from Essex to Hampden. In a few minutes the

news spread through the ranks. It appeared that the main body of the Parliamentary army had occupied Kineton on the previous afternoon, and when day dawned had been astonished to find the King, with all his forces, confronting them on the top of Edge Hill. A great cheer rose from the men of the rear-guard when they heard these tidings; fatigue was forgotten, and with renewed zeal they forced their way on. No Sunday's rest was possible for them, though the bells rang from the tower of every village church, and the laborers in clean smocks, and the countrywomen in their scarlet cloaks and best beaver bonnets, all told of the weekly holiday. At about half-past two in the afternoon the first dull roar of cannon shook the ground and echoed among the hills; again a ringing cheer broke from the infantry; the battle had begun, and they made almost superhuman efforts to press on. Hampden, with his inspiring presence and stimulating voice, urged them ever forward, and it was he himself who seized the bridle of one who was galloping desperately past them, and forced the terrified man to give an account of what was happening.

Joscelyn saw with an indescribable pang that the runaway soldier, who looked like a hunted cur, wore the orange ribbons of Essex's army in his hat.

"Speak," said Hampden; "how goes the battle?"

"Lost, lost!" said the man, in a panic-stricken, breathless voice. "Lost through foul treachery."

"Tell the whole truth," said Hampden, sternly.

"Before God, sir, 'tis true," cried the man. "'Twas at the very first charge. One regiment was in the left wing, behind that of Sir Faithful Fortescue, and we were charging the King's right, when Sir Faithful ordered his men to fire on the ground, and galloping forward, presented himself and his troop to Prince Rupert—deserted on the field, sir, and turned and charged upon us. We were thrown into

utter confusion and scattered, and most of us pursued and cut down."

Hampden's brow contracted.

"Turn about, my good fellow," he said, "and save your reputation. March on, boys! Hasten to the rescue. Methinks Sir Faithful Fortescue needs rechristening."

With a shout of enthusiasm the soldiers pressed forward, the dull roar of the cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry, and the wretched sight of runaways becoming more and more frequent.

At last Kineton came into sight, and about a mile to the northeast of the little town Prince Rupert, who had wasted nearly an hour in plundering the baggage-wagons which the Parliamentarians had left in the street, rallied his cavalry for a fresh charge. With rapture Hampden's greencoats found themselves just in time. Hastily forming, they threw themselves into the breach between the prince and the disorganized and flying troops from Edge Hill, while the guns which they had dragged with such infinite difficulty through the heavy lanes opened a deadly fire. Joscelyn saw at least a dozen of Prince Rupert's men killed by the first volley; he was watching the mad plunging of a dying horse in the opposite ranks, when a sudden shock for a moment half paralyzed his arm; a bullet had cloven the staff of his standard in two, and he knew that he had narrowly escaped death. By the time he had picked up the colors the confusion in Prince Rupert's troops had increased; more and more men and horses fell under the vigorous fire of the Parliamentary guns, and at length the Royalists turned and fled across the plain in great disorder. It was impossible for the infantry to pursue them, but Hampden and Grantham pressed forward as fast as might be with their regiments, and were relieved to find that the battle which had at first seemed hopelessly lost was still in progress, and that

the advantage now lay with the Parliamentarians, who had rallied with great vigor, and during Prince Rupert's absence in Kineton had totally changed the aspect of affairs.

The two colonels were soon summoned to a council by Essex, and they eagerly pressed him to continue the attack, to force the King's position and secure the London road, but the over-cautious Essex was not to be persuaded; he represented that the night was approaching, and that the men were worn out.

Joscelyn, looking into his colonel's face as he left the council, knew by its expression the disappointment that awaited the men. They received orders to remain as they were on the field, and amid much grumbling preparations were made for the night. Food there was none. Utterly spent with exertion, and no longer sustained by the hope of active work, Joscelyn threw himself down on the trampled grass on which but a short time before the battle had raged. The twilight just revealed the horrors of the plain, strewn with hundreds of the dead; here and there little groups of helpers moved to and fro removing the wounded or giving them such rough aid as was possible on the field. With a sick feeling of dread he wondered whether his own father might be lying among the heaps of slain, or whether Dick's voice mingled in the faint groans which rose from all sides. At last he could endure the miserable suspense no longer; groping his way as best he could, he stumbled on in the dim light, seeing many a sight which in after-times haunted him in his dreams, but coming to no familiar face, and in time gaining a sort of relief from the non-fulfilment of his fears.

Suddenly the sound of a voice which he seemed to know startled him into an agony of apprehension.

"Help, help!" moaned a wounded man, lying half stifled under the weight of a dead horse. Joscelyn, stooping over

him, saw that it was the youngest son of honest old Barnaby, the gate-keeper, one of the grooms at Shortell Manor.

"Why, Robin!" he cried, "is it you, my poor fellow?"

With some difficulty he succeeded in freeing him from the dead weight of the horse, and kneeling down, raised him into a less painful position.

"God bless you, sir," said the groom. Then straining his dim eyes to scan the face of his rescuer, he all at once recognized him.

"Is it you, sir?" he exclaimed; "I made sure 'twas Master Dick."

"Is he safe?" cried Joscelyn, with a choking feeling in his throat. "For Heaven's sake, tell me, Robin. And my father? was he in the battle?"

"Aye, sir, Master Dick and Master Jervis and Sir Thomas himself all here, and unhurt as far as I know."

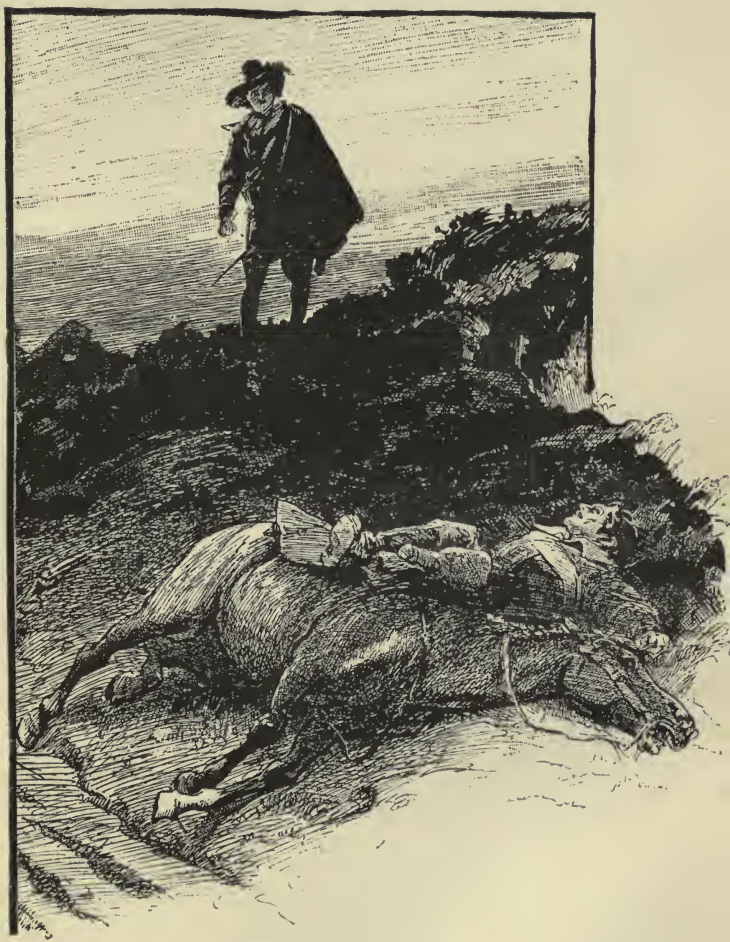
Joscelyn made an exclamation of relief. "But you are sorely hurt, and I waste moments which might save you from bleeding to death!" he cried the next instant.

"Nay, sir, I'm past saving," groaned Robin. "But if you would give me just a drink of water."

"There is not a drop to be had!" cried Joscelyn, in despair. "Our men are parched with thirst after their march. Nay, but you shall be saved. I'll have you carried to Kineton, Robin, if only I can stanch this wound first. See," and he tore off his orange scarf and used it not unskilfully as a bandage. "You must change sides for the nonce, and wear Parliamentary colors."

"You were ever one for a jest, sir," said the groom, smiling faintly as he looked into the resolute face of his helper.

"I shall assuredly not find you again," said Joscelyn, in perplexity, "if I go to fetch my servant to help lift you; and if I lift you alone I shall probably half kill you with pain. Which will you have, Robin?"



"'HELP, HELP,' MOANED A WOUNDED MAN."
[Page 129.

"Don't leave me, sir," pleaded the groom. "I'll trust you with anything, but in this darkness how could you find me again?"

"You are but slightly built, and I have often carried heavier weights in the sports at home," said Joscelyn. And in a few minutes he had triumphantly landed the groom among the greencoats, and with the help of Morrison and two of the other men laid him on a horse-cloth and bore him to a barn near Kineton, where with much trouble they were able to get him the food and drink of which he stood in such grievous need.

Hearing that a surgeon was attending to some of the wounded in a neighboring cottage, Joscelyn left Morrison in charge, and knocking at the door of the poor-looking house to which he had been directed, was admitted into a bare and forlorn room, where, to his surprise, he found Hampden, Sir William Balfour, and three or four other Parliamentary officers. They were gathered round a dying man who lay on a heap of straw, the only bed the cottage could afford. Hampden, perceiving his entrance, crossed the room to speak to him.

"They told me a surgeon was to be found here, sir," said Joscelyn. "I did not know you were present."

"I came from the general to ask after his prisoner—'tis my Lord Lindsey, the general of the King's army, and dying, I fear. The surgeon could not be fetched to him soon enough."

"Who is the one who supports him?" asked Joscelyn, in an undertone.

"His son, who, endeavoring to rescue his father, was also taken prisoner. I hear, too, that my old neighbor, Sir Edmund Verney, the King's standard-bearer, is slain—a brave, true man whose heart I believe was with the country, though from some private scruple of having eaten the King's bread

he thought it his duty to oppose us now. Who wants the surgeon's aid?"

"'Tis a poor groom of my father's, whom I found on the field sorely wounded and carried here."

"Wait but a few minutes, and one of these will be at liberty," said Hampden. "And when you have played the good Samaritan I will return with you to the regiment. There is naught to be done for yonder poor man, and as long as we are here he will but exhaust himself with reproaching us. One cannot argue with a dying prisoner—he would be best left in peace with his son."

For the first time Joscelyn began to listen to the words of the dying earl, who, while the servants dressed his wounds, poured forth vehement remonstrances to the Parliamentary officers who had come to inquire after his welfare.

"Rebels every one of you! accursed rebels!" he cried, looking from one to the other. "Go and tell my Lord Essex that he ought to cast himself at the King's feet and crave his Majesty's pardon, or speedily he will find his memory odious to the nation. And you, too, Mr. Hampden, if you would not have the ancient name you bear execrated by every Englishman, repent and turn while yet there is time."

"I will not harass you at such a moment with words, my lord," said Hampden, with grave courtesy, "nor thrust my opinions upon you. I wish I could get you better accommodation than this poor hut, but the surgeons will not risk moving you, I fear."

The earl protested that he wanted nothing but to convince them of the error of their ways, and grew so increasingly vehement that the Parliamentarians thought it better to withdraw, leaving the prisoner with his son, Lord Willoughby. Hampden signed to one of the surgeons to follow them.

"A virulent, bitter-tongued malignant as I ever saw," said

one of the officers, as the door closed behind them. His somewhat harsh-looking face and rasping voice inspired Joscelyn with strong dislike, while a rough jest which followed disgusted him yet more.

"He is dying, cousin, so let us not take his words in ill part," said Hampden, quietly. "Mr. Heyworth, I should like to present you to my kinsman, Colonel Cromwell."

Joscelyn was amazed to feel a sort of strange magnetic attraction when, slightly lowering a torch that he might the better see, this unkempt-looking colonel grasped his hand.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Heyworth," said Cromwell, genuine kindliness lighting up his keen gray eyes and softening his rugged features. "God grant that, having volunteered in the service of your country at much cost to yourself, you may be permitted to serve throughout this struggle and to witness the establishment of righteousness and peace in our borders."

There was a fervor, a contagious enthusiasm, a depth of sincere devotion, in this man's beliefs, both religious and political, which exercised an extraordinary influence on those about him; and Joscelyn, though sensitive, fastidious, and with a young man's tendency to judge severely any offence against good taste, found his prejudices melting away beneath the force of Cromwell's wonderful zeal like snow beneath the mid-day sun.

When Robin, the groom, had been placed in the surgeon's hands, Joscelyn, having charged him with many messages to Dick and little Rosamond, walked back to the battle-field with Hampden and his kinsman, listening with keen interest to the conversation between them. As they approached the place where the greencoats were encamped, Cromwell bade them good-night, and walked briskly on, Joscelyn watching his powerful figure as it disappeared into the dark-

ness, and listening to his vigorous footsteps ringing sharply on the frosty ground.

"Come, boy, you will freeze if you stand still much longer," said Hampden, laughing. "What do you think of my cousin Cromwell?"

"Is he indeed your cousin, sir?" said Joscelyn, dubiously. "If only he were somewhat more like you—one is ashamed to think of externals when there is such wonderful power—such a grand nature, but—but—"

"But," interrupted Hampden, smiling, "as some one remarked to me once on the Parliament stairs, 'he is a sloven.' That is what you would say. Never mind, my boy; a rough diamond, I grant you, but the finest you and I shall ever look on. Mark my words! that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

Joscelyn was silent; he looked sadly over the dim battlefield with its heaps of slain, at the fires burning here and there to warm the weary and shivering soldiers, at the purple sky where the stars shone brightly in the frosty atmosphere. If Cromwell were indeed the greatest man in England, the true leader to steer the nation through these stormy times, he hoped that Hampden might be at hand to help his kinsman with that broad, tolerant spirit, that mingled zeal and wisdom, that deep sympathetic insight which characterized him.

Glancing round, he saw that his colonel had already wrapped a cloak about him and thrown himself down on the turf, where a few low bushes offered a slight shelter from the cold night wind. His long hair waved in the breeze, and the ruddy glow from the nearest fire fell athwart his shoulder and across the grass and daisies on which his head was pillowed. Joscelyn thought of little Monnie's daisy chain which had proved too small to crown the patriot, and then, with a shudder, a terrible fancy crossed his mind.

"You look scared," said Hampden, glancing up at him with a smile. "Do ghosts walk abroad?"

"It—it is nothing, sir," he faltered. "But I seemed to see down there a great pool of blood."

"You are overtired, and the horrors you have been through prey on your mind," said Hampden. "Lie down here by the bushes and sleep, my son. You and I may perchance lie in a pool of blood to-morrow if God sees 'tis best for the country, but at present let us take comfort in the red firelight."

CHAPTER XI

A benediction was her face,
Her heart a very tender place
Where love conceived the potent rule
To ache for others, merciful
Beyond the boundaries of race.
—NORMAN R. GALE.

CLEMENCY had found during those trying autumn months that the best remedy for the anxiety which constantly burdened her lay in a vigorous attention to the needs of other people. What with her household duties and the oversight of the children, a good deal of writing and reading with her grandfather, and the visiting of sundry old or sick neighbors, her time was well occupied. Gayeties she had none; the few merrymakings that had been wont to take place at the country-houses within reach had all been put a stop to by the war; some friends were alienated from them, some were mourning for relatives slain in battle, and all were impoverished and anxious—not in the mood for social gatherings.

One afternoon about the middle of November she had walked with Hester to the farm, nearly a mile from the Court-house, where the parents of Original Sin Smith, the children's tutor, lived. Willey Farm, with its red-tiled roof, its picturesque gables, and its quaint round pigeon-cote, stood close to the summit of the ridge of curiously rounded downs known as White Hill; but Clemency thought little of the beauty of the glorious plain which it commanded from its windows, or of the triple chain of downs in the dis-

tance; what she cared for was the comfort and snugness of the delightful old kitchen with its blazing logs and its exquisite neatness. Leaving Hester to see the live-stock with their master, the fine old yeoman, she sat cozily and contentedly in the chimney-corner listening to the homely wisdom of Salome Smith, the mistress of the house, who, with her dark gown, white cap and neckerchief, and strong pure face, was perhaps as good a specimen as could have been found of a Puritan dame.

Stern indeed was the Calvinism of this old Englishwoman. A short day of grace, a few ultimately saved, a vast majority to be everlastingly enthralled by a triumphant devil, who, oddly enough, proved stronger than the Saviour of the world—such were the articles of her belief.

"But, as is so often the case, she was very unlike her creed: the love to God and man which filled her heart left no room for the dark doctrines she had been taught to work harm; but the intense earnestness of purpose which was the special feature of Puritanism, the individual consecration of the will to God, gave her a wonderful force. She seldom said anything remarkable, and yet those who talked with her came away braced and strenghtened.

"And what news have you of your sister?" asked Salome, twisting the flax on her distaff with deft fingers.

"I had a letter yesterday," said Clemency, "and Faith writes that all is well, but that they are anxious lest the way to London be cut off. She says that but lately Prince Rupert's troopers seized some wagon-loads of cloth on their way from Gloucestershire to the London market, and that the country-folk groan under his devastations."

"He is well named Prince Robber," said Salome Smith. "'Twas he that spent so much time in robbing the baggage-wagons in Kineton Street."

"Yes," said Clemency. "Or, as they say, in 'plundering'

—a new-fangled word which some do say was expressly invented for this practice of Prince Rupert's; but my grandfather says 'twas brought over some years back by those that served in the Swedish war."

"Has Sir Robert heard again from Mr. Heyworth?"

"Not since the account of Edge Hill," said Clemency. "That was written the end of October at Northampton, and he was expecting to march, but spoke of suffering again with his knee, which was injured here last summer."

"That would be hard for him in the long marches," said Salome, thoughtfully. "And often there is marching hither and thither with little seeming use or profit. But I take it there's service in it all the same. 'Tis like our comings and goings in the house; it don't seem that I help on the Lord's Kingdom just by sweeping away the dust and redding up the furniture, and all to do over again in a few hours' time, but yet I know 'tis serving somehow."

"I should sometimes like to see how it serves," said Clemency, with a sigh.

"Well, dear, and so you shall see and 'be satisfied'; but not here, I take it—not here."

Just then there entered a sombre-faced man with dark hair cropped close to his head, and wearing the smallest and plainest of white bands between his scraggy throat and his ill-cut suit of rusty black. Clemency, who by nature hated all extremes, could scarcely look at Original Sin Smith without a feeling of irritation, and though she tried hard to respect him and to see his good points, she was conscious of a perpetual desire to escape from his presence. She soon contrived to take leave, dexterously planning a call at one of the cottages near the "Harrow," in order to have an excuse for refusing the escort which Original was not slow to offer.

The short afternoon was beginning to close in and the

western sky glowed red through the trees as the two sisters, with Gyp, the deer-hound, bounding along in front of them, passed through the little wood or shaw which bordered the lane after they had crossed Stansted Heath. Clemency paused beneath an old yew-tree of which she was specially fond, and broke off a little branch which was covered with ripe red berries. Then they walked briskly on, crossing a stile into the park, and entering the garden by a long path bordered by shrubs, commonly known as the Ghost Walk, owing to the trunk of an old oak covered with ivy, which in the twilight assumed grotesque shapes and had scared many a wayfarer.

"See," said Hester, as they crossed the small court-yard, "some visitor must have ridden to the door since we left; there are hoof-prints on the ground."

"One of the Evelyns, from Godstone or Wotton, maybe," said Clemency, entering the hall, and with some little curiosity turning towards the study. The lamp was already lighted, and the blazing fire dazzled her eyes; for a minute she could not see distinctly.

"I am glad you have returned, Clemency," said her grandfather. "Here is a welcome guest just arrived."

Her color deepened and spread as with a sudden rapture of surprise she perceived not one of the Evelyns, but Joscelyn Heyworth.

In the first minute of confusion she scarcely realized anything, only knew that once more there passed between them that glance from soul to soul, that strange consciousness of union which during the night of the attack on the house had changed her whole life. When the greetings were over, and with her fur-bordered cloak and hood thrown aside she had taken her place by the hearth, she was able to note more quietly the changes that had come over her lover.

For Joscelyn was changed, as every thoughtful man is

changed by the first entrance upon a great struggle. He had looked death in the face many times; he had seen strife and bloodshed, had borne hardship and weariness and pain, had chafed under injustice and treacherous betrayal, had been stirred to enthusiasm by the courage and devotion of others. He looked years older, and there was a strength and steadfastness in his expression which did not quench its humorous brightness, but greatly mellowed it.

"Has peace been declared?" asked Clemency, a great hope filling her heart.

"Alas, no," said Joscelyn. "There were hopes of peace at the end of last week, but little likelihood of it now. The indignation against the King's conduct has waxed greater than ever. His needless insult to your friend Sir John Evelyn was seen to be only an excuse to put off the negotiations till the city had been attacked. No one had heard that Sir John was a proclaimed traitor, and it is thought the proclamation was antedated."

"Aye, aye," said Sir Robert, dryly, "such craft is possible enough to those who deem themselves above law."

"Then, too," continued Joscelyn, "all London was furious at the King's treachery in ordering Prince Rupert to attack Brentford when the Parliament had proclaimed a cessation of hostilities, and while his own message calling God to witness his great desire of peace and offering to treat in order to avoid further blood-shedding was actually being read at Westminster."

"What passed at Brentford?" asked Sir Robert. "Were you there?"

"Our regiment was quartered at Uxbridge, sir," replied Joscelyn, "and Brentford was occupied only by Colonel Denzil Holles and his brave redcoats who did so nobly at Edge Hill. The early morning was foggy, and the men were resting under the security of the flag of truce, when

suddenly they were surprised by eight regiments of the King's foot and some twenty troops of horse. Colonel Holles, though so vastly outnumbered, held out bravely, and as soon as Colonel Hampden heard the firing he hurried to the rescue with his greencoats, and Lord Brooke did the same with his purplecoats."

"But you must still have been greatly outnumbered?" said Sir Robert, bending eagerly forward, his shrewd old face full of intense interest.

"Yes, sir, desperately. Five times we charged the streets, trying to open a retreat for Colonel Holles and his men, but the King's troops attacked us on all sides; we could but just hold out till my Lord Essex and the trainbands of the City were in sight, and before they arrived our ammunition was spent, and all we could do was to fling ourselves into the Thames. Many brave fellows were drowned; many swam to the other bank; some crossed in barges, some in boats; and those that survived joined my Lord Essex, and, returning to Brentford, managed to beat the Royalists through the town and take possession again."

"Did the trainbands all turn out?" asked Sir Robert.

"Yes, sir; 'twas a grand sight. The feeling against the King was most bitter, and all through the night the trainbands poured out of the City to block his road. On Sunday morning there were twenty-four thousand men drawn up on Turnham Green, and if only prompt action had been taken the war might perchance have been brought to a successful close. Colonel Hampden and his regiment were despatched to Acton in order to sweep round the King's army and put it between two fires, but we had but just got there when we received the general's orders to return. There was much murmuring among the men. London was saved from the attack planned by the King, his army retiring to

Kingston and Reading; but it was like the day after Edge Hill — no decisive blow was struck — a great opportunity was just cast away."

"Colonel Hampden is much dispirited, I fear," said Sir Robert.

"He is very patient, and full of loyalty to those in command," replied Joscelyn, "but he is sorely tried by the lack of energy and promptitude. On Sunday, at Acton, he looked for a moment almost heart-broken when we were recalled."

"But is there an armistice?" asked Clemency. "How is it you could leave your regiment?"

"Alas!" said Joscelyn, "I have been forced to leave it and to exchange into a cavalry regiment; the old injury to my knee has been giving me much trouble ever since the march to Edge Hill, and the surgeons say I shall never be fit to be in the infantry."

"But I thought the officers rode?"

"Only the senior officers. I was but a cornet. Had there been a vacancy in Goodwin's horse, I would not regret the change so sorely, for that is generally in company with Colonel Hampden's regiment. But there was none. And now, through Colonel Hampden's good offices, I have been appointed lieutenant to his friend Sir William Waller—a piece of promotion, but one which I would gladly have renounced had there been a chance of staying in the infantry."

"Are you on your way to join him now?" asked Sir Robert.

"No; I am to return to London by Friday night to take leave of Colonel Hampden and bear him news of you, sir, and then at Westminster to receive despatches for Sir William Waller, and to set off westward."

"I am heartily glad Colonel Hampden persuaded you to

come here," said Sir Robert. "If you knew how we had thirsted for something more trustworthy and complete than the vague reports and the news-letters, you would have needed no persuasion."

"The letter I brought from the colonel will perhaps explain my hesitation," said Joscelyn, coloring.

"Well, well," said the old man, cheerfully, "I will read it; and meantime you will find your way to your former room, for you will be glad to prepare for supper."

Clemency, having given sundry orders to the servants, returned slowly to the parlor, glad of a moment's solitude in which to enjoy her happiness. That sober talk about treachery and fighting and bloodshed could not quench the rapture which made her eyes shine with a strange new lustre, and wreathed her lips in smiles, as she crossed the deserted hall, pausing for a shy glance at the steel cap which hung on the wall, and running away with a mixture of shame and amusement from the sight of her own face mirrored in it.

In the parlor she found her grandfather alone, trying in vain to decipher Hampden's hastily written letter.

"'Tis of no use," he said. "My eyes are failing, child, and that is the truth. Read it aloud an you will."

Kneeling by the oaken table, that the lamplight might the better fall on the paper, Clemency read the following lines:

"'Dear Sir,—I have taken upon me to persuade our young friend Joscelyn Heyworth to visit you again at Katterham Court, and to bring you the latest news of the war. It is with great sorrow that I part with him from my regiment, but this is rendered necessary by his health. He has to-day learned that he is not, as he deemed, a penniless adventurer, for we chanced in the Strand to meet an acquaintance of his from Lincoln, who gave him the news that his

godfather, the late Mr. Gainsborough, had bequeathed to him all he possessed; and so he finds himself possessed of comfortable means — just that which Solomon desired of the Lord, "neither poverty nor riches." 'Tis not this source of income, I take it, that commends him either to me or to you, but his nobility in sacrificing home and kindred and the comfortable allowance he would otherwise have had from his father. I have learned thoroughly to know him during these months, and 'tis a great hazard, methinks, to see one of so sweet a disposition cast alone upon the world with no natural ties. He needs a home in this distracted land, and the assurance that there are those who care for his welfare, and pray for the right guiding of his career. I am so perfectly acquainted with your clear insight into the dispositions of men that I doubt not you have long ere this discovered all of which I write, and perchance you have already perceived — though he assures me this is impossible — his passion for your granddaughter—' "

Clemency broke down in utter confusion. Sir Robert laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder.

"Do not blush in that fashion, dear child. Are we not alone? Has Mr. Heyworth spoken of love to you?"

"Never, grandfather; never a word!" said Clemency.

"He is an honorable, brave man," said Sir Robert. "But, child, though 'tis hard to ask you to read this, yet I must hear the rest of the letter. Better that you should read it than any other person, and my eyes are too dim."

"There is little more," said Clemency. "Mr. Hampden adds:

"' I am one who owes much to an early and happy marriage, and would fain hope that my friend Mistress Clemency may treat this servant less severely than the many she has dismissed. God, who only knows the periods of life and

opportunities to come, hath designed Joscelyn Heyworth (I hope) for His own service betime, and whether happy in the possession of the love he craves or not, he will, I am well assured, find in his need Him that Joseph found in Egypt, under whose wing alone is perfect safety. Concerning public events, Mr. Heyworth will be able fully to inform you. Time is not mine now. Present my service to fair Mistress Clemency and her sisters. And let me ever be honored with the style of,

"'Your affectionate friend and servant,

"'Jo. Hampden.'

"'Westminster, *Nov.* 14, 1642.'"

"Well, my dear, Mr. Heyworth shall speak to you to-morrow," said Sir Robert, "and to-night I will myself broach the subject with him. You will doubtless be glad of a brief time in which to think the matter over."

He kissed her forehead, and Clemency was thankful to be spared any reply, Hester and Prue at that moment entering.

Joscelyn's patience was sorely taxed the next day; Sir Robert had willingly consented that he should speak to Clemency, but everything seemed to combine to hinder them from having five minutes' uninterrupted talk. Mrs. Arbella paid a lengthy morning visit, servants appeared at awkward moments to ask for orders, and as for Original Sin Smith, he seemed to be ubiquitous, appearing in the hall, in the Ghost Walk, in the park, in the withdrawing-room, always with a specious excuse, profound apologies, and a sanctimonious solemnity of manner which made Joscelyn feel inclined to kick him. But when the twelve-o'clock dinner was over, Sir Robert kindly took matters into his own hands.

"Clemency," he said, the children and their tutor having

left the table, "you might take old Noah Snelling that cure for the rheumatism of which we were speaking last night, and maybe Mr. Heyworth would enjoy a walk this bright day and would escort you."

So the two set out, shyly enough now that the long-awaited time had come, and though no one interrupted them, they talked of every subject but the one which was filling their hearts.

Noah's mud hovel was not far from the southeast boundary of the park, a little below the brow of the hill, in a wilderness of brambles and brake-fern. The old man was so stiff and crippled that he could hardly stir from his seat by the peat fire, but his eyes gleamed with excitement as he listened to Joscelyn's tale of the war.

"You have a fine country to fight for, young sir," he said, as they bade him farewell. "And may the Almighty grant you a good wife that will keep your heart tender through the strife." His eyes rested so curiously on Clemency that her cheeks began to burn, and she was glad to feel the fresh outside air as they left the close little hovel.

"How beautiful it is here!" she said, pausing on the steep bridle-path which led up the hill. "See, over yonder is War Coppice and the Pilgrim's Way, as they call it—the path the Canterbury pilgrims went. I like to fancy Chaucer's folk passing along—the 'veray parfit gentil knight,' and the clerk who spent all his money on books, and the young squire of twenty years of age, 'as fresh as is the month of May,' with his 'lockes crull' and his 'flower-broidered clothes.'"

"And the prioress," said Joscelyn, "with her brooch of gold, on which was writ 'Amor vincit omnia.' But best of all," he added, offering his hand to help her over the rough ground, "I like to think of two latter-day pilgrims on a longer and more serious pilgrimage. Tell me, do you think

you could be willing to fulfil old Noah's prophecy and keep my heart tender through the strife?"

"It needs it not," said Clemency, glancing up into the eyes that were eagerly regarding her; "'tis tender already."

"'Twill not be long so without your help," he said. "You little know from what already you have guarded me, or how unworthy I feel to offer you my heart. 'Tis presumptuous to hope where so many have failed—yet—"

"Do not speak of the others!" said Clemency, her eyes flashing with a scorn which astonished him. "There was not one disinterested lover among them all! Most of them loved my inheritance, perchance two or three loved my face, not one loved me! Not one!"

"How can I prove that my love is true?" said Joscelyn, eagerly.

"You cannot prove it," she replied.

There was a silence; they walked together over the springy turf, picking their way among the brake-fern. Joscelyn, not understanding those last words, had grown grave; when they passed into the lane, and there was no longer any excuse for helping her, he relinquished her hand.

Then quickly, yet with a gentle grace indescribable, she deliberately stretched out her hand again and put it in his.

"You cannot prove it," she repeated. "But I do not want proof."

He bent over the hand that had put itself so trustfully in his, and kissed it with a reverence and devotion which no words could have expressed. And Clemency, weary of suitors who did "protest too much," gave her whole heart to this wordless lover, and was at rest.

It was a late season, and a few crimson and gold leaves still lingered on the overarching trees. Away in the distance framed by the elms and oaks one could see the roofs and chimneys of the little village. Close by, an old yew-

tree stood out darkly above a bank covered with sun-dried moss.

"Let us rest here," said Joscelyn, loath to leave the quiet little wood. "Why should we hasten home?"

"Yes, let us stay," said Clemency. "I love this old tree. Only yesterday I gathered a spray from it covered with berries, little thinking how light my heart would be when I again passed by."

Joscelyn wrapped a fold of his cloak about her as they sat hand in hand on the bank. "You were not light-hearted then?" he asked.

She gave him a sweet shy glance which clearly said, "How could I be when I knew not what was befalling you? I was thinking of war and death," she added, aloud, "and of this old tree as the symbol of both. But now 'tis the symbol of love and joy to us."

"And yet a reminder that our love and joy begin in troubled times," said Joscelyn, thoughtfully. "My beloved, are you wise to give your heart to one pledged to serve the country? Pledged to fight till liberty be gained?"

"Could I love you were you not pledged?" said Clemency. "Surely not so well, Joscelyn. Was it not the good cause that first taught us to know each other?"

"'Tis true. Yet—to love you—and to leave you—"

He broke off—his whole face shadowed. Then with an effort he called back his cheerfulness. "We will not spoil the present with forebodings," he said, resolutely. "This yew-tree shade makes one think of church-yards, and of the old Britons who, they say, planted the yews for making their bows. But what do we care for omens?"

"Nay," said Clemency, "let it be our good omen—the sign of that which outlasts time and change, the sign of immortality." Her thought seemed to fill him with light and comfort. Love had but just begun for them, and it was

eternal; the perils and wars, the strife and separation of time, could not cast more than a passing shadow over their pure happiness. And while overhead the robins sang their autumn song, and the golden leaves floated silently down to the ground, these two in the rapture of Love's spring-time began to understand something of the true meaning of life.

CHAPTER XII

It is the glory of Puritanism that it found its highest work in the strengthening of the will.—S. R. GARDINER.

ON the following Sunday, early in the morning, a little party of horsemen might have been seen in another part of Surrey making their way from London to the headquarters of Sir William Waller's army. In front rode Joscelyn, accompanied by no other than Original Sin Smith; behind came Jack Morrison and three new recruits who had joined them at Westminster. Original had suddenly received what he termed "a divine call" to enter the Parliamentary army, and Joscelyn, willing to do anything for one connected with Katterham, had taken some pains to procure him an outfit and the necessary introductions, at the same time trying to conquer a certain prejudice against the man which he felt but could not explain.

"The Almighty has highly favored you," said Original, in his sanctimonious voice. "Not only have you received many choice blessings, but you are intrusted with these important missives from the Close Committee to Sir William Waller, in itself an honor for one so young—a sign, too, of the trust you inspire."

"Nay," said Joscelyn, who could appreciate praise, but had a contemptuous loathing for flattery. "I was merely the messenger most ready to hand. Honest Jack Morrison would have borne them just as well."

"They would scarce have told a common soldier the key to the cipher," said Original. And then he launched into a

discussion on writing in cipher, not without a veiled attempt to discover from his companion the key to the packet he bore to Sir William.

Joscelyn was not responsive, however; he seemed much more interested in studying the country than in discoursing of ciphers, and Original began to rally him on his fit of abstraction.

"Well, well," the ex-tutor remarked, "'tis natural enough for one in love to be deaf to questions."

Joscelyn smiled. "In truth I was thinking rather of old times," he replied. "Do you see the trees over yonder? That is Farnham Park—we are in the neighborhood of my home. What do you say—shall we bait our horses at the Bush in Farnham?"

Original thought it would be a good plan, and they entered the little country town, and were just turning their horses under the archway of the inn, when Joscelyn suddenly drew back, for in the square yard of the Bush he perceived, to his dismay, a number of his father's troop of horse, and, worst of all, caught sight of Jervis himself standing booted and spurred at the entrance to the bar.

If only it had been Dick, there would have been little risk of a disturbance, but from the bitter hostility of Jervis no truce was to be expected. Hastily retreating, Joscelyn gave the word to make all speed to the Holt Forest; and the men, aware that they were vastly outnumbered, urged on their tired horses and galloped up the quiet street, startling the inhabitants, who came hurrying to their doors and windows to see what caused the excitement. The bells were ringing for morning service, and as they approached the opening called Church Passage, Joscelyn glanced back along the street they had traversed to see if there were signs of pursuit. To his dismay, he found that the Borough

was already crowded, and in the sunlight could see the flash of helmets and pikes and the flutter of red ribbons.

He shouted to his men to push onward; faster and yet faster they galloped up the long length of West Street, past red-tiled houses, past a row of pollarded elms, past thatched cottages, but ever with the despairing consciousness that the Royalist troop was fast gaining on them. Two or three shots were fired; the bullets whizzed past them. If they could but get clear of the town and gain the open country there was yet a chance of escape. Just, however, as they reached the Plough—an inn on the outskirts of the town—a bullet struck Joscelyn's horse; it plunged, struggled wildly for a minute, and finally fell beneath him. Then the true character of Original Sin Smith all at once revealed itself. He glanced from his captain to the Cavaliers, drove the spurs into his steed, and bounded over the hedge of the nearest hop-ground.

When Joscelyn gained his feet he found that the four other men had formed in front of him, and summoning up all his resolution, he gave the word to fire on the attacking party. His voice sounded hoarse and unlike his own. Had it not been for the thought of the despatches he bore and his duty to deliver them safely at all costs, no power on earth could have dragged the words from his lips. The men fired; but the next minute they were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, and Sir Thomas shouted to them to yield on quarter.

The three recruits, seeing that resistance was hopeless, allowed themselves to be taken; Joscelyn, on foot, with his back to the wall of the inn, resisted to the last, and Morrison did not fail his master until his horse was killed beneath him, and in the confusion he was made prisoner.

"Yield, in God's name!" cried Sir Thomas.

But Joscelyn showed no signs of yielding. Perhaps the

"A BULLET STRUCK JOSCELYN'S HORSE."

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Hampshire Volunteers, who all knew him and loved him, were not overskilful in their attack, for he parried every thrust, until Jervis, with an oath, pressed forward and dealt him a terrific blow on the head. With a stifled groan he fell to the ground, and Dick flung himself from his horse and rushed towards him.

"You have killed him!" cried the boy, in an agony of grief.

Sir Thomas did not speak a word; he dared not trust his voice, neither could he trust himself to dismount, for he was trembling like a palsied man; he looked enviously at Dick as the boy removed Joscelyn's helmet and bent over the still, white face.

"He is no more dead, sir, than the devil," said Jervis, scornfully; "a blow like that could only stun him. Bring forward the prisoners. Where were you going this Sunday morning in such hot haste?"

"We were going to join Sir William Waller's army, sir," said one of the recruits.

"Where did you come from?"

"From Westminster," said one of the men.

"Doubtless they bear despatches," said Jervis, with a look of satisfaction. "This day's work, sir, will prove useful, an I mistake not," he observed to his father. "The men's faces bear out my idea. Stand back, Dick, and let me search this cock-a-hoop young captain."

"You shall not touch him," protested Dick; "'tis unfair."

"A plague on your scruples — all's fair in love and war. Stand back, I say."

But Dick did not stir. "He is coming to himself. Wait till he can answer a question. Are you much hurt, Joscelyn?"

"My head," said Joscelyn, confusedly. "What startled the horses? Where is Clemency? She was here but now."

"You are thinking of that day at Katterham," said Dick, "before this accursed war began. Look up — we are in Farnham street."

With a dawning recollection Joscelyn opened his eyes, caught sight of the party of horsemen, caught sight of Jervis in the fore-front regarding him with an expression of scornful curiosity, caught sight of his father waiting with averted face at a little distance. This last sight gave him so sharp a pang that even Jervis was struck by the sudden look of pain which could not be hid.

"He is more hurt than I thought for," he remarked, drawing nearer. "Dick, you fool, I tell you he is my prisoner, not yours," and disregarding Joscelyn's half-conscious effort at resistance, Jervis deliberately unfastened his armor and his buff coat, and in triumph drew forth a pocket-case and promptly opened it. "Despatches for Sir William Waller; just as I thought!" he cried. "But in cipher—of which, no doubt, Captain Heyworth holds the key."

Joscelyn with Dick's help had now struggled to his feet. He looked appealingly towards his father.

"Come," urged Jervis, impatiently. "Do you intend to keep us all day here? What is the key to this cipher? Say but that, and you are free to go."

"Do you expect me to turn traitor?" asked Joscelyn, indignantly.

"You are a traitor already," said Sir Thomas, passionately. "Here is an opportunity to return to your allegiance and to serve your king."

"Why did not you let me die?" said Joscelyn, turning to Dick. "It would have saved us from this."

Dick with a look of utter misery approached his father.

"Sir, he has surely suffered enough. For God's sake let him pass. You have the despatches—now let him go."

"What!" cried Sir Thomas, all the more vehemently because Dick's words coincided with his own desire. "Would you have me favor my own son when he is false to his king? Nay, indeed, let me rather follow the example of Brutus. Jervis, these prisoners had best be taken to Farnham Castle, and Sir John Denham will know how to deal with — with the bearer of this treasonable packet."

Jervis assented.

"Sir John may bring him to reason," he said, "and he appears to enjoy showing off the split in the family. Come, Joscelyn, you shall have it to your liking, and be made a spectacle to men and angels. Buckle all five prisoners to your stirrup-leathers, my men, and let them walk in the usual way; but lest the good folk of Farnham should be scandalized, their officer had best not be stripped."

"Sir," protested poor Dick, almost broken-hearted at this speech, "you cannot permit Joscelyn to be dragged through the town in such a fashion. He is still suffering from the blow and unfit for it."

But Sir Thomas had steeled his heart to resist any tenderness to the culprit, and Dick only met with a rebuff. All he could do was to get a few words aside with Joscelyn.

"Here is your sword," he said, returning it to the scabbard. "No one has yet ordered you to yield it; and see what a dint Jervis made in your helmet!"

"I cannot bear the weight of it," said Joscelyn, faintly; "my head aches too much. Give the helmet to my servant."

"If I could only save you from this suffering!"

"You cannot," he replied. "But it is good to see you, dear old Dick. There is much I would ask you were my head but clear."

"Now, sir," said a burly soldier, approaching him; and Joscelyn had to submit to be strapped to the stirrup of a man whom he recognized as the son of the Shortell blacksmith. At any other time he would have perceived with satisfaction and some amusement the man's intense dislike to the work he was set to, but now he was too miserable in mind and body to observe it. Bareheaded, with pale, stern face, his right hand clutching for support at the mane of the horse, he walked down the street. The way was lined with people; every gibe, every rough word, reached him, and he heard all, as it were, with Dick's ears as well as with his own.

"Good Lord, 'tis one of the Heyworths!" "Aye, aye, the one that turned traitor!" "Dragged his father's name in the mud!" "A pestilent Roundhead!" "A sneaking hypocrite!" "Look at him now!" "He's not gained much by his treason!" "Down with all rebels!"

Joscelyn turned a shade paler, but as the horrible hooting and groaning grew more clamorous he shook back the long hair from his face and drew himself up with an unconscious dignity of demeanor which was not lost on Sir Thomas.

"All the time he is the best of the lads," thought the poor old father. Then, as Jervis rode up to him, he inquired what was amiss, for the procession had come to a halt.

"Sir John Denham has been seen to pass on horseback from the Borough to Downing Street," said Jervis. "They say he goes by the eastern gate to church. If we dismount here and go up this passage we shall doubtless meet him in the church-yard."

The six bells had ceased chiming; only the big bell tolled solemnly as the strange cavalcade walked up the narrow alley and along the flagged pathway between the graves. Sir John Denham was just disappearing into the north door as the Heyworths came into sight.

"CLUTCHING FOR SUPPORT AT THE MANE OF THE HORSE."

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But Jervis was not to be balked. "There will be time to make over the prisoners before service begins," he said, hurrying into the church. "I will prepare Sir John."

The congregation was already assembled; but talking was not then considered unsuitable in the nave, and Jervis found no difficulty in explaining all to the governor of the castle, a middle-aged man with a sensual mouth and a high intellectual forehead. He was sitting in one of the front seats, near the pulpit, and came out into the middle aisle to speak to Jervis, watching with some interest the strange procession that had entered the church and was now approaching him—Sir Thomas trying to seem unconscious and disdainful; Dick, miserable and haggard, looking as if he wished the ground would open and swallow him; and behind them the unwilling soldier leading the young Parliamentary officer, whose buff-coat, tawny orange scarf, and wealth of golden hair only served to make his pallor the more noticeable.

That he should be dragged into the presence of this peaceful congregation—that the bitter hostility of his father and brother should be carried even into the house of God—seemed to Joscelyn the last drop in his cup of bitterness. Farnham Church, moreover, was full of memories to him. It was here that he and Dick had been confirmed five years before, and the contrast of the present sharp division struck both of them very painfully. Then, although the people here did not hoot him as those in the street had done, their silent surprise and their looks of scorn and disapproval were almost more hard to endure. For Joscelyn was no seasoned warrior; neither was he clothed with that utter self-forgetfulness which makes some men practically invulnerable. He was very young, very sensitive, very fond of popularity; the ordeal by fire would have pained him infinitely less than this walk up the middle aisle of the church. The people

in the transepts and the chancel stood up on the benches that they might stare the better; the occupants of the side aisles craned their necks forward to see this unusual sight. Joscelyn was conscious of it all, yet the worst pang awaited him.

"Sir John, as the Governor of Farnham Castle, I deliver to your hands five prisoners of war," said Sir Thomas, in a voice which betrayed nothing of his real emotion. "Four of them wait without. Their captain—formerly my son, but now a disinherited rebel—will yield up his sword to you."

A wave of burning color surged over Joscelyn's face; the more generous among the congregation felt genuine pity for him as he unfastened his sword, and in silence, with the look of one cut to the heart, handed it to Sir John Denham.

"The rector comes, gentlemen," said the clerk, bustling up and motioning them to their places.

Joscelyn glanced at his father; their eyes met, but there was no relenting in Sir Thomas's face, though all the time his sympathy was with his son whom in words he had disowned, and probably he had never loved him better than at this moment. As for the prisoner, having met that cold gaze, he saw nothing clearly for some time. He staggered a little as he stood; the floor of the church seemed to rise and fall like the deck of a ship. Then he felt a strong hand grasping his arm.

"Come to a seat," whispered Dick; "the service is beginning. At least we are together in this."

"Dick is still faithful to me," thought Joscelyn; yet, nevertheless, the cruel words "formerly my son" rankled bitterly in his heart. He knelt down in the place to which Dick had guided him, conscious of a sort of relief in being able to bury his face in his hands.

Then, in strange contrast to what had passed before, the voice of the rector of Farnham rang through the old church: "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws which he set before us. . . . Dearly beloved brethren—"

Joscelyn heard no more of the exhortation. Still kneeling with hidden face, he had passed beyond the thought of the present distress and separation, and had firmly grasped the idea of an eternal kinship which was absolutely indestructible—a kinship against which the passing blows of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness were powerless to prevail.

Sir Thomas and many of the people were much surprised when the prisoner, who had knelt from the beginning of the service like one too miserable and crushed to heed what was passing, stood up promptly the moment the "Venite" was given out, singing as if he did indeed "heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation." They were utterly puzzled. Dick alone understood, and realized that it was just what might have been expected of Joscelyn.

It is to be feared that very few paid much attention to the rector's dry dogmatic sermon. The people were occupied in staring at the prisoner. Old Sir Thomas mused sadly over his son's political views, and wondered how it could have come to pass that a child of his should make the disastrous mistake of fighting for that misleading will-o'-the-wisp called liberty and freedom of conscience, when Church, father, and self-interest all would have urged him to think only of the divine right of kings. With bitterness of soul he watched the resolute face of the prisoner, and asked himself what he had done that this grievous trial should be laid upon him by one of his own children.

"I have been no Eli, weakly spoiling the lads," he thought. "I have been loyal to my God and to my King, and yet the flower of the flock has left my fold."

Jervis, on the other hand, was absorbed in plans for his brother's further humiliation; Dick was wondering how he could best secure a talk with Joscelyn at the castle; and Joscelyn himself sat rigidly still, hearing no single word that was said, but living over again a hundred past scenes. When the rector ceased and the congregation rose he started up in confusion, returning to a very miserable consciousness of all that awaited him. Jervis's unbrotherly plan was, however, frustrated. Sir John Denham took no heed of his suggestion, but motioning to a young officer of his party, who had watched the proceedings with considerable interest, spoke a few words in his ear, and then introduced him courteously to Joscelyn.

"My kinsman—Mr. Arthur Denham—will take charge of you, Mr. Heyworth," he said.

No one could have desired a more pleasant jailer, and Joscelyn ran the gantlet of the spectators both in church and church-yard with but little discomfort, for he walked between Dick and the governor's young kinsman, who seemed bent on making things easy for him. At the eastern gate of the church-yard there was a brief pause; he suddenly remembered that he might not see Dick again, and passing his hand over his aching forehead, tried hard to collect his thoughts.

"I am losing what may be our last moments together," he said, miserably. "Yet for the life of me, Dick, I can't talk."

"You are still feeling the effects of the blow, and no wonder," said Dick. "You look fit for nothing but bed. As for talking, we may yet, with Mr. Denham's permission, get time for that presently at the castle, to which, if I can prevent it, you shall not be dragged on foot."

"Faith, I should think not!" said Arthur Denham, his brown eyes kindling, and his dark face flushing at the remembrance of Sir John's hurried account of Jervis Heyworth's malice. "My horse is at your disposal," he said, looking with mingled curiosity and sympathy at the prisoner. "Or, stay, here is my brother William, who will be glad enough to lend his."

William Denham, a clever-looking lad of seventeen, was only too happy to be released from attendance on his kinsman, the governor. He cared nothing for politics, being a keen naturalist, and far more intent on securing moths and butterflies than prisoners of war. With much satisfaction he received his brother's permission to go down to the river after some specimens he was bent on finding; and Joscelyn, mounting his horse, was taken through the town, past the familiar market-place, and up the broad picturesque Castle Street.

CHAPTER XIII

> And there is a frown of hate,
> And there is a frown of disdain,
> And there is a frown of frowns
> Which you strive to forget in vain.
> —BLAKE.

FARNHAM CASTLE, which had been built during the civil wars in the reign of King Stephen, had for some time been the residence of the bishops of Winchester, but at the beginning of the war it had been turned into a garrison by the King's Commissioners of Array. It was a most imposing building, with its old gray walls, its more modern entrance-tower and keep of red brickwork ornamented with lozenges of blue, and its gate-house, where a practised eye could have discovered a vulnerable point of attack. The afternoon had clouded over, and the place looked gloomy and forbidding enough; Joscelyn's heart sank as he passed up the stone steps which led under a porch to the main entrance, and glanced at the warders and the men-at-arms, and wondered whether the castle was strongly garrisoned.

Sir John Denham, who had entered first with Sir Thomas Heyworth and Jervis, turned towards his prisoner as he came into the old banqueting-hall, addressing him very pleasantly. "I am sorry," he said, "to be in the position of jailer to you, Mr. Heyworth; but we will endeavor to make your confinement as little irksome as may be if you will give us your word not to attempt to escape."

Joscelyn thanked him, and gave the necessary promise.

"I see you are much spent," said Sir John. "Let us dine at once, and afterwards I will put a few questions to you."

"Pardon me, Sir John," said old Sir Thomas, his color rising and his voice trembling, "but I must decline to sit down to table with that rebel. I beg you will examine him at once as to the treasonable correspondence, and then I and my two sons will go on to Shortell."

Joscelyn winced. The speech made him feel as if he were a sort of leper.

"Pray do not think of continuing your journey to-day," said Sir John. "I will, if you please, question Mr. Heyworth at once, and he can dine elsewhere; but I cannot permit you to leave us so hastily. You will all, I hope, be my guests, at any rate, till the morrow."

Sir Thomas was fain to consent to the arrangement. Dick brightened a little, foreseeing that he was now secure of some hours with his brother; but Joscelyn was too wretched to take any comfort from the thought. His father's persistent enmity weighed heavily on him. Moreover, something in the great hall, with its old windows and its dark oak galleries, made him think of Hampden House, and he felt a sick longing for his leader's genial face and winning manner and strong, wise sympathy. A sense of utter loneliness overpowered him, as, obeying a signal from Sir John Denham, he followed him across the flagged floor to the open hearth, where, upon the brass dogs, lay a heap of blazing wood. On the chimney-piece was traced the legend, *A Dieu foi, aux amis foyer.* Sir Thomas and the governor took their places on the oak settle drawn up to the left side of the fire; Jervis was behind them, and a little in the background near a low side gallery were Arthur Denham and Dick. Facing them all stood Joscelyn alone.

"Now, Mr. Heyworth," said the governor, taking up the small letter-case which Jervis had discovered, "this communication, which, I see, is in cipher, is directed to Sir William Waller, and was found upon your person. I know that

you and your men came yesterday from Westminster; from whose hands did you receive this?"

"From the hands of Mr. Pym," replied Joscelyn.

At the hated name of Pym the faces of all present changed. Sir Thomas swore a great oath, and Sir John Denham's manner became a little less urbane.

"King Pym!" he ejaculated, glancing towards Jervis, who, with scarcely veiled triumph, stood watching Joscelyn's troubled face.

"Was any one else present?"

"Mr. John Hampden."

"No one besides?"

"No, sir."

"Were you made acquainted with the contents of the missive?"

"I was not."

"Do you know the key to this cipher?"

Joscelyn made no reply.

"I repeat, were you intrusted with the key-word?"

Still Joscelyn kept silence. His eyes were fixed on the flagged floor; his face had grown set and stern.

"Your silence gives consent," said Sir John, irritated by the prisoner's obstinacy. "I fully understand that you can read the despatch."

"Sir, that is precisely what I cannot do," said Joscelyn, looking up, and speaking emphatically.

"Yet you know the key-word?"

"Yes."

"And cannot read the letter?" said Sir John, sarcastically.

"No, for 'tis against my honor and conscience to do so."

"Honor!" broke in Sir Thomas. "Oh, ye gods! That such as you should dare to speak of honor!"

Sir John turned with a laugh to Jervis. "Your good

brother Zeal-of-the-land Busy is indeed 'zealous for the cause.'"

"As a dog for a bone," retorted Jervis, readily taking up the quotation from "Bartholomew Fair."

"I wish, my good fellow," said the governor, turning with his mocking smile to the prisoner, "that you would think less of your own honor, and instead obey the Bible precept, 'Honor the King,' by furnishing us with this key-word."

Indignation lit up Joscelyn's face. With dilated eyes and a voice whose vibrating tones wakened responsive echoes in Dick's heart, he turned passionately to the governor.

"I will try, sir, to 'honor all men,' but it is hard to honor those who deliberately tempt a messenger to be false to a trust."

Sir John looked uncomfortable. "You forget, Mr. Heyworth," he said, after a brief pause, "that we are living in times of war. In most countries one in your position would be tortured for refusing to read this despatch. Even now there are some who would perchance employ torture."

"Certainly," said Jervis; "worthy men employed it but a few years since. Time is saved, valuable information gained, and no one is the worse—the prisoner merely suffers for a few minutes instead of dragging through weeks or months of imprisonment."

"Yes, I would have you consider the thought of imprisonment," said the governor. "For although I will certainly do my best for you here, yet elsewhere you will meet with less lenient governors, and months or years of imprisonment at your age will be no light punishment."

Then Dick suddenly sprang forward. "Joscelyn," he cried, "for God's sake, yield! Don't you see that you are in their power, that they can do anything with you?"

"What, you, Dick—even you?" said Joscelyn, reproachfully. His face grew whiter, his lips quivered with pain.

"We do but waste time," said Jervis, impatiently. "Really, Sir John, 'tis hard that loyal gentlemen should be kept waiting for dinner. Will you not order the roast from the kitchen and the thumb-screw from the armory?"

He laughed at his own pleasantry, but no one else even smiled. Old Sir Thomas, however, started to his feet and fixed his keen blue eyes on Joscelyn.

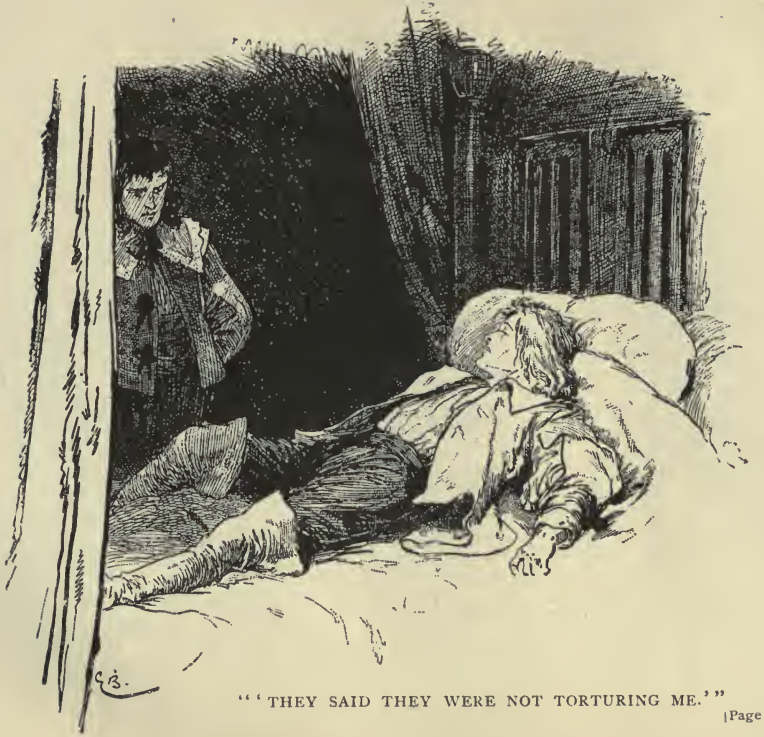
"Torture is illegal," he said, in a voice which trembled with strong feeling, "but I understand that it is still lawful for a father to curse his son. May the Almighty desert you in the day of judgment as you have deserted your King; may He turn from you as you have turned from me; may my curse—"

He was interrupted.

"Do you say that torture is illegal?" cried Joscelyn, in a voice that rang through the hall. "Do you think you are not torturing me?"

The silence that followed was broken by a gasping sound like the sob of a hunted animal, and Sir Thomas Heyworth's curse was never completed, for the prisoner staggered, then fell heavily to the ground, where he lay like one dead.

The old baronet, assuming an air of indifference, dropped back to his former position on the oak settle, and made a show of warming himself at the fire. But his thoughts were all the time with Joscelyn, and not a detail of the scene escaped him when the men-at-arms roughly lifted up the prisoner and bore him out of the hall. He saw the helpless droop of the head, the deathly face; he saw, too, with a pang of wrath, the ends of the orange scarf, the symbol of their division, sweeping the white flag-stones as the men moved towards the door. Arthur Denham followed, and Dick clearly longed to follow too, but this was more than Sir Thomas could endure. He would fain have gone himself, but that Dick should enjoy what he felt bound to fore-



"'THEY SAID THEY WERE NOT TORTURING ME.'"

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go was intolerable. He called him sharply back, and the boy, with a look of misery which moved Sir John Denham's compassion, was forced to obey.

"Bide your time," said Sir John, in a good-natured aside. "You shall see your brother later on. Pity that so gallant a youth should be on the wrong side."

In the meantime Joscelyn began to be dimly conscious that he was being carried up a winding staircase, then along a passage. Finally above the tramp of his bearers he heard a voice saying:

"To the inner room. Lay him on my bed."

There seemed to be some question about keeping guard, for the same voice replied:

"No need; he is on parole. You may go."

Then the door closed, and he thought himself alone, till he felt a hand deftly unfastening his corselet and untying the strings of his collar.

"Dick," he murmured, without opening his eyes.

"You shall see him by-and-by," said the same voice.

Joscelyn looked up, and met the gaze of a pair of kindly brown eyes, which lighted up a thoughtful, refined face shaded by dark curls.

For a minute he was perplexed, then all that had passed flashed back into his mind, and a spasm of pain convulsed his face.

"I remember now," he said, with a shudder. "This is Farnham Castle. They said they were not torturing me. What"—he gave a short laugh, much like a sob—"what do you think?"

"I thought it was worse than the thumb-screw," said Arthur Denham. "But don't speak of it. It is over, and some amongst us honored you for your resistance, though it made us wish all the more that you were on our side. But you are faint—I will tell them to bring you food and wine."

"I could not eat," said Joscelyn; "my head aches too much."

Arthur Denham went into the adjoining room, and, filling a goblet of water, brought it to his charge. Then promising to bring Dick at the first opportunity, he left the prisoner and returned to the banqueting-hall, where he was beset by questions.

"As for his head, I am responsible for that," said Jervis. "It would have been more to the purpose had I hit a trifle harder. In a brain-fever he might easily have parted with the secret of this damned key-word."

"Well, well," said Sir John, "leave him to me. If you invoke the aid of Bacchus, who knows but the hospitality of Farnham Castle may bring about the discovery? He is not the sort of lad to yield to threats."

Jervis laughed. But Sir Thomas looked ill-pleased, and hardly spoke throughout the meal. By-and-by, when the servants had withdrawn, and both Sir John and Jervis were far from sober, he made an excuse to leave the table, and beckoning Arthur Denham to the end of the hall, asked to be taken to the prisoner.

"After all, perchance Sir John is right, and we went the wrong way to work with the lad; I have been perhaps overharsh with him," he said. "I will try what argument will do."

"Heaven help the poor fellow!" thought Arthur Denham. "I would as lief argue with a mule as with Sir Thomas."

But it was impossible to make any objection to the proposal of the old baronet; and having taken him to the door of the outer room, the young man left him to his own devices, and returned to the gallery to talk things over with Dick.

Sir Thomas closed the door of the anteroom behind

him, and listened for a moment. All was still. The door of the inner room had been left open; he passed quietly in and looked round. On the bed in the corner lay Joscelyn. Worn out with all he had gone through, he had fallen fast asleep, and he lay now in that absolute calm which smooths out of the face all care, anxiety, and distress; he looked the veriest boy, utterly unlike the harassed man who had stood but an hour ago in the banqueting-hall.

"His youth is an excuse," thought Sir Thomas. "He has been led astray by wily deceivers. I shall surely convince him by patient argument. If I can but be patient! Wake, my son, wake!" he cried.

But Joscelyn did not stir.

"So soundly asleep," thought Sir Thomas. "Only a boy could sleep like that! What would I not give for the power! Sir John shall not try to corrupt him; I will not hear of it! Not that he could succeed. Joscelyn has too much self-control—with Jervis it would be easy enough. Great God! Why was it not Jervis who forsook me? Why was it the best of the lads—the very best? But I will convince him yet. I will show him his error. Wake up, Joscelyn," he repeated, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Wake up, my son."

Joscelyn opened his eyes, caught sight of his father's softened face, felt the pressure of his hand, and with a rapturous sense of relief thought their estrangement was at an end. "Father," he cried, springing up, "I knew it could not separate us! Thank God, you have come!"

"You see your mistake?" asked Sir Thomas, eagerly. "You will join me in fighting for the right?"

The light died out of Joscelyn's face. Overwhelmed with disappointment, he turned away. "Alas!" he said, "that is the very point on which we differ."

"But how is it possible to differ as to actual right and

wrong?" said Sir Thomas, with a desperate effort at patience. "All truth-loving, God-fearing people must think alike as to the duty of loyalty to the King and to the Church."

"But when they see the King and the Church false to their trust—abusing their position—then they must defend the right," said Joscelyn.

"False to their trust, do you say?" cried Sir Thomas, furiously. "You presumptuous, arrogant fool! The powers that be are ordained of God. Do you not remember the words of the Apostle?"

"Nevertheless, God brought to an end the rule of the very emperors of whom the Apostle wrote," said Joscelyn.

"Would you compare our most Christian Sovereign to the Cæsars?" cried Sir Thomas. "Our most religious and gracious King! I tell you, your views are abominable! The King can do no wrong."

"You say so," said Joscelyn, bitterly. "Yet had we been as untruthful, even as mere lads, you would have flogged us. His Majesty keeps faith neither with friends nor foes."

Sir Thomas strode up and down the room, making heroic efforts to restrain his anger. "I must be calm—I will be calm," he thought. "He is deceived; I must try to reason with him. Others are more to be blamed who have filled his head with these false notions of liberty. I will entreat him to turn while yet there is time. The boy loves me. He will surely see his error and turn if I can but humble myself to entreat him."

He glanced towards the window. The room was in an angle of the tower above the entrance, and Joscelyn stood looking out over the battlemented walls and across the bare hop-grounds to the green hills beyond. In the valley between lay the picturesque little town of Farnham, the white

"YOU SHALL HAVE A PLACE IN MY TROOP."

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stone tower of the church rising high above the red-tiled houses. The bells were ringing for afternoon service; their cheerful sound fell strangely and sadly on the prisoner's ear. The dreary conviction that nothing would ever make men of one mind in this world, that to the end of time there must be divided households, took strong possession of him. For a while he lost sight of the deeper truth and forgot the uniting bond of eternal kinship.

"Josceyln," said his father, speaking very gently, "I have been, perchance, over-harsh with you. At home in the heat of the moment I treated you with much severity. I came up here thinking to argue quietly with you, but we Heyworths are ill at that sort of work and are betrayed by our hot tempers. There yet remains one way which, with God's blessing, may move you to repent and take the right side. I empty myself of all pride, and entreat you, my son. If you have any reverence, any love for me, I beg you to show it by giving up your rebellious schemes, by refusing to fight any longer with these blind leaders of the blind. By the love I have shown you all these years, I implore you, my son."

Once more the tortured, hunted look came back to Joscelyn's eyes; he sank down on the window-seat and buried his face in his hands.

Sir Thomas could see that tears were dropping slowly down between his fingers; the sight encouraged him. "I thought you would respond to that," he said, laying his hand kindly on the bent head. "I thought you were not wanting in loyalty and in love to me. Let us forget the past. You shall have a place in my troop. We will work together."

Joscelyn started to his feet, and dashed the tears from his eyes. "Wait! wait! You mistake me, sir. For God's sake, father, believe me when I tell you that I love and

honor you, and, as far as may be, will always serve you. But I cannot prove it by being false to my conscience. I cannot give up my most firm convictions."

There was a painful silence. Once more the big bell of the church tolled sadly and solemnly, as it had tolled when Joscelyn was brought a prisoner through the church-yard.

The glow of hope faded from Sir Thomas's face, a hard look dawned in his eyes. "I have tried to save you," he said, hoarsely, "but you persist in your wilful opposition. It is useless to say more. Don't talk of love and reverence. Give me deeds, not words. You cannot care for me, or you would not persist in this wicked, headstrong rebellion."

Joscelyn stood absolutely silent. Of what use were further protestations? The bitterness of death seemed to surge over him, while down below the great bell in the valley tolled with solemn, heavy monotony. Sir Thomas, torn with conflicting emotions, looked despairingly at the dauntless face opposite him, at one moment constrained to admiration, at the next filled with wrath and grief, and, above all, with his strong family pride mortally wounded.

"I have humiliated myself for naught," he said at length, with intense bitterness. "I now finally disown you. From henceforth you are no more my son."

Joscelyn choked back his emotion. His voice rang strangely; there was a touch of triumph in his tone.

"You may disown me in words, sir," he said, "but kinship is just the one thing that never can in truth fail."

Sir Thomas could endure no more. With a curse, inarticulate from its very vehemence, he strode out of the room, banging the outer door behind him.

CHAPTER XIV

Yet deem not, on such parting sad
Shall dawn no welcome dear and glad:
  Divided in their earthly race,
Together at the glorious goal,
Each leading many a rescued soul,
  The faithful champions shall embrace.
—KEBLE.

A MINUTE later the door was reopened by William Denham.

"What on earth can have put Sir Thomas in such a rage?" he exclaimed to himself. "He well-nigh overturned me in his blind fury, and then what would have become of these newts I've been at such pains to catch? Ho, Arthur, are you stirring in there?"

He flung back the half-opened door of the inner room, and started a little on finding himself confronted by Joscelyn.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed the lad. "They did not tell me you were here."

The prisoner looked so unapproachable that Will Denham's sole thought was to beat a hasty retreat, to flee from a trouble which he could not understand, to escape somehow from the stern almost haughty gravity of the Parliamentarian. But it was a case of more haste less speed, for he slipped on the polished floor, and came down with an ignominious crash, breaking to bits the wide-necked bottle he held in his hands.

"Good Lord!" he cried in great disgust as he struggled up, soaked with water and covered with bits of glass. "There seems to be a fate against these creatures."

His frantic dashes after the newts, which darted off in all directions, utterly broke down Josceyln's gravity; the sudden reaction was too strong, and he burst out laughing, entering with spirit into the newt-hunt, and not resting till they were all recaptured. By that time the ice was completely broken between the two.

"Where did you get them?" he asked.

"In the meadows. Do you know the river here?"

"Yes, indeed; Dick and I have fished there many a time."

"Did you ever find newts there?"

"No. What do you get them for?"

"I want to experiment on them. They say you can work miracles with them."

"How can that be?" said Joscelyn, interested with this new idea.

"Why, they say you can freeze them solid and keep them frozen any time you like, and then by just the right amount of heat bring them to life again."

"Do you try many of these experiments?"

"As many as there is time for," said Will Denham. "But this hateful war spoils most of my chances of collecting. I have some fine spiders, though; come here and see them; you've no idea till you have lived with them what a lot of character there is in a spider. See this one to the left. We call him Pym, because he is crafty. That lean fellow in the web in the corner we call Falkland, because he is such a recluse; and this handsome one in the right-hand window-pane is Prince Rupert, because he is daring and makes many prisoners. I have a cage full of mice in the anteroom. Arthur won't have them in here; declares they smell; such nonsense. I don't know what he will say to them to-night if he has to sleep in the outer room."

"Better put all your prisoners in here together," said Joscelyn, with a smile.

"I forgot you were our prisoner," stammered the boy. "I—I wish you had been on the right side. When they said in church that they were bringing in a Roundhead captain to the governor, I looked to see some sour-faced, cropped, canting hypocrite, and could scarce believe my eyes."

"We have some cropped hypocrites," said Joscelyn, with a wrathful remembrance of Original's desertion. "And you Royalists have some licentious, effeminate cavaliers with scented lovelocks, but the bulk of each party is made up of brave and honorable men." He was interrupted by the entrance of Arthur Denham.

"I have brought your brother to see you," he said; and the words were hardly out of his mouth before Dick had rushed impetuously past him and thrown himself on Joscelyn's neck.

"At last I can get to you!" said the boy. "What on earth did you say to my father? He is walking to and fro in the hall like a madman, cursing you till the very serving-men are aghast. 'Tis horrible to hear him."

"He urged me to change sides. When I showed him that it was an impossibility, he disowned me and cursed me. And you? Have you come to argue?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Dick. "For God's sake, don't look at me like that, Joscelyn, or you'll break my heart. Surely you can trust me?"

For a minute Joscelyn could not reply; his whole face quivered.

"I do, Dick—I can," he said, huskily. For some little while nothing more passed between them. They just sat there side by side in the fading afternoon light of that November afternoon, heedless of their differences, mindful

only that they were together after months of separation. Presently they told each other of all that they had been through, and Dick heard with keen interest of the march to Kineton, of the night on the battle-field, and the rescue of Robin the groom.

"We had given the poor varlet up for dead," said Dick. "But maybe after all he will have reached Shortell in safety before us."

"You were on your way home?" asked Joscelyn, with a sigh.

"Aye; we shall have to go on to-morrow; to-night 'tis impossible, for Jervis is dead-drunk. My father intends to stay at home to keep Christmas, but Jervis and I shall but stay two or three days, and perchance another few days at Bletchingley, before joining Sir Ralph Hopton's army at Winchester."

Home! Christmas! Winchester! The happy old school-days! A crowd of bitter-sweet memories filled Joscelyn's mind, and with them a wretched sense of isolation. Had it not been for the thought of Clemency he could have wished to die then and there, so hateful to him was the thought of being ranged against his own kith and kin. But there was Clemency to cheer his loneliness; there was a brave woman's heart to strengthen him in the terribly painful life which, from a sense of duty, he had chosen.

"Dick," he said, "if you go to Bletchingley, will you do something for me? 'Tis not concerned with our unhappy differences. I would not ask you to do aught that was not honorable. Do you remember Sir Robert Neal's granddaughter?"

"What, pretty Mistress Clemency? Could any man forget her?"

"You will forgive me when I make her your sister-in-law?"

"Ho, ho!" laughed Dick, "is that the way the land lies?"

"We were betrothed but four days since," said Joscelyn, pausing a little as though to enjoy the sound of the words. But the happy light in his eyes soon faded. "I parted from her only yesterday morning," he said. "Great God! only yesterday, and it seems like half a lifetime. How shall we ever endure the waiting?"

"Courage! 'Twill pass better than you think," said Dick.

"You speak as if you knew all about it," groaned Joscelyn, half amused, half angry.

"Well, well," said Dick, "one can draw upon one's imagination at times; 'tis all a matter of the imagination, you know, according to the play, which says the lover and the lunatic and the poet are all birds of a feather."

"Then, since you with your imagination affect to be neither poet nor lover, you must be the lunatic," said Joscelyn, laughing. "But look, Dick, an you love me, ride over to Katterham when you are at Bletchingley—'tis but a matter of a few miles—and bear Clemency the latest news of me."

"Now, by my troth," said Dick, "I will do no such thing, unless you give me a letter to deliver to her. Would you have me say, 'Fair lady, I fell foul of your true-love in Farnham Street, took him prisoner, and clapped him into the castle, where he now remains eating his heart out?"

"The arrest was none of your doing," said Joscelyn. "But if they will let me have pen and paper I will only too gladly give you a letter to take to her. Oh, Dick! Dick! to think that you are free to go to her, while I stay chafing here! 'Tis enough to madden a man! But you must not let her think me impatient. You must make light of it all. Do you understand? Say that I am in comfortable quar-

ters, courteously treated, and with the kindest of jailers, or she will be picturing dungeons and chains and horrors untold. Dick, I must show you her picture."

Unfastening his vest, he drew forth a miniature set in pearls which was fastened by a ribbon round his neck.

"It was painted but a few months ago," he said. "Sir Robert gave a similar one to Faith, the sister who was married in July, and this one he gave me when I left Katterham yesterday."

Dick looked in silence for some minutes at the strangely beautiful face; there was about it an expression of strength, of repose, and the uplifted eyes seemed to be looking right into heaven, so pure, so calm, so full of satisfied desire were they.

"She is—" The word "beautiful" trembled on his lips, but he hesitated, for after all it was not the beauty of feature which had specially appealed to him. "She is divine!" he said, with a long breath.

"You will bless me for giving you the chance to serve her," said Joscelyn, his face aglow with happiness as he felt the comfort of his brother's sympathy and the rapture of possessing Clemency's love.

"That will I," said Dick. "But at all costs we must keep the knowledge of this from Jervis. 'Twas a mercy he did not come across this miniature when he searched you for the despatches. Why did you not tell me of this at Shortell?"

"There was nothing at that time to tell," said Joscelyn.

"What, you did not fall in love with her during those weeks at the Court-house? Impossible! St. Anthony himself would have succumbed."

"I marvel myself how it was," said Joscelyn. "But I think I looked on her then more as if she were an angel. 'Twas she who helped and served me; she who had that

love of our country which I had not then grasped; she was my heavenly messenger, and I never once dreamed of her as my wife. But when my turn came to serve and shield her, when I knew that she needed my strength and that a great danger threatened her, then—then I loved her. It was the night of the attack on the Court-house, and I thank God that my baptism of fire was in defending her."

Dick listened with a sort of envy to the whole story, understood what Joscelyn must have suffered during those months of silence, heard of old Mr. Gainsborough's bequest with keen satisfaction, listened with sympathy to all that Joscelyn could tell of those last happy days at Katterham. The room had gradually grown dark, but they neither of them cared for that, talking all the more freely, perhaps, in consequence. So absorbed were they that they found it hard to bring themselves back to the present when Arthur Denham entered, lamp in hand.

"Will you not come down to supper?" he said, addressing his prisoner. "Sir Thomas will take nothing more to-night, and has already gone to his bedchamber, but the governor hopes you will both join us in the banqueting-hall."

Joscelyn, cheered by his interview with Dick, began to remember that he had tasted nothing since early morning, and ended by making a hearty meal. Afterwards, what with writing his letter to Clemency and talking with Dick, the hours of the night passed quickly away, so that it was not until day was breaking that either of the brothers slept, and Arthur Denham had much ado to rouse them at eight o'clock, when Sir Thomas insisted on leaving the castle.

"Will you bid your father farewell?" he asked, doubtfully, as he ushered the two down the winding stair and into a corridor which ran parallel with the great hall.

"I will await his wishes," said Joscelyn. "But I do not think he will see me. Dick, do not forget the message with

which I charged you for Rosamond. You and I had best part here."

"Here in this prison!" cried Dick, impatiently. "'Tis hateful to part here, leaving you in such a plight. When and where shall we meet again?"

"In better times, let us hope, or maybe in another world," said Joscelyn, choking back his emotion, as he saw that Dick was on the verge of breaking down. In silence they embraced each other, conscious of a dread likelihood that it was for the last time; then Dick followed Arthur Denham, and Joscelyn, turning away, paced the long corridor with a heavy heart. A sound of voices roused him from his sad thoughts.

"And pray why should I see him?" said Sir Thomas. "I have disowned him—he is naught to me now!"

Joscelyn drew back the piece of tapestry hanging in the corridor, and found himself standing by a wooden balustrade raised a few feet above the level of the great hall, and not far from the hearth. In bitterness of soul he watched the group standing below on the white flag-stones —Sir John, courteous, bland, a trifle sarcastic; Arthur Denham, doing his best to console poor downcast Dick; Will, absorbed in watching the gambols of a pair of spaniel pups; Jervis, just visible through the open door, kissing a rosy-cheeked kitchen wench; and his father, standing hat in hand, thanking the governor of the castle for his hospitality.

The courteous thanks, however, broke off abruptly, for as he took a last glance round the old hall Sir Thomas suddenly perceived that the tapestry hanging representing the reconciliation of Joseph and his brethren was partly drawn aside, and in the place where Joseph should have been, stood the vigorous, muscular form so familiar and, spite of all, so dear to him. His rugged old face began to work, a mist stole over his eyes; in dead silence he turned and left the castle, moving like a man in a dream.

CHAPTER XV

There is no true potency but that of help; nor true ambition but ambition to save.—RUSKIN.

BEHIND the stables at Shortell Manor, and looking down a broad glassy slope to the moat, there stood a wood-shed where fagots were stored and logs chopped for the household fires. Barnaby, the gate-keeper, too old and rheumatic for much work, took his daily exercise in this shed, and Rosamond loved to steal down and keep him company. She loved the smell of the wood, and she liked watching the old man's vigorous strokes and listening to his cheery talk between whiles. On this particular November day she had come to him, as so often before, for comfort, and the old man partly understood the reason that her face was wan and tear-stained, and her eyes inclined to fill every now and then as she sat on the last remains of the trunk of an old oak-tree, playing with Cymro's long, soft ears.

"You are wishing that Master Dick could have stayed longer?" said Barnaby, resting his hatchet on the block for a minute and glancing at his little companion.

"Yes," said Rosamond. "And that his stay had not been spoiled. I thought at least his return would have been happy, yet you see he brought us this heavy news of Joscelyn. Barnaby, I am weary of troubles; I should like to be just altogether happy, if it were but for one day."

"To be free from trouble altogether is not for us here, I take it," said Barnaby. "The dumb beasts seem often

without trouble, and maybe the angels, but we betwixt and between folk must take things mixed."

"'Twould not be so hard if I could travel about like the rest of them. Everybody goes save me. There are Dick and Jervis gone to Bletchingley, and my father riding over to see Sir Toby and arrange about Isabella's betrothal; and my mother and Isabella gone in the coach to my lady Blount's. They will not return till Friday, and 'tis so lonesome at the house."

"And on the morrow even I shall have to be leaving," said Barnaby. "I must go to Farnham Market to sell the spotted cow."

"To Farnham!" cried Rosamond. "Oh, Barnaby, take me with you! Dear Barnaby, pray do. I could ride there on a pillion, and there is no one to say me nay."

"But you would be no nearer Master Joscelyn there than here," said Barnaby. "For is he not a prisoner?"

"He is not kept a close prisoner, Dick said. I might perchance see him in the park which is so close to the castle. Barnaby, I think I shall die if you don't take me —I truly do think it."

Her look was so beseeching that it would have needed a much more unyielding man than the gate-keeper to resist her.

"I do not know what my lady would say to it," he objected. "A market-day is not the day for a young maid like you to be seen in the town. And how am I to wait on you, when I have the spotted cow to sell?"

"Let Robin ride over with us," said Rosamond, her face lighting up as if some happy inspiration had just come to her. "Robin is quite strong enough now to ride, and you know that he would do anything to pleasure me just from gratitude to Joscelyn. While you go to the cattle-market, Robin can take me to the park, and who knows but we may see Joscelyn there? Now, Barnaby, say you will take me."

"'BARNABY, I AM WEARY OF TROUBLES.'"

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After some little protesting, and a good deal of cajoling on the child's part, Barnaby consented, and Rosamond with dancing eyes ran off in search of Robin, the groom, who about a week ago had arrived at Shortell. His wound was healed, but he still looked white and haggard with all that he had been through, and his wife, who kept house for Barnaby, protested that she was glad enough he did look "peaked," otherwise Master Jervis would have taken him off again to the wars. "Whereas now, Mistress Rosamond, his father and me will keep him here through the winter, thanks to the ball that hit him at Edgehill and to Master Joscelyn's saving of him."

"Robin," said Rosamond, as the wife retired to the house to finish her washing, "do you think for love of my brother Joscelyn you would run some little risk?"

"Aye, mistress, that would I," said Robin. "I would cut off my right hand for him if 'twould serve his turn."

"Then listen to my plan," said Rosamond. "Early to-morrow your father starts for Farnham Market; he has promised to take me with him. I want you to ride over with us; my pillion had best be on your horse. Then while Barnaby drives his bargain over the cow you shall take me to the park, fastening the horse up at one of the gates. I will rest under the trees for a while; and you, being a wounded soldier fresh from Edgehill, will surely contrive by hook or by crook to make friends with some of the garrison at the castle, and either to get speech with my brother or send him word to come without fail to the great hawthorn nigh to the southwest gate of the park."

Robin thought the idea might well be carried out. But Rosamond had more to follow.

"Will you keep a secret, Robin? Listen! That is not all I want. If it should happen that the horse disappeared from the park gate—disappeared in a good cause, I mean—

could you bear a little blame, do you think? I would take the worst share, but some might perchance fall on you."

"Never fear for the blame, mistress," said Robin, looking perplexed. "But how would you get home again? Besides, the town be far too quiet for horse-stealers and such like."

Rosamond laughed with delight at having mystified him.

"Never fear, Robin. I could walk if need be, or ride behind Barnaby; as long as you are willing to risk the blame, all will be well; and who knows but the horse may come home safe and sound? You undertake to get that message to the castle, and I will contrive the rest."

Rosamond slept little that night; for once in her life she really was unfeignedly happy; for was she not planning Joscelyn's rescue? And surely, surely such a well-arranged scheme could not miscarry. Warmly wrapped in her blue pelisse and velvet hood, she jogged along the country roads on her pillion, steadying herself by Robin's belt, and exchanging many a joke with Barnaby, who rode beside them, while behind them the herdgroom drove the spotted cow to market. It was a mild, still autumn day; the morning mist had lifted, and the soft blue sky made a lovely background for the delicate tracery of branch and twig as they rode under the bare trees in the forest. Rosamond sang for sheer happiness, now crooning to herself the "Bailiff's Daughter," now breaking out gleefully into "Under the greenwood tree." Even when they came to Farnham, and she remembered Dick's description of the struggle outside the Plough Inn, she was too much excited to look with anything save curiosity at the gabled house, with its quaint entrance steps and balustrade; and in realizing her nearness to Joscelyn she forgot to shudder at the thought of the way in which he had been dragged along West Street only a few days before. Parting with Barnaby at the market-place, they rode quietly

"SHE JOGGED ALONG THE COUNTRY ROADS ON HER PILLION."

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up Castle Street and turned along the quiet alley which led to one of the park gates. Here Robin lifted her off the horse, and Rosamond, trembling with eagerness, made her way up the grassy slope till she came to the old thorn-tree which she had chosen for a trysting-place. Cymro stretched himself out on the turf beside her, and in an agony of impatience she waited for about an hour, her eyes fixed on that part of the castle which was visible from the park. At length the dog started up from a doze, raised his head in the air, pricked up his ears, and finally bounded up the hill, uttering short barks of delight. Rosamond sprang to her feet; she was stiff and aching in every bone, but what did that matter? For Joscelyn was coming—Joscelyn, whom she had not seen since that summer evening when he had bidden her farewell in the arbor at Shortell.

"Rosamond!" he cried, amazed, as he strode down the hill to meet her. "How in the world did you get here?"

For a minute she could not speak, but clung to him, trembling from head to foot.

"You dear little sister!" he said, kissing her again and again. "What good fairy sent you here to cheer me, just when I was in the depths of despair?"

"'Twas no fairy," said Rosamond, beginning to laugh. "'Twas I that planned it all, and Barnaby and Robin that brought me. But we must not lose time. No one knows the rest of the plan save me. I have come to set you free, Joscelyn. You must take the horse you will find yonder at the gate; do not stay to talk to me, but fly while there is time! Go now at once before any one disturbs us!"

With softening eyes Joscelyn looked into the eager childish face raised to his.

"You dear little soul!" he said, tenderly; "did you indeed plan all this for me?"

"Nothing ever made me so happy," said Rosamond.

"But, oh, Joscelyn, do not linger. Come now—come at once. You can unfasten the pillion, and Barnaby can put that by-and-by on his horse. Come!" Snatching his hand, she tried to draw him down the grassy slope, but Joscelyn drew her back, and spreading his cloak on the turf, made her sit down beside him.

"Wait," he said, putting his arm round her. "How can I make you understand? Your plan was so well thought out! I hate to think of the risks you have run for me, yet I love you a thousand times more for your courage and your loving little plot."

"Pray—pray come," urged Rosamond. "Why do you linger—why do you hold me so fast?"

"It is because I am grieved to disappoint you, dear. But I cannot escape."

Her face fell so terribly that he paused to kiss her with a reverence which he had never before felt for his little playfellow. "You see," he continued, "it is impossible, for I am on *parole;* otherwise, of course, I should not be allowed to walk in the park."

"But prisoners always try to escape. Could it be wrong to try?" she pleaded. "King Richard escaped when Blondel found him."

"He had not given his word—had not made any promise not to get free; there's the difference. Were it not that it would be against my honor, I would do as you wish. But you no longer wish it for me. You would not have me break my word."

Rosamond burst into tears. "I would!" she said, passionately. "What is a word—a promise—compared to your safety? I don't know what you mean by honor; 'tis nothing real—'tis but a name."

"'Tis the most real thing within us," he said, quietly, "the most divine. 'Tis the sense of perfect justice."

"True," said a voice behind him; he looked up and saw Arthur Denham.

"In good time, here is my jailer," said Joscelyn, smiling. "Denham, allow me to present you to my little sister Rosamond."

Rosamond sprang to her feet in great alarm, catching sight through her tears of some one tall and dark towering above her.

"Oh!" she cried; "do not be angry with him; it was no plan of his. It was mine, all mine. The horse is waiting at the gate, and I begged him to escape; but he will not. Pray, pray believe me—he quite refused to go."

For answer Arthur stooped and kissed her wet cheeks.

"You see, he is the last man to do a dishonorable thing," he said. "You had not thought of the right and wrong of the case."

Rosamond wiped away her tears, that she might see this gentle-voiced jailer.

"But," she urged, "Jervis says that all is fair in love and war."

"Yes," said Arthur Denham, "and apparently he thinks so. But the truest men on either side do not think that, and if my prisoner had taken your suggestion and escaped just now, he would most likely have ceased to be your hero."

"He could not have done it," said Rosamond, in a sad, meek little voice. "I see now—I begin to understand about the justice. But," with a rising sob, "oh, Joscelyn, I'm so dreadfully tired!"

"You dear, brave little maid, what can I do for you?" said Joscelyn, in perplexity. "The fewer that know of your being here the better, or I would beg the governor's hospitality for you—but—"

"Let me fetch food and wine for her," said Arthur Denham.

"I am not hungry," said Rosamond. "And there is food in the saddle-bags—three venison pasties and a manchet. They were for your journey, and now you will not want them."

"We will eat them together here, then," said Joscelyn, cheerfully. "Who ever heard before of a prisoner picnicking in a park?"

She was soon coaxed back to serenity, and the three ended by having a very merry luncheon under the hawthorn.

"I shall have pleasant memories of Farnham Park," said Joscelyn, laughing. "At the other end of it I spent my first night in the open—that August Sunday when I left you. Who would have thought that in four months' time you and I should be together here?"

"And, oh, how surprised the others would be could they see us!" said Rosamond. "They are all away to-day, staying at my lady Blount's, for Isabella is to be betrothed to Sir Toby, and my father has gone to arrange about the settlements."

"Ho! that affair has come off, has it?" said Joscelyn.

"Nurse says that my lady Blount was set on his marrying a Heyworth, and I am right glad that I was too young."

"Will you wait for me?" said Arthur Denham, looking half mirthfully, half tenderly, at the winsome little face, with its halo of golden hair.

Rosamond looked him over from head to foot with a child's innocent scrutiny.

"Sir Toby is dressed up and finikin, but I think I could like you; only you are Joscelyn's enemy—it would not do for us to marry."

"I am not his enemy save on questions of state; otherwise we are good friends," said Arthur. "Remember, I shall expect you to wait for me. And in the meantime you must give me a keepsake."

"SHE CLUNG TO HIM TREMBLING."

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"But I have naught to give you," said Rosamond, with profound gravity.

"You might spare one of these," said Joscelyn, drawing the sunny curls from under the hood. "And now we speak of it, I, too, would have one. Come, Denham, out with your sword; you must be executioner. Steady, Rosamond; I will hold both ends, and he shall not behead you. There! mine shall be placed with Clemency's picture."

"Oh, Joscelyn, show me—do show me her miniature. Dick told me!" cried Rosamond, far more intent on her brother's marriage than on her own possible future.

Arthur Denham wandered off, leaving the brother and sister to an uninterrupted talk about Clemency and all that had passed at Katterham. When he rejoined them he found Joscelyn already persuading the child not to risk a longer stay.

"How long will you be kept prisoner?" she asked, falteringly, as they led her down the steep slope to the gate.

"Till the fortune of war releases me," said Joscelyn. "It may be for weeks or for months or— But when I am free I will come and see you, never fear. Barnaby will house me, doubtless, and bear a message to you. Why, there he is, and Robin too. May I speak with them?"

Arthur Denham gave permission, and tried hard to win a smile or a word of recognition from Rosamond. But she had no thoughts save for Joscelyn, and it was on him that her blue eyes rested with a long wistful gaze as she looked back from her pillion before passing out of sight of the park gate.

"Heyworth," said Arthur, as they went back to the castle, "as surely as you and I climb this hill now together, I have seen my future wife. If I cannot have fair Rosamond, I'll have none other."

"Why, man alive! How can you tell yet?" said Jos-

celyn, smiling. "She is a mere child of twelve—nay, just thirteen."

"What of that? I can wait. And, after all, by the time she is seventeen I shall be but five-and-twenty. By then our unhappy differences may be at an end, and you, perhaps, will be willing to put up with such an alliance."

"Faith, I could wish nothing better for the child," said Joscelyn; "she has always been neglected and harshly treated at home, and an early marriage will be the best hope for her. I only hope this journey to Farnham will not get her into trouble; if it should ever reach my mother's ears, Rosamond will be severely punished."

Arthur looked troubled.

"It was certainly a rash plan," he said. "Yet I cannot regret her attempt. Nothing could more plainly have revealed her character. Think of the courage, the daring, the love, that was needed for it! You are a dangerous rival to me, I fear."

"Well, well!" said Joscelyn, with a sigh. "We talk of love and marriage, you and I, but, ten to one, before the war is over we shall be laid low. Do you remember the look of the battle-field last month at Edgehill, with its thousands of dead?"

"You expect more fighting," said Arthur Denham, "while I have a conviction that this cannot last long; the peace we ardently desire will surely soon come. My lord Falkland is for peace, and so are most of the best men on our side. Yet the best on your side, such as Mr. Hampden, seem ever for war. I don't understand the reason of that."

Joscelyn was about to reply, but he checked himself, feeling with Arthur, as he did with Dick, that discussion was better avoided, and being well assured that they were each convinced they were fighting for the right.

"There is a fine thought in your kinsman's play which he lent me yesternight to read," he observed.

"What! in the 'Sophy?'" said Arthur. "There are some fine passages in it, though methinks the father's harsh treatment of the son is unnatural."

"I don't know that," said Joscelyn, bitterly. "Recollect that he was a Mohammedan, a Turk of by-gone and more cruel times. There be Christian fathers not over-tender."

"But what was the line you speak of?" said Arthur, regretting his inconsiderate speech.

"'Tis spoken by one of the good courtiers entreating the King to pause before condemning his son:

"'Till time produce her wonted offspring Truth.'"

"Have you finished the play?" asked Denham. "If not, let us go in now and read together in the long gallery; or, better still, let us persuade the governor to read it to us himself to-night; that will save us from having out the cards. I wish he were less of a gamester. Will and I shall be as poor as church mice if this garrison life goes on much longer, for he detests our playing for low stakes."

"You should turn Puritan," said Joscelyn, with a smile. "In Mr. Hampden's regiment no unlawful games were allowed, and a soldier caught swearing was bound to pay his twelvepence, and for drunkenness they were set in the stocks; as for the officers, they were men who had never been heard to swear at all, save in a court of justice. At first it was hard work to rein in one's tongue, I can tell you. But truly his regiment was worth far more when it came to fighting than those where the discipline was less strict."

"I would there were more of such discipline among us," said Arthur. "But 'tis hard to keep to moderation. Our side tends to lust and license, and yours, methinks, to narrowness and fanaticism. Maybe from the conflict betwixt

us will spring that truth and temperance which you and I both desire. Here comes the governor. Let us ask him about the 'Sophy.'"

Sir John Denham was pacing the terrace in front of the castle; his good-natured eyes scanned the two young men from head to foot as they approached.

"Well, Mr. Heyworth," he exclaimed, in his hearty voice, "I am glad to see you in better case to-day; methought yesternight you somewhat resembled my hero the prince, who could

"'As well endure a prison, as a wild bull the net.'"

"We were but now speaking of the 'Sophy,' sir, and were about to entreat you to read us the fifth act to-night, if you would be so good."

"The fifth act is not the best," said the poet, candidly. "Yet it opens with a passage on happiness which you might well lay to heart. How say you, gentlemen, if we keep our Christmas here, why should we not act the play in the hall? I dare swear that Mr. Heyworth, though a Parliamentarian, is no precisian following in the steps of Prynne, the crop-eared attacker of the drama. Let us cast the parts; 'twill pass the time, which, to tell the truth, goes devilish slow both to freemen and prisoners."

This plan occupied them harmoniously enough during the following week; and Joscelyn, who had been chosen as the representative of the prince, always connected the 'Sophy' with those long days of imprisonment, with their terrible craving for freedom, their sense of helplessness and lost time, their sickening anxiety for news.

CHAPTER XVI

The first thing you have to see to in becoming soldiers is that you make yourselves wholly true. Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinarily well-born youths, but neither truth nor gentleness is matter of course.—RUSKIN.

ONE bright frosty morning the prisoner was pacing dejectedly to and fro on the terrace, watching the sparrows flying happily in and out to their nests in the castle porch, and from time to time looking at the two sundials fixed on the side of the entrance-tower. The one near to the window of his bedchamber bore the motto "*Pretereunt*" (they pass by); that above the doorway bore the word "*Imputantur*" (they are reckoned to us). He thought drearily of the slow passage of time, remembering with indescribable wretchedness that this was but the first day of December, and that his arrest had taken place on the 20th of the previous month. If ten days seemed so intolerably long, what would months or years of imprisonment be like? And in what way could these tedious hours of imprisonment be imputed — be reckoned to him? How was he serving the country by dragging through a weary time of inaction in Farnham Castle? Was it that only in this particular way his character could be trained, his powers of patience and endurance and self-control developed? Was his friendship with the Denhams needful in some far-distant period of life? Could it possibly bring good to those who should come after? He was musing over these dim possibilities when the sound of approaching horsemen roused him. Looking down from the lofty terrace, he could see the whole length

of Castle Street, and his heart began to throb wildly when he caught sight of the blue banner of the Parliament heading a goodly column of steel-capped cavalry, whose glittering armor and orange ribbons made a glowing streak in the wide road between the red-tiled houses.

Instantly the garrison of the castle was all astir. Sir John Denham, who had not in the least expected an attack, and was far more of a poet than a soldier, gave hurried orders as to the defence of the gate-house.

"The rebels have no ordnance," he observed to Arthur; "never fear but we shall be able to withstand them. A hundred men within walls such as these are surely a match for a crew of beggarly Roundheads." Then catching sight of Joscelyn, who stood close by: "Your pardon, Captain Heyworth; I had not observed you; and, as you know, I have always maintained that your 'valor deserved a better fortune,' like the captive bashaws. However, since you have irrevocably cast in your lot with the King's enemies, I will ask you now to retire to your room, and there to await what comes to pass."

It was hard to turn tamely into the castle, and impossible to wait patiently. Joscelyn rushed up the winding staircase, and, with what Arthur Denham would have called his "bull-in-the-net" expression, flung wide the windows of the inner room, letting in the sharp exhilarating air. The room was in the angle of the tower, and commanded from one side a view of the town, from the other a view of the gate-house. Joscelyn, looking eagerly forth, could see the glittering pikes and helmets of the Parliamentarians, and when the bugle was sounded and the summons made, his excitement became intense. At first he had no idea whose troop it could be, but presently he caught the name which was being passed from one to another of the men-at-arms just below the window—"Waller," "Sir William Waller!" Then in-

deed his spirits rose. Want of ordnance would not hinder one so resolute and skilful as the conqueror of Portsmouth, and he wondered at Sir John Denham's scornful speech and rash confidence. Meanwhile it had apparently been recognized by the Royalists that the gate-house was weak, for dozens of men were hurrying to and fro, bringing logs and planks and every conceivable obstacle they could lay hands on, till a great pile was made against the gate to strengthen it from within. Scarcely, however, was this completed, when Joscelyn, keenly watching the proceedings, was startled by a sudden flash of light, quickly followed by a violent explosion. Sir William Waller had fastened a petard to the castle gate, and instantly it was broken to pieces, so that had it not been for the great pile of wood which the besieged had just placed against it, the Parliamentarians would at once have entered. As it was, they had to remove this barrier, during which a few shots were exchanged, and one of the Parliamentary officers fell mortally wounded. He had been the first to scale the barrier, and lay face downward in the dust, the soldiers being far too busy in clearing the road to pay any heed to him, till all was ready for the onward rush of the besiegers; then he was dragged aside, and apparently being recognized as a person of distinction, some one came to his aid. In the meantime the governor and the whole of the garrison had retired into the castle, and before long it was agreed that they should yield upon quarter. The defence had been slight and bad, and Sir John, who would have fought bravely enough, but was lacking in all that was essential to the governor of a fortress, looked greatly depressed and crestfallen. Waller had, it is true, been very nearly killed by one of his own men in a narrow passage after he had entered the castle, but he had just escaped, to the intense joy and relief of the Parliamentarians.

Meanwhile in his room in the tower Joscelyn suddenly realized that he was free to come and go as he liked, that he was no longer bound to obey Sir John's directions, but could go down below and see what was passing. With an indescribable sense of relief, he threw open his door and hurried down the stairs, making his way with all speed to the banqueting-hall, through the crowd of soldiers who thronged the broad entrance-passage.

Beside the hearth, talking to Sir John Denham, stood a dark-eyed, alert-looking officer, whose brisk yet courteous manner and quietly humorous expression somehow reminded Joscelyn of Sir Robert Neal. Sir William Waller was of course many years younger, being at this time about five-and-forty, but the slight likeness to Clemency's grandfather at once attracted Joscelyn to him, and he felt confident that he should be happy under his new commander.

"Well, Mr. Heyworth," said Sir John, "the tables are turned, you see, and, lo! I am your prisoner. Thus 'the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.' This, Sir William, is my sometime prisoner, captured on the highway ten days since, as he was bearing despatches to you."

Sir William's brow clouded, and he greeted Joscelyn with a marked coldness and reserve. Arthur Denham, who was standing close by, looked on in amazement, and clearly Joscelyn felt the rebuff very keenly, for he crimsoned to the roots of his hair. Waller looked at him for a few moments in silence.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Heyworth," he said, "and of the despatches which you were to have delivered to me—despatches received by you from Mr. Pym, and known to be of special importance. I understand that in the neighborhood of your home you allowed yourself to fall into the hands of your father's troop, that family feeling got the better of your sense of duty, and that you surrendered the de-

spatches to our enemies. It rests now with you to clear yourself of a charge of the worst form of treachery."

At the word treachery Joscelyn's eyes flashed with a dangerous light. "If," he said, in a voice which trembled with suppressed anger, "those of my own party distrust me and deem me a traitor, my assurance will carry little weight. I will ask my honorable foes to tell truthfully what passed on the 20th of last month."

"Great God!" broke in Arthur, impetuously. "Is it treacherous, sir, to fight when others fly, to refuse to yield on quarter, to struggle single-handed against many, to be struck down and stunned, robbed while but half conscious of despatches, and dragged through the town a prisoner bound to the stirrup-leathers of the Royalist troop? Do you deem it treachery to resist threats and bribes when urged by all to explain the cipher? Is he to be called a traitor now by you, sir, who, standing a few days since in that very place, was called traitor and recreant, made to endure moral torture, cursed and disowned by his father?"

Waller listened attentively to this outburst; it was impossible to read his face. He turned to Sir John and asked for his version of the story, and the ex-governor, in a quiet fashion, with here and there a touch of wit or a veiled sarcasm, briefly related what had happened.

"And now, gentlemen," he added, "to settle all disputes, let me hand over to Sir William these much-talked-of despatches, which I presume he is as unable to read as I am myself till Captain Heyworth explains the cipher."

Joscelyn would hardly have been human had he not felt a momentary sense of triumph. He thought he detected a latent gleam of amusement in Sir William Waller's astute face as he beckoned him aside and asked him for the key. Having furnished this, he withdrew again to the hearth, and

stood talking in a low voice to Arthur Denham until Waller once more rejoined them.

"Mr. Heyworth," he said, offering his hand, "I ask your pardon. I have greatly misjudged you, and have been misled by your former comrade, Mr. Original Smith. 'Tis much against my practice to make tale-bearers by listening to misreports, and though the man's story seemed coherent enough, I blame myself for too easily giving him credence. There may be a slander in hearing and listening as well as in speaking."

Turning to an officer who stood near, he desired him to summon Original Smith, and erelong the ex-tutor appeared, glancing quickly from one to the other of the group near the fire, and with much shrewdness instantly grasping the situation.

"Your tale, Mr. Smith, does not tally with facts," said Sir William, with much sharpness of manner. "You seem to have leaped hastily to the conclusion that Mr. Heyworth intended to betray his trust, and though your former comrade will not breathe a word against you, and has not himself told me of your proceedings, I gather from others that your chief thought was to save yourself, and that you ran off without striking a single blow. Was it not so, Mr. Heyworth?"

The sight of Original Sin Smith's cropped head and priggish face had instantly awakened in Joscelyn the old sense of repulsion, but, conscious of his own prejudice, he tried hard to be just.

"The word had been given, sir," he replied, "to escape to the Holt Forest, for we were greatly outnumbered, and it seemed the sole chance of saving the despatches. When my horse fell beneath me the other men instinctively made a stand against the enemy, but Mr. Smith was doubtless within his rights in escaping to the forest, and in a moment of

panic many would have done as he did. I confess it seems to me that he had no call to cast so vile an imputation on my honor."

"I have greatly erred," said Original Sin, "and I humbly crave your forgiveness, Mr. Heyworth. Believe me 'twas naught but a mistake."

"Well, well, let by-gones be by-gones, gentlemen," said Sir William. "The important point is that through Captain Heyworth's faithfulness we have been able to secure this important castle with extraordinarily small loss of life. Had he consented to read this missive when pressed to do so, Sir John Denham would have known that the Close Committee counselled a speedy assault, and would doubtless have made great preparations to receive us."

"Sir," said Joscelyn, "there is one thing I would beg of you, and that is that Sir John, Mr. Denham, and the other prisoners be treated with as much courtesy and kindness as I by them have been treated."

"'Tis well spoken," said Sir William. "And in truth 'tis my constant endeavor to express all the civilities I can to those of the adverse party. For are there not good men on both sides? and those so divided that, like parallel lines (the both right and straight), they cannot be brought to meet."

This simile lingered ever after in the minds of Joscelyn Heyworth and Arthur Denham. They parted regretfully enough, having formed one of those rare and stimulating friendships which can sometimes exist between those most opposed to each other. We may go through life in two ways, either as lovers of uniformity, jealously shrinking from all that offends our taste and shocks our views of truth, or as lovers of unity holding fast through evil report and good report to that love of humanity—that great reality of brotherhood—which will outlast all differences in religion and in politics.

CHAPTER XVII

Ah, Life, that dost begin so fair,
With eager heart and tender kiss
And strokings of love's golden hair,
That thou shouldst come to this—
This—that a broken man should watch
And pray for just one day—one more—
While Death is trifling with the latch
And fumbling at the door.
—NORMAN R. GALE.

THE prisoners were sent early the next day to London, and Joscelyn entered upon his new duties; he was promoted to a captaincy in Sir William Waller's regiment, the relations between them proving specially cordial on account of their mutual friendship for Hampden, and also perhaps on account of the brief misunderstanding, which Waller greatly regretted. As for Original Sin, he played the rôle of penitent most creditably, and Joscelyn with ready generosity quickly forgave, stifling the doubts which now and then rose in his mind with the remembrance that his comrade had been known and apparently trusted all his life by a man as shrewd and wary as Sir Robert Neal.

There was much to be done in forming the garrison, and Original, who showed no very keen desire for active fighting, proved very useful as a clerk to the newly appointed governor of the castle, George Wither, the poet, who, strangely enough, succeeded his rival, Sir John Denham.

One evening, just as the officers had met together in the hall for supper, the whole castle was roused by the most unearthly sound of howling and piteous wailing.

"Some banshee must surely haunt the place," said Joscelyn.

"The ghost of poor Colonel Fane," suggested a young officer, and all present thought of the unburied corpse of the son of the Earl of Westmoreland lying at that moment in the castle, the one victim of the siege, who had just succumbed to the wound in the cheek which Joscelyn had seen him receive during the capture of the gate-house.

"Vain, popish superstitions," muttered Original Sin. "Scripture saith that dead men sleep in their graves till the last trump."

"On the contrary," said Sir William, "I think you will find that Scripture saith the spirits of just men made perfect are with God, the great judge of all, and that they compass us about, forming a great cloud of witnesses."

"Scripture also saith, 'Thou fool, thou sowest not that body that shall be,'" observed Joscelyn in a low voice, for Original Sin's ghastly view of the actual living self sleeping in the mould was in the last degree repulsive to him.

"My worthy friends," said Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, bluntly, "'tis no banshee, but a dog, that makes this pitiful howling. A hound baying the moon, belike."

Sir William smiled a little at the abrupt turn given to the talk, and bade one of the men go without and inquire into the matter. Meanwhile, Original Sin returned to his argument about the resurrection, and the talk waxed eager again, till it was suddenly checked by an exclamation from Joscelyn.

"'Tis Cymro!" he cried, and started back from the table with a look of amazement and distress; "'tis our dog at Shortell Manor. Something must be wrong, or surely he would never have found his way here."

The tawny collie called forth many a word of praise from the officers, and it was touching to see his rapture of de-

light at finding his master. This, however, soon gave way to low whines of distress; he darted back towards the doorway, then returned to Joscelyn, laid his fore-paw on his knee, licked his face, whined, and gazed at him with eyes full of real tears, as if well-nigh broken-hearted that his master could not understand his language.

"I am certain there is something the matter at home," said Joscelyn, in great agitation. "I never saw Cymro in such distress."

"Were anything amiss they would have sent some messenger," said Sir William. "Was no one at the gate with the dog?"

"No one, sir," said the man who had gone forth before. "They say the dog has been there this half-hour, whining and scratching, and at length howling for admittance."

"'Tis little likely that any messenger would be sent," said Joscelyn; "they no longer own me."

"To-morrow you can send your servant over to inquire," said Sir William. "And now, gentlemen, I will bid you good-night. I shall be glad of your services, Captain Heyworth, in my study."

"'Tis strange," he observed, as Joscelyn set down the lamp he had carried from the hall on the crowded table of the general's private room. "The dog certainly seems much disturbed. Do you know of any member of your family being ill?"

"No, sir," said Joscelyn. "Yet I am much afraid it is for my little sister that the dog seeks help," and he related to Sir William the story of Rosamond's visit to Farnham on the morning of the 24th.

The general listened in silence.

"Poor child!" he said, when Joscelyn paused; "she is one of those to whom this war must bring bitter suffering. Why should you not ride over yourself early on the morrow

and make inquiries of this gate-keeper who is still attached to you?"

Joscelyn thanked him for the permission, and an hour later, when his work was done, went slowly up to his room in the tower, oppressed with miserable forebodings, and only wishing that the night was over. Cymro, with an air of piteous depression, stretched himself at the foot of the bed, and before long, Joscelyn, weary with a hard day's labor, had fallen asleep. He slept, however, but a few minutes, and woke with a horrible start, springing to his feet at the sound of an imaginary bugle, and at a summons, whether real or imaginary he could not tell, which had spoken clearly to him the words, "You are wanted at home."

With trembling hands he felt for the tinder-box and struck a light, almost expecting to see a messenger beside his bed. But there was no one; only Cymro started up and began to utter short barks, as if delighted to see him roused.

"Hush! Down! Quiet!" he said, remembering that it was night, and that most of the garrison slept.

"Would to God it were morning!" he exclaimed to himself, as he extinguished the light and once more lay down.

"Be quiet, Cymro!" as again the dog began to howl in the most heart-rending way. "Come here! Good dog! Don't rouse the whole castle!"

He patted the soft silky head and fondled the long ears, gradually soothing the collie into quiet, and talking to him almost as if he were a child. But his words grew gradually dreamy and confused, and before long he was fast asleep.

Both dog and master indeed slept, and apparently they both had a dream, for Cymro's sleep seemed as much agitated and disturbed as the sleep of the young officer.

Joscelyn dreamed that he was standing in Rosamond's

room at the manor; about the bed he saw his mother, Isabella, the chaplain in his surplice, and the cross-looking old nurse-keeper who had ruled them all in childhood with a rod of iron. Something seemed to be holding him back, but with a desperate struggle he freed himself so that he could put the watchers aside and see Rosamond. She was moaning and wailing and begging him to come to her; he saw by the look on her face that she was dying, and he held out his arms to her and struggled to reach her, but could not. Then the whole scene seemed to vanish, and he was without in a dark place, but the piteous cry of "Joscelyn! Joscelyn! O God, send Joscelyn!" still rang in his ears. Yet more and more the darkness seemed to baffle and check him, to rise up like an impassable barrier shutting him out from the dying child. As he struggled in agony, it seemed to him that in the darkness strong arms clasped him and a voice said to him clearly, "Rise and go home! Rise and go home!" He once more sprang from the bed, and the action woke him. Cymro bounded up and began to lick his feet, to thud the floor with his tail, to utter low sounds of intense relief and pleasure. And now Joscelyn hesitated no longer; he was convinced that not a moment must be lost. Hastily lighting a candle, throwing on his clothes, and drawing on his long riding-boots, he went to one of the adjoining rooms in which Sir William Waller slept. He was relieved to find that the general was awake; a lamp still burned by the side of the bed, and Sir William, who was somewhat fond of turning night into day, lay comfortably reading a small volume of Plato. He listened with interest to Joscelyn's story.

"You can go at once," he said. "I only stipulate for two things—that you go fully armed and attended by your servant, and that you return on the morrow."

Joscelyn waited but to thank him, and then hurried off to

"HE ENCOUNTERED MORRISON HIMSELF FULLY DRESSED."

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get his helmet and corselet and to summon Morrison. He was chafing at the thought of the delay which would be caused by rousing his man, when, to his relief and astonishment, as he mounted the winding stair, he encountered Morrison himself fully dressed.

"What!" he cried; "you are up already? How is that?"

"The Lord only knows, sir," said Morrison, rubbing his eyes like a man still half asleep. "I woke up with the feeling strong upon me that I must dress and come down, and gladly enough will I turn back to bed if 'tis a fool's errand I've come on, for 'tis a cruel cold night."

"I was just coming to call you. I have the general's permission to ride over at once to Shortell Manor. Saddle your horse as fast as you can, and I will see to my own to save time."

Giving the password to the guard, they were let out of the castle, and after some little delay in the stables, rode out through the gate-house, which was now in process of restoration. Joscelyn was astonished to learn from the warder that it was but little after midnight, and realized that his sleep must have been of the briefest, though his dream in its misery had seemed long. The night was clear and frosty, so that they were able to push on rapidly, owing to the hardness of the roads, and yet how terribly long the ride seemed to him! how interminable the forest! how eagerly he strained his eyes for the first glimpse of the church-tower! At length they reached it, and glancing towards the white gravestones and the lime-tree avenue leading to the porch, he remembered the Sunday evening when he had listened to the psalm which told of the swelling clouds and darkness that for a time veiled the ever-dwelling right and justice of God. The darkness seemed to surge round him when he thought of Rosamond in some strange need, some great danger, though his vigorous nat-

ure was not one to be baffled by perplexed questionings; in his pain he held fast to the One he was trying to serve. His heart nevertheless gave a great bound of alarm when he saw that a light was burning in Barnaby's lodge, and that as they rode up the door was flung wide open and the old man came hurrying out to the gate.

"What is amiss with her?" asked Joscelyn, hoarsely.

"Good Lord, sir," said Barnaby, in astonishment, "is it you? I had thought 'twas the doctor from Alton."

"Speak!" said Joscelyn, laying his hand imploringly on the old man's shoulder, and hardly able to endure his slow words. "How is she? What ails her?"

"Whether cold or fretting I can't justly say, but she be sick of a fever," said Barnaby. "Coming back from Farnham that market-day, as ill-luck would have it, we were spied by my lady, who returned sooner than expected; and though I would have told fifty lies to save the poor little maid, Miss Rosamond would have none of it, but owned up as brave as could be when questioned. I know they kept her on bread and water for the next three days, and that old Kezia was ordered to give her a sound whipping into the bargain; and belike she took a chill in Farnham Park waiting for you."

With a stifled exclamation of wrath and grief, Joscelyn drew up his reins and urged his horse on at a gallop. Barnaby's words had almost maddened him; the thought of the little delicate girl beaten for him, starved for him, dying now through her loving effort to save him, wrung his heart with an intolerable torture.

Dismounting at the door of the manor, he flung his bridle without a word to Morrison and strode up the steps. Here too, as at the lodge, he was mistaken for the doctor, and the two serving-men hurried forward to usher him in. At the farther end of the hall, leaning on his stick, stood Sir

Thomas himself, with a face full of sadness and anxiety, with eyes soft and wistful, hardly like the same man who had cursed his son at Farnham Castle.

Joscelyn had no room for thought of the past or of himself.

"Father," he cried, "how is she? Am I in time to see her?"

Removing his steel cap, he crossed the hall, but Sir Thomas started back as though he had seen a ghost; then suddenly realizing the audacity of his son's return, the demon of pride drove back all thoughts of Rosamond, all tender feelings. The angry color mounted to his brow.

"You cursed rebel!" he cried. "How dare you set foot in my house? I have disowned you. Get you hence!"

"Rosamond has not disowned me and I am hers, and I will see her," said Joscelyn, defiantly. "No one on earth shall hinder me." He strode towards the staircase.

"Seize him," cried Sir Thomas, beckoning to the servants. "Thrust him out. You dogs, do you hesitate? Seize him this instant! Were I not helpless with gout I myself would do it."

The two serving-men, afraid to show any more reluctance, came hastily forward, but Joscelyn suddenly dashed down the three steps he had ascended, and before Sir Thomas could so much as frame a sentence both lackeys had measured their length on the floor, and the victor was striding up the oak staircase, filled with a fiery strength which seemed capable of subduing everything. As he approached the room which he had once shared with Dick, Cymro, who had disappeared on their arrival, bounded out to greet him; he perceived that the door which led through this room to Rosamond's bedchamber was standing ajar; he could see lights and hear voices.

"Joscelyn! Joscelyn!" cried the voice he had heard in his dream. "O God, send Joscelyn!"

"My child," said the chaplain, "your time is short; it were fitting that you thought of your sins and asked God to have mercy on your soul. Then I can give you the blessed sacrament."

"I will not take it without Joscelyn! I do not care about my soul," moaned Rosamond.

"Child! child!" said her mother, weeping bitterly; "you know not what you say. Your brother cannot come here. An outcast, a rebel — how is it possible? He is lost to us and to—"

She was checked by feeling a touch on her arm, and looking round, she saw Joscelyn beside her. The amazement, the shrinking horror in her face wounded him sorely. Isabella, too, started back at his approach as though he had been a leper. He passed on, just conscious of the stern glance of the chaplain from the other side of the bed, yet with all personal resentment fading fast before the one absorbing thought of the dying child's wish. Her eyes were closed. He took the little thin fingers which were clutching nervously at the coverlet in his strong grasp.

"God has sent me, Rosamond," he said, his voice faltering a little as it fell upon the deathly stillness of the room.

The child opened her eyes, a lovely smile lighting up her face. "You are free?" she cried.

"Yes, free, and in time to save you," he said, folding her in his arms and kissing her tenderly.

For a while she lay in silent content; then just glancing towards the chaplain, she said, softly: "I am sorry I did not trust God. Let me have the blessed sacrament now."

Sir Thomas, limping at that moment into the room, heard her request. He looked strangely towards the disarmed man holding the dying child so lovingly, and remembered how but a few minutes before with fiery strength Joscelyn had dashed aside those who would have checked his en-

"'YOU CURSED REBEL! HOW DARE YOU SET FOOT IN MY HOUSE?'"
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trance. He listened with a dream-like feeling to what was passing.

"I can scarcely administer the holy communion while your brother is present," said the chaplain, doubtfully. "You have seen him, my dear; now let him go, for it is not seemly that he should be here, when none of his family are in charity with him."

"No, no," cried Rosamond; "I love him. I will not let him go."

"Do not grieve the poor child, sir," said Joscelyn. "As for the rest of my family, they have disowned me, I am naught to them; therefore my presence cannot disturb them. Perchance there is no call for any special charity towards strangers and foes, and, at any rate, they hate me no worse than they hate others of my way of thinking."

The extreme bitterness of his tone showed how far he was from accepting in truth the position of stranger and alien. The chaplain looked troubled, but it was no time for arguments, and all lesser questions were overshadowed by his desire to administer to Rosamond her first and last communion. Preparations had already been made for the service, and now he dared hesitate no longer, but hurrying through the short epistle and gospel, read with a trembling voice the exhortation to all those who were in love and charity with their neighbors to take this holy sacrament to their comfort, while feeling in his heart how very hard it was to ignore the figure kneeling beside the pillow and supporting the sick child, even though he had represented himself to be of no account whatever. Rosamond seemed to gather strength as the service proceeded, joining very earnestly in the prayers, and following every detail with close attention. The chaplain began positively to tremble as he approached the trying moment. He administered the bread to Sir Thomas and Lady Heyworth, to Isabella, to

old Kezia, who knelt almost at Joscelyn's elbow, then he turned, and ignoring the outcast with an effort, passed around to the other side of the bed, and with a voice that shook with suppressed emotion repeated the words to Rosamond. She received the bread in her little worn hand, deliberately broke it in two, and herself held one of the pieces to Joscelyn. He took it, and a sort of stir—a movement of horror—was heard in the room. But he was past being hurt by that; all bitterness seemed to have died out of his heart when the child's hand with the gift within it had been raised to his lips. As for the chaplain, his voice grew strangely husky, and the next time, much to the surprise of all, he did not pass over the disowned son, but himself held the chalice to his lips—an act for which he was afterwards much blamed, but which he never regretted.

When the blessing had been spoken they one by one drew near and kissed the child, but nobody dared to suggest that any save Joscelyn should hold her, and when she spoke they held their breath to listen; for Rosamond, who had been of so little account to them during life, had now all at once become precious.

"Oh, Joscelyn," she sighed, "I am so dreadfully tired."

"That is what you said to me in the park; do you remember?" he answered. "And when you had eaten you were better. What could you eat now?"

"I could drink a bowl of milk," said Rosamond.

"No, my dear, no," began old Kezia, shaking her head. "A fever must be starved; so I've always been told."

"Fetch some milk," said Joscelyn, as if he had been commanding a troop. And the old nurse went meekly off to fulfil the order, marvelling at the change that had come over her former charge.

Against all known rules, Rosamond had the milk, and soon after her eyelids gently closed, and she lay breathing

so softly that they scarcely knew whether she did still breathe. Half an hour later, when the doctor from Alton arrived, they almost thought he had come too late. He was an old man who had had much experience, and was blessed with more than the usual share of common-sense. He bent low over the child, his wrinkled fingers on her little white wrist, his keen but kindly eyes scanning her intently.

"Lay her down gently," he said to Joscelyn. Then seeing that his meaning had been misunderstood, he added, "Nay, she is not dead, but in a sound sleep—a sleep that will probably save her."

The sudden reaction was overpowering, and as Joscelyn obeyed the doctor's orders, and turned away from the bed, a violent trembling-fit seized him. With unsteady steps he passed through the midst of the watchers, and, reaching his old room, let himself drop onto the window-seat, more utterly spent than he had been on the night of Edgehill. He did not know whether minutes or hours passed before the doctor walked through the door in conversation with the chaplain.

"Well," he heard the old man say, "I will rest in your chamber, as you suggest, sir, and see her again in the morning. I have great hopes for her—great hopes."

Their voices died away in the distance. Then his mother and Isabella came in, followed slowly by Sir Thomas, who closed Rosamond's door with elaborate carefulness behind him. Controlling himself with an effort, Joscelyn rose and went towards Lady Heyworth.

"Mother," he said, pleadingly, "will you not at least bid me farewell?"

But she shrank back, hiding her face in her handkerchief, and weeping bitterly. "How can I bid you fare well in your rebellion?" she sobbed. "I cannot be disloyal to my Church and my King."

Sir Thomas, watching intently, saw the grieved look of disappointed hope in Joscelyn's face, and felt a curious stirring of the heart, as, spite of the rebuff, the son bent low and kissed his mother's hand.

"I hear you are to be married," said Joscelyn, approaching Isabella, and offering to salute her. "I wish you happiness."

Isabella drew back with a gesture of contempt.

"I would as lief kiss a murderer!" she protested.

He flushed painfully, and, turning away, fastened on his corselet and sword, and went towards the door. As he opened it, however, Cymro, seeing him on the point of departure, sprang up, and with low moans of distress began to fawn upon him. He bent down, giving the faithful hound a great hug, and letting him lick his face. "Guard her, Cymro!" he said. "Guard her!" And the dog, as if he understood all, went obediently and stretched himself on the mat by Rosamond's door. Then with never a glance towards his father, Joscelyn went out.

The pride in the old baronet's heart had, however, been almost conquered. He thought of the little suffering child, and of the sacrament she had forced them to share, he grieved over the rebuffs Joscelyn had received from the others, and his strong sense of justice made him regret Isabella's bitter taunt. Was it to be wondered at that Joscelyn had not ventured even to offer him a farewell word? Yet his silence cut him to the heart. He limped painfully out into the corridor, and called to him to come back.

"You bade the others farewell," he said. "Why had you no word for me?"

Never, perhaps, had a more unreasonable reproach been uttered, a more inconsistent sentence framed, by one who had disowned and cursed his son. But Joscelyn blessed

the inconsistency, recognizing the irritable yet most deeply loving heart of the father he had loved all his life. He had bent low to salute his mother, but it was literally on his knees that he kissed his father's outstretched hand.

"Farewell, father," he said, falteringly.

"God be with you, my son," said Sir Thomas.

And not another word passed between them, only as the old man felt hot tears falling on his right hand, he placed the other hand on his son's bent head. And Joscelyn understood that the curse was revoked.

CHAPTER XVIII

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum.
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick-alarming drum—
Saying, 'Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted,' said the quick-alarming drum.
—BRET HARTE.

NOT a little comforted by the doctor's cheering words about Rosamond and by his father's wholly unexpected kindness, Joscelyn rode back to Farnham Castle in the gray winter's dawn. As he reached the little town the sun was just rising, and recollecting in what a misery of suspense he had last traversed West Street, he forgot his present weariness, forgot that he was cold and hungry, and worn with sorrow and want of sleep, his eager hopeful nature basking in the happy sense of relief and hope, just as his stiff limbs basked in the sunshine. At the castle he found small prospect of rest. Fresh troops from London had just arrived, and he learned that Sir William Waller intended to set out that very night for Winchester.

"I have had but two night marches as yet," said Joscelyn to his neighbor at the dining-table, when the plan fell under discussion, "and one of those was the most wretched night you can conceive, struggling on through the Warwickshire lanes in mud that well-nigh made it impossible to drag on the guns."

"Ah, you were in the memorable march to Edgehill!" said Sir William, overhearing the remark. "I had forgotten

you were there. Few but Colonel Hampden could have pushed on in the teeth of such difficulties; and had it not been for his arrival just at the supreme moment, Edgehill might have been a defeat for us. You will have many a night march with me this winter, never fear; but God grant this frost may last, then we shall press on merrily enough. How were the roads yesternight as you rode to Shortell?"

"Hard as iron, sir," said Joscelyn. "We rode there fast enough."

And then, in response to the questions that were launched upon him as to his strange summons by the dog and his curious dreams, he gave an account of what had passed at Shortell. Sir William and one or two of the officers also narrated tales that had come within their knowledge of strange omens or of dreams which came true.

"Such idle superstitions are but the rags and shreds of popery still lingering among us," said Original Sin.

"What?" said Sir William, with his dry, humorous smile. "Would you deny that the patriarchs oft learned the truth in dreams? Were not the Wise Men warned in like manner not to return to Herod, and Joseph bidden to journey to Egypt, and Peter and Paul taught that they should preach to the Gentiles. All of which, you must surely allow, took place before there were popes at Rome?"

"In the times of the Bible all things were different," said Original Sin, in his harsh, dogmatic way. "Now such superstitions are of the devil, and no godly man should consent to be led by such will-o'-the-wisps."

"Your notion of a godly man appears to be one who is guided precisely by the same small ray of light by which you steer your steps," said Joscelyn, with some asperity. "Does it never occur to you that godly people may differ?"

"There is but one truth—Bible truth," said Original Sin,

with decision. "I have grasped it. I hold it. No malignant can fathom it. No carnal man, no half-hearted superstitious lover of vain forms and ceremonies can so much as glimpse it. I live by it. I—"

"Oh!" broke in Joscelyn, impatiently; "if you have a monopoly of the truth, pray keep it to yourself."

"Why do you not ask him if he ran away by it on a certain Lord's day?" said Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, in an undertone.

He was a man who took keen pleasure in quarrels; but Joscelyn was too courteous to act on his suggestion, and availing himself of some interruption, he left the table and went out onto the terrace. As he paced to and fro, his attention was drawn to a group of soldiers who were crowding round some one playing on a rebec. The familiar air, "Sumer is icumen in," made him think of his first evening at the Court-house, when Clemency had looked tearfully forth from the window as the children followed the loaded wain, singing the hay-harvest song to that very tune.

He drew nearer to the musician, when what was his surprise to recognize a well-known retainer who lived upon his uncle's estate at Bletchingley, and who had occasionally tramped over to Shortell at Christmas-time, bearing presents from one household to the other, and generally officiating as leader of the music at a Christmas dance at the manor. Temperance Turner presented a comical appearance that morning, his rusty old cloak serving to veil but not to hide the hump on his back, his huge head made still more noticeable by a steeple-crowned hat, and his humorous mouth turned down at the corners into what he deemed a Puritanical shape. He had begun by playing the "Old Hundredth," and singing it right lustily in his powerful bass. But he quickly found that the Parliamentary troops liked merry tunes as well as other folk, and he had now relapsed into

what Original Sin would certainly have termed an ungodly and profane ballad. When he had ended it Joscelyn tossed him a groat.

"Why, Temperance," he exclaimed, "who would have thought to see you here? Have you joined the good cause?"

"Aye, aye, master," said the hunchback, with a twinkle in his dark eyes. "All for King and Parliament be I, and many's the soldier that trusts me with a message to his home or sends by me a fairing to his lass."

"Who knows whether he be not a spy?" said one of the men.

"Nay," said Joscelyn, "'tis a worthy fellow I have known all my life. I would vouch for his honor as for my own, and will warrant he'll do a good turn for any one of you from sheer good-nature. Come, Temperance, have you brought me no letter?"

The men's suspicions were disarmed by the open way in which Temperance Turner produced two letters from his wallet and by the eager boyish fashion in which the young captain snatched at them, and breaking the seal of one, began to read as he slowly paced back to the terrace.

"A love-letter," said Temperance, winking. "Now who can tell me whether any one of the name of Original Sin Smith be at the castle?"

"You've not brought a love-letter for him, aye?" said one of the men, with a laugh.

"I vow 'tis from a woman," said Temperance, his eyes twinkling, as he took a third letter from his wallet.

"There he be," said one of the soldiers—"yonder long-faced man coming down the steps."

Temperance shuffled forward with a respectful bow.

"No vagabond minstrels should be admitted into this godly garrison," said Original Sin, severely. "How did you gain admittance?"

"So please you, master, I be no vagabond; I be a godly psalm-singer; also a news-bearer and letter-carrier among those well affected to the Parliament."

"I heard you playing a profane ballad but now," said Original. "'Tis not seemly—not seemly."

"Nay, sir, 'twas a spiritual song," protested Temperance, with the most sober face possible; and forthwith he took up his rebec and bow and began dolefully to scrape out at a funereal pace the gay tune of "Sumer is icumen in," which was so strangely metamorphosed that a more musical person than Original Sin might have been deceived. The hunchback then paused and produced the letter once more. "I come but lately from Katterham, at the other side of this county, and a yeoman's wife there gave me a letter to bear to one named Original Sin Smith," he observed.

"Right! 'tis for me," said Original, eagerly, the affected formality fading from his face and manner as he took the letter. All that was good in him seemed to be touched into life by the thought of his old mother at the farm far away. "Wait but to carry back a reply," he said to Temperance, "and I will give you a shilling for your pains, man."

Temperance raised his hat and scraped his foot; then turning towards the terrace, he again approached Joscelyn, who still paced to and fro, engrossed in his letters.

Glancing round as he heard a step behind him, he suddenly confronted the eager and strangely pathetic face of the hunchback. The dark eyes which could twinkle with such humor and fun were full now of a dumb devotion which made him think of the eyes of Cymro. Coming straight back from thoughts of Clemency and dreams of love, Joscelyn felt a pity and a tenderness to this poor fellow which he could not have explained, but which made his manner more than usually kind and winning.

"'NO VAGABOND MINSTRELS SHOULD BE ADMITTED.'"

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"You have been a good friend to me, Temperance," he said. "These letters are worth their weight in gold. Now, can I serve you in any way?"

"Eh, master," said the hunchback, "you can trust me to be your messenger. These many years have I hoped for the chance of showing you my gratitude. For I've not forgot, master; I've not forgot."

"Gratitude!" said Joscelyn, looking perplexed; "for what?"

"Do you not mind, master, how four years ago you saved my lass from dishonor?—how you warned me what Master Jervis was after? Belike you forget, since 'tis countless the ones that he has ruined; but my lass was saved, master, and 'twas your doing. I'll never forget it to you, and if you'll let me be your messenger, why, a right trusty one will I be."

Joscelyn was much moved by the hunchback's sincere devotion. His thoughts went back to a visit which he and Jervis had paid at Bletchingley during his first long vacation, and many forgotten details flashed back into his mind. In truth, though he never realized this, it was in a great degree his disgust at the shameless profligacy and selfishness shown by Jervis during that summer holiday which helped to mould his own character. Even in those old days, when neither of them had thought of actual division, Jervis had not scrupled to taunt him with the name of "Puritan," and undoubtedly he had learned much, in Spartan fashion, from the utter lack of self-control which his elder brother had exhibited. A weaker nature would almost inevitably have been contaminated, but Joscelyn, with his strong will, his pure heart, his active, healthy mind, had come safely through the ordeal. Now, by a strange coincidence, that long-forgotten bit of knight-errantry, which at the time had evoked from Jervis all the

taunts and abuse most galling to the young undergraduate, brought him this first letter from his future wife, and a hope of further communication through the hunchback by no means to be despised.

"I will get you a pass from Sir William Waller," he said; "then you will be able to come and go without so much risk. Tell me how you got these letters?"

"Master Dick came to my cottage early one morning," said Temperance, "and asked me to guide him to Katterham Court-house, and to make some excuse for entering the grounds. We set off together, and he gave me your letter, which I delivered at the house, and later on he had speech with Mistress Coriton, as belike he tells you himself. Next day he and Master Jervis rode away to join Sir Ralph Hopton's army, and I started on the tramp to Guildford, and so here."

"See," said Joscelyn, taking a twenty-shilling piece from his purse, "here is wherewithal to keep you for a while. And if you would serve me, do this: Go at once to the house of Barnaby, the gate-keeper at Shortell, and meet us to-night on the road to Winchester, bringing me news of my sister's welfare. Then stay in those parts a few days, and bring me fresh tidings, after which I will send you back with a letter to Katterham."

Temperance, greatly delighted at the trust reposed in him, promised to do as he was told, and Joscelyn went off to his general, ready to work all the more cheerfully because his heart was ringing with Clemency's loving words and Dick's congratulations. It was not till just before supper that he found a moment's leisure in which to write a few hurried lines to Rosamond.

"Keep up your heart, fair Rosamond," he wrote, "and do your best to recover. Your loving thought of my safety

has not been wasted, but has borne good fruit. Yet that the fruit become not bitter to the taste, have a care of yourself, I beg, and let me know erelong that your pains are ended and your health restored. If you lack aught or find yourself in any strait, send Cymro, and trust me I will come to you, be the way never so difficult. Sir William Waller has kindly writ a letter of protection, which I have sent to Barnaby. It will save Shortell from being harassed by the Parliamentarians, and had best be kept by him at the lodge, in case you should be molested. We march for Winchester this night. I hear by Temperance Turner that Dick has joined Sir R. Hopton's army, and am in some fear that he and I may find ourselves face to face in open fight. Give us your prayers. I cannot forget the grief of one of our soldiers at Edgehill, who died on the field, his wound having—so he told me—been given to him by his brother, who was in the King's army, and from whom he had before received naught but kindness. God grant that such a sorrow may not come to Dick, or to

"Your loving brother,

"JOSCELYN HEYWORTH."

The hunchback was true to his word. As they drew near the appointed meeting-place that evening Joscelyn heard, above the tramp of horses on the frosty road, the welcome sound of the rebec, and the hundredth psalm played as only Temperance could play it. The soldiers caught up the well-known tune, and in the dark night their voices rang out clearly:

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with fear; His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice."

At that moment the hunchback perceived his master;

but the soldiers no longer wanted the rebec to lead them, and sang on as they toiled up the hill, while Joscelyn talked eagerly to the quaint little messenger holding to his stirrup-leather.

"Does she do well?" he asked, hopefully.

"Aye, master, right well," said Temperance. "She wakes only to take food, and then sleeps again like a new-born babe. The doctor says the fever has left her."

"God be thanked," said Joscelyn. "Bear her this letter, Temperance; give it to Barnaby; he will know how best to deliver it. And see you come to me this day sennight at Winchester. Farewell."

Temperance took the letter, and then, drawing his bow across the strings, led off boldly in the last verse of the psalm, in which Joscelyn joined with the other men as they rode up the long ascent:

"For why, the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is forever sure.
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure."

After the psalm was ended, Joscelyn rode for some time in silence, listening to the sound of the rebec growing more and more faint. At last it died utterly away, and nothing was to be heard save the rumbling of the gun-carriages, the slow tramp of the foot regiments, and the sharp ring of the horse-hoofs on the frosty road. Presently, as they passed a stunted oak-tree half-smothered with ivy, a white owl flew hooting by them, making a momentary gleam of brightness in the dim starlight.

"I could envy him his powers of seeing," said Waller. "Yet, though we cannot see as cats and bats and owls do, we can see as saints and angels see. Often has that thought come to me on a dark night."

"JOSCELYN TALKED EAGERLY TO THE QUAINT LITTLE MESSENGER."
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"Yet," said Joscelyn, attracted by the quiet sincerity of the elder man, "in these distracted times 'tis hard to see in that fashion. We fight as conscience bids us, yet see not what the result will be, we see but a step before us."

"True," said Waller, "yet make but each step with the will to serve God and your neighbor, and be sure that in some way 'twill help in making the kingdom of heaven come. And those of our foes who are true men and have a zeal for righteous dealing, why, be sure they too advance the good cause even while appearing to thwart it. I know that the differences in your own family are distressing to you."

"If there had been but one of the rest with me," said Joscelyn, "I could better bear it. If Dick were but with me!"

"Well, well," said Sir William, "perchance this cloud of separation may, like the dark night, remind you more of that spiritual eyesight we spoke on. Be it never so dark outwardly, we can without the help of a candle look, in the sense of our wants, up to God, and find a clear and light-some passage through Christ to the throne of grace. In His light alone do we see light."

"My brothers have joined Sir Ralph Hopton's army,' said Joscelyn, "and may, likely enough, be at Winchester."

"They could not serve under a better man," said Sir William, warmly—"a noble, upright, God-fearing man. I know him well, and have ever held him in high esteem. We were comrades in Germany. As for the siege, I am not without hopes that it may be but brief, and that when summoned the city will yield upon honorable conditions. The castle, oddly enough, chances to be my own inheritance, and loath should I be that the fine old building, and King Arthur's round-table that hangs there, should suffer damage."

By the time the morning had dawned, and the weary men halted to refresh themselves at Alresford, Joscelyn had learned to know and love his new commander. Waller, though without the fascination and the extraordinary power of Hampden, was a man of most sterling qualities. He had served as a volunteer in Germany, fighting in the army of the Protestant princes against the Emperor; and later on, as the member for Andover, he had done good service in Parliament. His moderation, though little to the taste of the extreme men like Original Smith, made him thoroughly congenial to Joscelyn, and while deeply imbued with the best spirit of Puritanism, he was much more free from prejudice than many of the leaders, acting on some questions with the Presbyterians, on others with the party already beginning to be known as Independents. He had gained much from his experience in Germany, and his broad-minded, genial nature, his tact and courtesy, together with a habit which he had of making friends of those who served under him, stood him now in good stead. Joscelyn found him invariably kind and considerate, though when necessity arose he could find fault with considerable sharpness.

CHAPTER XIX

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered: "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant. Come!"
—BRET HARTE.

THE attack upon Winchester began at noon on Tuesday, the 12th of December, and, much to Joscelyn's relief, the city yielded after a siege of little more than two hours. The castle, however, resisted till the following day, when the Royalists sent out to treat with Waller, and Joscelyn and another officer were sent as hostages to them during the parley. He wondered whether by any chance Dick might be in the castle, and, as he entered the beautiful old hall, looked searchingly round the group of officers, meeting on all sides glances of contemptuous scorn from the Cavaliers, who clearly regarded the hostages as base rebels, to whom no sort of courtesy was due. Suddenly a mocking voice fell on his ear.

"I thought as much," exclaimed a young officer, lounging forward from one of the stone window-seats. "Yonder, gentlemen, is my Roundhead brother, crowing over the conquered leaders of the ungodly!"

Turning round, Joscelyn found himself face to face with Jervis, whose spirits did not appear to be much affected by the loss of the city.

"Where is Dick? Hath any harm befallen him? Is he wounded?" asked Joscelyn, anxiously.

"You had better have been solicitous about his safety before joining in the siege," said Jervis, scornfully. "Here, I have a paper that may perchance please you."

With a malicious laugh he handed him a printed pamphlet, entitled "A Puritan Set Forth in His Lively Colors, with Poems on the Roundhead's Character."

Joscelyn read a few lines of the poem:

> "He that would holy seem in all men's sight,
> When as he truly is an hypocrite,
> Would be thought humble and not have decried
> His obstinacy and spiritual pride,
> . . . . . .
> That would be counted blameless from his youth,
> This is a very Roundhead in good truth."

Having glanced at the outrageous libel on Puritan women which followed, he tore the paper to bits, and was about to make a stinging retort, when Dick pushed his way through the throng and eagerly grasped his hand.

"I have been hoping to see you," he exclaimed. "They told us Sir William Waller had taken Farnham Castle, and I knew you must be free."

The two brothers withdrew to a window-seat at the other side of the hall, the noisy group of Cavaliers on one hand, and on the other the old round-table upon the wall, with the names of Arthur's knights. In a hurried fashion Dick heard all that had passed at Farnham, of Rosamond's brave adventure and of that strange night at the manor, while yet more hurriedly Joscelyn heard of Dick's visit to Clemency, and of his prospects under Sir Ralph Hopton. Then—all too soon—the time came for the Royalist officers to leave the place, and the friendly foes sorrowfully parted, the victor looking even more downcast than the vanquished.

On the Thursday morning Joscelyn was awaiting his general's orders, when a trooper rode up in hot haste demanding to see Sir William Waller on an urgent matter. Joscelyn took him into the room where Sir William was transacting business. The message was from Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, to the effect that when Sir Arthur Hazlerigg and his troops had entered the cathedral, which for want of space elsewhere had been assigned to them as barracks, the mob had entered with them and threatened to wreck the whole place, the soldiers becoming utterly demoralized, and the intended search for treasure becoming the wildest orgie.

Waller instantly hurried forth, and, mounting his horse, rode as fast as possible to the cathedral, attended by Joscelyn and two or three more officers. Entering by the central door at the west end, they found the whole church in confusion. The soldiers, partly actuated by blind zeal, but to a great extent governed only by the spirit of wanton destruction, which almost always seeks some outlet in the first keen excitement of taking a city, had fallen furiously upon the statues and ornaments of the cathedral, while all the roughs in the place had poured in through the doors to join in the frolic, not without hope of finding spoil. When, however, they found that the plate had been previously removed, and that the chests which they had expected to be full of booty contained nothing but bones, they snatched up these, and in sheer mad mischief hurled them at the beautiful stained-glass windows in the choir. Joscelyn's first thought was of William of Wykeham's tomb. Fighting a passage through the crowd in the nave, he made his way to the well-known chantry, where a desperate struggle was going on. Already, apparently, some of the statues within had been dragged to the ground and shattered to pieces, but the effigy of the founder of the college was still un-

harmed, and the Parliamentary Colonel Fiennes, himself a Wykehamist, was making a gallant effort to save it from destruction. Mindful of his own school-days, Joscelyn rushed to the rescue, the attackers were driven back, and he stood side by side with Colonel Fiennes guarding the door of the chantry with drawn sword, and watching distastefully enough the havoc that was going on all around.

With much difficulty Waller contrived to exclude the mob, after which the soldiers became more manageable, and before long, being really in need of food and rest, they began to make preparations for the night, and the confusion ceased. The cathedral afforded too convenient a resting-place to escape use as sleeping-quarters for the men, but the officers received orders not to permit the defilement of the place, which had so outraged all people of any refinement during the autumn occupation of Worcester Cathedral by some of Essex's troops. Still, there was much that jarred upon one of Joscelyn's temperament and training. He was without his father's intense feeling of reverence for outward things; he cared very little for forms and ceremonies, and would have worshipped just as contentedly in an unconsecrated as in a consecrated building. But there was a certain sense of the fitness of things, a certain love of having all things done decently and in order that was strongly ingrained in his nature, so that it hurt him grievously to see the soldiers carrying off the rails for fuel, and piling up provisions on the communion-table, not because he thought the act wrong, but because it offended his good taste, just as in the days of his childhood, when the communion-table had stood in the centre aisle of the church at Shortell, he had disliked to see the greasy hats of the villagers thrown upon it.

When the short winter day closed in he volunteered to be one of the additional officers who were to sleep in the cathedral in case of further outrages, Colonel Nathaniel

Fiennes having undertaken to guard the college buildings. Waller, as he bade him good-night, noticed his downcast look, and lingered a minute; he had much in common with Joscelyn, being a man with a quite unusual love of the beautiful—fond of music, fond of pictures.

"The church itself is unharmed," he said, "and we were in time to stop some of the worst outrages. As for those statues of saints, which escaped in the time of the Reformation, I have no power to prevent the men from destroying them. You know Parliament approves their demolition, and will belike erelong issue an order expressly commanding the pulling down of all market crosses and the destruction of images, for they find that many of the ignorant folk still continue to bow down to them, contrary to God's command. In this matter we must ignore our personal likings, and fold them up in the obedience of a soldier."

"I am glad at least that the tomb of William of Wykeham is unharmed," said Joscelyn. And many thoughts surged through his mind as one of Waller's chaplains gave out the evening psalm, and through the great cathedral there rang the manly voices of the Puritan soldiers in—

"Oh, come and let us now rejoice,
And sing unto the Lord."

There was something cheering to him, something that took him out of the limited view of the present, in the familiar verses:

"His people doth He not forsake
At any time or tide,
And in His hands are all the coasts
Of all the world so wide.

"And with His loving countenance
He looketh everywhere,
And doth behold the tops of all
The mountains far and near.

"Oh, come, therefore, and worship Him,
And down before Him fall,
And let us kneel before the Lord,
The which hath made us all."

Then for some minutes perfect silence reigned in the cathedral, while every soldier knelt in prayer.

The night accommodation was far from luxurious, yet it was better than that which they often had in the open air, and Joscelyn was soon sleeping soundly beside William of Wykeham's chantry, with his head resting on the narrow door-step, and his cloak wrapped closely round him, for the night was bitterly cold.

Now as he slept he dreamed a dream.

It seemed to him that as he was lying in the nave of the cathedral, thinking very sorrowfully of the havoc that had been made that day, some one called to him to rise. He started to his feet, and found an aged bishop standing close by him, and looking steadfastly into the face he recognized the well-known features of William of Wykeham. The bishop did not speak, but just smiled on him in a friendly fashion. Joscelyn was seized with a sudden fear lest some misapprehension should cause his kindness, and he said:

"It was Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, my lord, that saved your tomb from dishonor. It was he who sent the messenger to Sir William Waller, and he who first thought of the defence."

"I know that," said the bishop, "but you promptly aided him; I saw you. And now many thoughts trouble your heart. Go up yonder for your answer."

He pointed towards the choir, but when Joscelyn turned back and would have asked a question as to what sort of answer he could possibly find there, William of Wykeham had passed noiselessly away. Not a sound was to be heard save the breathing of the tired soldiers and the sighing of

the night wind as it blew through the broken windows. Joscelyn walked slowly between the ranks of sleeping men in the nave, and pacing eastward made his way through the choir, wondering where his answer was to come from. Suddenly he perceived that beside the communion-table stood a cloaked figure, and he wondered whether one of the officers had been roused from sleep, and for a moment half fancied that Colonel Fiennes had returned; then something in the manly, upright bearing made him think of Hampden, and he pressed eagerly forward. If he could only ask Colonel Hampden's opinion, and know how he felt in being pledged to work with those who in many ways so greatly went against his personal likings! Could it possibly be Hampden? But as he approached he saw that it was not so, for this man's hair was unflecked with gray, and of another color—darker than his own, lighter than Dick's. Still, he had an unaccountable feeling that it must be some one he knew, and was puzzled, as he drew nearer, to find that the face was one he had never seen either in life or in pictures. It was the face of a hero, the face of one who had conquered; and Joscelyn, soldierlike, found himself wondering in what war this man could have been. "Here is one who ought to rule," he thought to himself, "for in truth he is a king of men." But the man was clad like any ordinary man; indeed, his simple garb would have been scorned by many of the rich men of those times.

He was looking thoughtfully down at the soldiers' rations heaped on the communion-table. Joscelyn wondered at his calmness; but when their eyes met he wondered no more, for there was something far-seeing and all-embracing in the hero's look—something which said more plainly than words, "I see the soul of goodness in things evil." The face was the face of a man one would not scruple to stop in the street to ask the way, it was so truthful and kind;

the manner was full of considerateness, yet perfectly genuine and free from artificiality. Joscelyn gave him the customary greeting of the day, and began eagerly to tell him of his perplexities; it was impossible to feel the least reserve or the least fear when face to face with one who evidently understood. When he paused there was a brief silence. Then, with a kind glance at him, the man said: "You are weary and homesick. Many troubles have of late come to you, and it is quite natural you should grieve when those with whom, from a sense of duty, you have sided wreck and destroy what was meant to be the glory of God."

"The place is dear to me," said Joscelyn. "As a lad I came here to worship. I cannot endure to see it spoiled."

"I know—I understand you—I remember," said the man; and his eyes filled with tears, so that Joscelyn wondered of what past scene he could be thinking, but found great comfort in his sympathy.

"Why must such things be?" he cried; "why must they be?"

"What has been abused must ofttimes be seemingly destroyed," replied his companion. "Be patient. There is a time of restitution."

Joscelyn glanced round the desolated place, and for the first time noticed that the ground was strewn with books—prayer-books, psalters, and Bibles. He picked up one of these last and looked indignantly at its torn and mangled leaves.

"See!" he cried "They have even torn the Word of God!"

"Is there aught new in that?" said the man, sadly, and with a strange far-away look in his eyes. "Has not that been done by friend and by foe, by believer and by unbeliever, these many years?"

Joscelyn was silent, and began to muse on the meaning which lay beneath his companion's words.

"Remember," added the man, in the tone of one making excuse for those beloved, "that they who did this were ignorant and knew not what they did, but thought they were serving the truth. I judge them not, neither should you. The Word of God has to receive wounds which pain Him more than these. Come and see."

He led the way down the steps, and they passed among the sleeping soldiers. Most of them slept soundly, but some dreamed, and Joscelyn was astonished to find that he could see hovering over such the subject of the dream. They paused beside a young soldier who was stretched at full length on one of the benches. Above him hovered three men branded in the cheeks and forehead, and with their ears cut off.

"This soldier," said the man, "was a London apprentice, and stood in Palace Yard when honest men still living on this earth suffered in the pillory for their opinions. You see how cruelly these temples of God were marred."

They passed on till they came to the bishop's throne, and here, with his head resting on the cushions, lay a gray-haired officer. Above him hovered the likeness of a fair young girl with downcast eyes and cheeks wet with tears.

"It is his daughter," said the man, sorrowfully. "She was ruined by a false-tongued courtier at Whitehall."

They passed on, stepping over the débris of many images, and paused by a white-haired veteran of fourscore years. Joscelyn remembered that he had seen this bitter-looking fanatic hew down a beautiful representation of the shepherds worshipping the Babe of Bethlehem. But above him there floated now a dream-picture which made the two spectators shudder. It was the figure of a young woman bound to a stake; flames were licking her bare feet.

"It is his mother," said the man, in a voice that trembled with emotion. "As a lad he saw her burned at Smithfield. He cannot forget."

They walked on a little farther, till Joscelyn paused before a tomb on which had been a representation of Christ at the grave of Lazarus, which he well remembered, and had always specially loved to look upon.

"They have destroyed the Christ!" he cried, in real grief. "Surely they might have reverenced this—this that Dick and I both held dear in the old days."

The man smiled kindly. "I am glad you held it dear," he said. "Yet, after all, there was little need of the stone image when the living presence was near you. Neither was it a true likeness. The statue represented an unnatural face, not a true man's face—a man tempted, troubled, lonely like you."

"Was he in truth really tried as I am?" said Joscelyn, in astonishment; for, like most people, he had never grasped the truth that Christ, when born on the earth, had emptied himself of all that could give him advantage over others, that he was literally "of no reputation," and was "found in fashion as a man."

"Is it not so written?" said his companion.

"Yet I ever thought it was far easier for him," said Joscelyn. "Was he, save for sin, just like one of us? Had he in truth all the natural wishes and cravings of a man? Had he to struggle for self-control? Was he truly tempted as we are?"

"In all points," said his companion. "But I see you do not yet understand what you have seen this night. Let it teach you that humanity is the temple of the living God. Let it show you who is in truth the Word of the Father. Let it prove to you that in harming one another you crucify him afresh, that in serving one another you are serving him."

"How do you understand so well, sir? How do you know?" said Joscelyn.

His question remained unanswered for a minute; but as they stood there beside the shattered image of the Christ, he felt constrained to look into his companion's face, and it seemed to him that he saw there the well-spring of all wisdom and power and love. It was as if new life were being poured into him.

"How can such as you feel for one like me?" he faltered.

The man looked into his eyes, and smiled with the strong patience of one who had learned to wait.

"Am I not your kinsman?" he said.

Then at last Joscelyn knew that he was talking with the Hero of Love, and remembering in what fight this conqueror had overcome, and for the first time noticing that marks of the conflict were still left, he thought his heart must have broken with love and gratitude had not a strong hand clasped his closely—had not he realized that love is immortal.

"My Lord and my God!" he cried.

And with the words on his lips he awoke.

The cold gray light of the winter's morning filled the cathedral and lit up the fallen statues and the unharmed effigy of William of Wykeham. Birds flew singing through the shattered west window, and the bugle sounded the *reveille.*

CHAPTER XX

Do you call it power in a child if he is allowed to play with the wheels and bands of some vast engine, pleased with their murmur and whirl, till his unwise touch, wandering where it ought not, scatters beam and wheel into ruin? Yet what machine is so vast, so incognizable, as the working of the mind of a great nation; what child's hand so wanton as the word of a selfish king?—RUSKIN.

"WRITTEN AT THE COURT-HOUSE, KATTERHAM,
"*This 12th day of January.*

"MY DEAR FAITH,—I was right glad to hear that my letter telling you of our betrothal had been received by you, for in truth I ever commit a letter to the post nowadays with many misgivings, since not only the chances of war are against its safe delivery, but grandfather says the dispute as to the postmaster still occupies the Parliament, and that though the sequestration of Witherings (to whom we owe so much in the establishing of the eight main postal roads) hath been declared by vote to be illegal, yet the quarrel has led to an affray in which some laid violent hands on the mails, and this may belike happen again. I wish from my heart we were on one of the direct roads, then we should with much less delay receive our letters; still, we should not grumble, being much better off than would have been the case seven years ago. Moreover, we have found a trusty private messenger whom we may lawfully employ between ourselves, one Temperance Turner, who, out of gratitude to my dear love, will tramp all over the country betwixt him and me. Since I last wrote you I have seen Mr. Richard Heyworth. He was staying at Bletchingley, and most good-naturedly walked over here

bearing me a letter from Joscelyn. The letter contained heavy news, for he wrote as a prisoner in Farnham Castle, but since then I have heard of his speedy release, so you need not be troubled at it. Mr. Richard Heyworth is a fine young officer with very good manners, and in his way of speaking he resembles Joscelyn, but otherwise they are not much alike. He was full of kind thoughts for us in our trouble, and ready to serve us in any way, and even had he been a churl I must have liked him because of his devotion to his brother. They are to each other like David and Jonathan, and it is a sore grief to them that in this war they are opposed to each other. He had with him a hunchback, the messenger of whom I write—Temperance Turner—by whom I sent a letter to Farnham, and, to my great joy, the man came back at Epiphany, bringing a long letter from Joscelyn at Chichester. He has already seen much of the horrors of war, but he likes Sir W. Waller, his new commander, and wrote me many matters of interest with regard to the siege of Winchester. From Winchester they marched to Chichester, having a weary time of it, for there was a great downfall of heavy rains, and he says that for nine days and nine nights they never knew what it was to have a dry garment on them, and were forced to lie in the open fields. He spent his Christmas Day in the siege of Chichester, but on the 29th the city yielded, the King's party being worn out and unable to support the fatigue of the duty, all of which lay upon them, as the citizens were mostly favorable to the Parliament and ill pleased at the Royalist commander for exposing them to the miseries of a siege. Joscelyn says there, as also at Winchester, great damage was done to the cathedral, the soldiers breaking the painted window facing the bishop's palace, and smashing monuments, breaking in pieces the communion-table and the railings about it, the pulpit and the benches and pews, tearing up Bibles

and prayer-books, and acting like wild school-boys too long kept at their tasks. All of which you can fancy is highly distasteful to one of his turn. But he writes, 'Better they should do this than fall upon helpless women and children, as is so often the case when the conquerors enter a city after a siege.' It seems a sad pity that the fine organ in the cathedral should have been pulled down by Waller's men, and it must have been little to the liking of the commander, who, Joscelyn says, hath a great love for music. But the leaden pipes were like to be of great use, so down it must come. When will this weary war be over? I grow sick with the thought of the dangers that may too likely beset you at Gloucester. Would that by some magic I could hear from you each day! But belike that would not be good for our faith; we might grow to depend on the magic message rather than on God's care and our communion with him.

"Joscelyn is now marching into Wiltshire. God send he may not fall ill with this bitter cold weather! But he is strong and hardy, and a good courage carries one through many discomforts. We heard this day from London that the Parliamentary garrison at Cirencester had resisted and repulsed the Royalist attack. This is good hearing, yet I like not to think of the war so near your parts. Christmas was the most desolate I ever knew. Heavy rain fell all the day, and though the carol-singers came round at dark, and the tenants all received their plum-puddings on the eve, yet there seemed no merriment save among the children, who, thank God, can forget the cloud overshadowing the land. Nurse was much pleased with your message. She is just turning your blue cloak for Hester, who had outgrown hers. I marvel that your mother-in-law expected a bride to be clad in sad-colored raiment, nor can I see that there is aught carnal in bright colors; so long as a dress be modest

and not over-costly, why must it be sombre in hue? You should quote to her Joseph's many-colored coat; and is there not much as to bright colors in the book of St. John's Revelation? From Chichester Joscelyn sent me by his messenger a betrothal ring. 'Tis of plain gold, and the posy is '*Pro Christo et patria*,' than which methinks we could have no better motto. I long to talk of many matters with you, dear Faith. Hester is over-young, and were it not for Mrs. Ursula and for Charlotte, who are both of them ever ready to talk of Joscelyn to my heart's content, I do not know how I should fare. Mrs. Arbella shakes her head over our betrothal, and says she had hoped I had made up my mind to single blessedness; sometimes when she talks with that pitying contempt of men, as though they were all far beneath her, I feel moved to anger, but grandfather says 'tis but natural, since her father was a self-willed tyrant and made her youth miserable. Dear Mrs. Ursula is different, and though even she thinks most men bad, she can be brought to admit that there are exceptions. Yesterday we had a visit from the Evelyns of Wotton. Mr. John Evelyn was as witty and pleasant as ever. While his elder brother talked with grandfather he walked with me in the garden, telling me of many improvements he hopes to make at Wotton with his brother's permission, notably a fish-pond with an island upon it and some arbors, besides a room which he may use as his study. I was glad to talk with him, feeling that day sad at heart about Joscelyn's danger. I told Mr. Evelyn of my betrothal and of my anxieties; and though, as you know, he holds not with the Parliament, no one could have been more kind and understanding. Also, he remembered seeing Joscelyn at the time of your wedding, and spoke warmly of him. He explained to me his own position. His uncle Sir John Evelyn of Godstone is of course all for the Parliament, but Mr. Evelyn holds on

most points with the King, though disapproving of his arbitrary measures. He therefore holds aloof from the war and lives retired at his brother's house at Wotton, journeying now and again to London. He bade me turn my thoughts to gardening when anxious and troubled. 'The air will be medicine to you,' said he, 'and the work will cheer your spirits, and in watching the slow growth and improvement of your pleasaunce you will learn that 'tis only ill weeds that grow apace.'

"By the next opportunity we shall send you six robes and the shifts and flannels which Monnie wore as a babe. Charlotte takes the opportunity when the children are tucked up at night to make you two wondrous smart lying-in caps, in which you will be able to receive your Gloucester friends when they come for the cake and caudle. Have a care of yourself, dear Faith. I could wish you were here in this remote country-side, where, as Mr. Evelyn said the other day, it seems scarcely credible that we are not above eighteen miles from London, and where since the attack on the house last August we have been in no way troubled by the war. My grandfather sends you loving messages and his regards to your husband. Your loving sister,

"Clemency Coriton.

"P.S.—I forgot to say that Joscelyn is in somewhat better case with Sir Thomas Heyworth, who spoke kindly to him in their mutual trouble about Rosamond's illness. She came near dying of a fever, but is now almost recovered. I have a great wish to see her; she must be an extraordinary brave child."

CHAPTER XXI

No tame and tutored echo she
Of all upon her lover's lips;
She scorns to bear across her soul
The changeless shadow of eclipse;
But full of fire and living help
Discovers to my blinder eyes
Green alleys that may wind—who knows?—
To peace and paradise.
—NORMAN R. GALE.

ONE February day, when the lamp had just been lighted in the study and Clemency had begun her usual hour's reading with her grandfather, they were startled to hear sounds as of some visitor arriving. No guest had been bidden, and it was late in the day for any one to arrive from the neighborhood. Clemency had a sort of wild hope that it might be her lover, but this vain imagination was speedily dispelled, for the serving-man threw open the door of the study and announced "Mr. Bennett."

Any one more utterly unlike Joscelyn it would have been impossible to conceive, for while the one was eager, boyish, and high-spirited, the other was old for his age, grave and sober, and seemed never to shake off his business cares. And now a fresh anxiety appeared to weigh heavily upon him, so that she instantly guessed that something was amiss with Faith.

"You bring us ill news?" she said, tremulously.

"Nay," he said, "you must not be frightened. But we are anxious about Faith, very anxious. She had a great shock, some foolish body describing in her presence all the

horrors that went on when the King's troops pillaged Cirencester. And when the next day the army advanced to Gloucester and summoned it, she was grievously upset."

"Gloucester summoned?" said Sir Robert. "We had heard nothing of that."

"'Twas on the second of this month," said Christopher Bennett, "but Colonel Massey and the mayor having replied twice that they held the city for the Parliament, and would only deliver it upon an order from those in authority, Prince Rupert retired to Cirencester again, and for the time all is peaceful. As soon as I could safely leave Faith I came to London, and while there I obtained a pass from Parliament permitting Mistress Coriton with attendants to travel, being not without hope, sir, that you would permit me to take my sister-in-law back to Gloucester, where, in truth, she is sorely needed. I know not how my poor little wife is likely to fare in her trouble, and her cry is all for Clemency."

"We were never parted before," said Clemency, "and I saw from her latest letter that she was sad at heart. Oh, grandfather, pray let me go to her."

"It is an ill time for a maid like you to be travelling," said Sir Robert, doubtfully.

"But Christopher will be there to take care of me," said Clemency; "and I have no fears. Charlotte will take good care of the children, and—if you would spare me—"

"It is not a question of my sparing you," said Sir Robert, "but whether I ought to permit you to run such a risk. As for the children, they will be safe enough here, and doubtless Mrs. Ursula and Mrs. Arbella will take compassion on them. Charlotte, if I mistake not, will insist on going with you."

"I had never thought of that," said Clemency. "May I speak with her at once and see what she says to the plan?"

Having received Sir Robert's permission, she hurried up

to the third floor, where in the nursery she found, to her relief, that Charlotte Wells, the faithful servant who had been in the family ever since Clemency's own babyhood, was sitting alone at work. "The children are having a game of 'all hid,'" explained the nurse, glancing up for an instant, her needle flying in and out of her work as she talked. "'Tis the best game to keep them happy these cold days when they are kept in the house. Was that a news-letter brought to the house awhile ago? I thought I heard a horseman ride up."

Then Clemency told of Mr. Bennett's arrival and of the news of Faith. Charlotte let her busy needle rest for a minute and listened attentively. She was a woman of about forty, dressed in a straight linsey gown and neat white cap and apron. Any one looking at her must have been struck with the intelligence and the kindliness of her face; there was something characteristic, too, in her brisk, active movements, but only those who had long known her fully understood the beauty of her character, with its rare unselfish devotion, its absorption in the needs of other people. Sir Robert had surmised rightly; Charlotte at once proposed that she should go to Gloucester, and before Clemency could even hint at difficulties or dangers the busy needle was flying in and out of the work again, and she was rapidly settling what must be done.

"I will finish off this cloak, there is not more than half an hour's work in it," she said, in her brisk voice, "and then, my dear, I must pack our clothes as closely as may be, for I know well Mr. Bennett will grumble if we carry much with us. I never yet knew a gentleman that could put up with many packages. As for the robes and the caps and things, why, they must go in any case. But there can be no call for you to take more than one complete change of clothes, for there is not like to be much company to enter-

tain; folks are overmuch occupied for amusements now. Then for the children, I know the other servants will look well to them, and, my dear, why should you not persuade your grandfather to ask the ladies from the Dower-house to stay here while you are gone? They would be company for him, and would help to keep things going rightly in the household."

In the end this was really arranged, and the next morning Mrs. Ursula came hurrying across the wet grass in the park to take a last farewell of Clemency and receive directions from Charlotte as to the management of little Monnie. Her kind, strong face was the first thing which Clemency's eyes rested on when she woke, somewhat later than usual, after a restless night.

"You look tired, my dear," said Mrs. Ursula, kissing the girl's flushed face, and smoothing back the disordered chestnut hair. "I fear you have been too much excited to sleep well."

"I am glad to be awake," said Clemency, "for I have had naught but ill dreams. Christopher told us last night of the poor prisoners who were dragged by the Royalists from Cirencester to Oxford. Had you heard about them?"

"Nay," said Mrs. Ursula; "we heard merely that Prince Rupert had taken Cirencester. What of the prisoners?"

"Cirencester was pillaged, and as for the prisoners—nigh upon twelve hundred of them—they were thrust into the church, without food or drink, many of them being sorely wounded. Some were ransomed, but though the money was received, the officers insisted on their going to Oxford to swell the 'Triumph,' as they called it, and be marched past the King. On the morrow they were tied together in couples and driven half naked along the muddy roads, goaded and beaten as though they were beasts. Among them, Christopher said, were many gentlemen and ministers

and townsfolk, besides the regular soldiers and officers. When they got to Witney they were again thrust into the church without food for the night, and the next day were driven on to Oxford, and taken with much triumph through the streets, where the King and many of the nobles, besides people of the city, came out to look upon them and to smile at their misery. Among them, they say, was a proper handsome man with very white skin where it could be seen for the blood of his wounds. He, not being able to go, was set naked upon the bare back of a horse, his wounds gaping and his body smeared with blood; yet he sat upright upon the horse with an undaunted countenance, and when near the King a brawling woman cried out to him, 'Ah, you traitorly rogue! you are well served.' Then he, with a scornful look towards her, uttered a word of reproach, and instantly dropped from his horse."

"Dropped down dead, do you mean?" said Mrs. Ursula, with a shudder.

"Yes, at the very feet of the King. And all night I have seen this again and again, and each time the prisoner had the face of Joscelyn."

"Yet it is not likely that he would have been at Cirencester; had Sir William Waller's army been there the place would scarcely have been taken," said Mrs. Ursula. "And certainly Mr. Bennett would have known had it been so."

Clemency admitted that this was probable, and with the morning sunshine and Mrs. Ursula's calm reassuring voice she soon escaped the terror into which her dream had thrown her. "Oh, if all the King's followers were but like you!" she sighed, throwing her arms round Mrs. Ursula's neck. "Yet how you can find it in your heart to desire the triumph of a king who cares so little for the sufferings of his people passes my understanding."

"I honor his office," said Mrs. Ursula. "As a man he

hath doubtless some faults, though even you must admit that he also has many virtues."

"He hath great love to his wife and children, doubtless," said Clemency, "but there is no special merit in that; most decent men have as much. And they say he is religious, but 'tis methinks a strange religion which can permit a man to break faith, to deceive, to be wholly without truthfulness. As to honoring the office, why, if he has abused the office I should think God would remove him from it as Saul was removed."

"Child," said Mrs. Ursula, "you are young, and the young are hard. Do not judge one the difficulties of whose position you know not. 'Tis no small thing that a prince trained in the corrupt court of King James hath grown up pure-hearted and well-meaning. And now do not let us say more of matters whereon we differ. Here is your bowl of milk and a manchet, every morsel of which you must eat, for who knows where you will dine, or when?"

She bustled about, helping in all the manifold preparations for the journey, and her kind face was the last Clemency's eyes rested on when, mounted on her pillion behind Christopher Bennett, she looked sorrowfully from one to another of the little group gathered at the great door to see them start on their travels. There was her grandfather looking wan and haggard as if he had slept little, and Hester very white and quiet, and Prue dissolved in tears, and Hal waving his hand and shouting words of good cheer. Lastly there was Mrs. Ursula, trim, erect, vigorous, standing by the large rounded box-bush and holding up little Monnie in her strong arms.

The journey was a tedious one, and owing to the position of the King's troops they were obliged to take a circuitous road. Fortunately the weather proved all that could be wished, and spite of the anxiety about Faith and the many

perils of the way, Clemency contrived to get some hours of real enjoyment during that strange week, as they journeyed along the rough roads in the mild, still February days, with their misty brightness and their first faint promise of spring.

When they reached Gloucestershire the possibilities of enjoyment grew more difficult, for here the country showed marked signs of the wretchedness of war. Several times they passed houses that had been wantonly burned by the dreaded "Prince Robber," as in these parts he was invariably called, and Clemency was often haunted at night by the sad sights which had forced themselves on her notice during the day's ride — haggard, broken-hearted women, children ragged and half starved, men suffering from grievous wounds, or hopelessly maimed in the strife.

"You might give them just an alms," suggested Charlotte, whose kind heart ached at the sight of so much misery. And with the help of her trusty servant Clemency procured at the next inn a handful of groats, half-groats, and pence in exchange for a crown, and found some pleasure in seeing the sad faces brighten as they received this trifling help. Once as she was riding very wearily one clear cold afternoon, holding with one hand to Christopher Bennett and in the other hand keeping a groat ready for the next needy person they met, her eye happened to fall on the motto engraved on the coin, in which the King was described as the Protector of Religion, English laws, and free Parliaments. As she mused on the words it seemed to her more and more difficult to understand the position of Mrs. Ursula and Mrs. Arbella, and, recalling all that she had so often learned from her grandfather of the terrible tyranny and injustice which had caused the present war, her heart grew hot with indignation against the one who was responsible for so much suffering and wrong. Only now did she fully realize how great the evil must have been which

led a man like Colonel Hampden to face for the country he so much loved all the horrors of civil war. Nothing could have led such a one to adopt that desperate course but a disease that threatened to destroy the liberties of England.

"Clemency," said her brother-in-law, "look yonder! There is the tower of the cathedral."

She turned and saw with a throb of delight the beautiful tower standing out distinctly against the sunset sky, and in her intense relief at the thought of being near to Faith, her face softened and her indignation died away.

"The young Mrs. Ursula said it was hard," she thought to herself. "I hope I shall grow less ready to judge hard judgments. I will try to think of what she said about the King's ill training, and of what grandfather says of his bad advisers and the Queen's evil influence. Belike there be but few men who would have acted differently under the same conditions."

A wretched-looking trio by the way-side here attracted her attention—a man with scarred face and but one leg; a woman in the last stage of exhaustion clasping in her arms an infant so tiny that it seemed scarcely human. The sight of its poor little shrivelled face made the tears rush to Clemency's eyes; to her dying day she could recall it. With a word of pity she dropped her groat into the hand of the mother. As for Charlotte, she made Mr. Bennett's man stop his horse, and, taking off her own warm shawl, held it towards the poor wayfarer.

"Wrap it round yourself and the babe, my dear," she said in her motherly voice. "'Tis the only chance of saving you."

It was almost dark as they rode over the bridge and through the gateway into Gloucester, and Clemency was so weary that she could scarcely stand when one of the servingmen lifted her from her pillion. They were at the south-

east corner of the close—or, as it was called, College Green —and in the dim light Clemency could just discern the huge dark outline of the cathedral. Then Christopher Bennett gave her his arm and led her up the path to a gabled ivy-covered house, and in a minute she was standing beside the hearth in a snug wainscoted parlor, with Faith clinging to her, half laughing, half crying.

"You are better?" said Clemency, anxiously.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, "and nothing matters now that you have come."

Clemency thought those were the sweetest words she had heard for many a day. And really it seemed as though her arrival had put new life and vigor into poor Faith. She began to look upon the bright side of things, and there was so much to talk over with Clemency that she had little time to brood over the horrors of the past or the fears for the future. They contrived to keep from her the ominous news of fighting in the forest of Dean and of the loss of the little Parliamentary garrison at Coford; but when Lord Herbert, with his army of wild Welshmen actually arrived before Gloucester early in March, it was of course impossible to keep her in ignorance of the danger that threatened them.

It was reported that the Royalists were waiting for the arrival of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice before actually attacking the city, and day after day passed in monotonous anxiety, and each night the inhabitants knew not what might happen before morning. Faith began to flag terribly, and poor Clemency suffered unspeakably when, by way doubtless of showing their sympathy and interest, every worthy matron who came to the house to inquire poured into her ear the most dismal prognostications, with many sighs and shakes of the head. She was not only full of anxiety about her sister, but in an agony of suspense about her

lover. It was now three months since she had received any news of him, and though it was reported that Sir William Waller was in Wiltshire, nothing definite was known, and she felt sure that Joscelyn must be either ill or wounded, unless indeed his letters had miscarried.

One afternoon as she sat in the window of the little oak-wainscoted parlor the sound of a rebec played outside made her start to her feet. The player was not yet in sight, but the voice was surely that of the hunchback chanting his invariable psalm:

> "All people that on earth do dwell
> Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice."

Throwing down her needle-work, Clemency darted out, and Temperance Turner, who was scanning the houses attentively, quickly perceived her and came shambling forward.

"Good-morrow, fair mistress," he said, removing his steeple-crowned hat respectfully. "I have wandered far in search of you."

"Come in, come in!" she cried, eagerly, and Temperance followed her into the parlor.

"All the way to Katterham did I go with a letter for you," he said, "and then hearing you had just gone to Gloucester, I went back with the news to Captain Heyworth, whom I came up with at Bristol, where the Royalists' plot to deliver the city was found out and happily stopped, and the place be now secured by Sir William Waller. And here be a fresh letter for you, mistress, from the captain, but if I could not find you I was to hand it to Colonel Massey to read."

Clemency, eagerly thanking him, bade him go to the kitchen for food and rest, and hastily unfolding her letter read as follows:

"DEAR HEART,—I am grieved that our friendly messenger failed to find you, but Sir Robert sent me a letter by him telling me of your whereabouts, and though it filled me with great anxiety to hear that you are in the midst of the strife, yet I have great hopes that we shall shortly meet, and that your danger will soon be at an end. Make it known to Colonel Massey and to the mayor that we are now marching to your relief, and that by the 24th we shall attack the Welsh army at Highnam on the one side, and that Sir William desires that Gloucester do at the same time attack them on the other side. Thus we shall have them at great advantage. This is a strange love-letter, but 'twas thought best to send the communication thus secretly and in a private manner. I trust your sister does well, and that you bore the journey without great discomfort. We have had much marching and countermarching, with some sharp skirmishes, but since taking Winchester and Chichester no serious siege. Colonel N. Fiennes hath been made Governor of Bristol—a vast improvement on his predecessor. Temperance travelled by way of Shortell, and brought me a letter from Rosamond, who is now recovered from her sickness; my father still remains at home, somewhat out of health, and Dick and Jervis are with Sir Ralph Hopton in Devon or Cornwall. My dearest, I kiss your hands, and rest ever Your faithful lover to serve you,

"JOSCELYN HEYWORTH.

"To Mrs. Clemency Coriton, at the house of Mr. Christopher Bennett, in College Green at Gloucester."

The news of this promised succor cheered the sinking hearts of the citizens, though still they were not without anxiety lest Prince Rupert should swoop down upon them before Sir William Waller arrived. But that astute general managed his campaign most skilfully, succeeded in taking

Malmesbury, made a feint of marching upon Cirencester, which kept the Royalists at bay, and then turned instead to the forest of Dean, where, with the aid of thirty flat-bottomed boats which he had brought on carriages from London for the passage of the Severn, he dexterously contrived to effect the crossing of his entire army at Framilode in broad daylight.

Meanwhile at Gloucester the garrison, which had consisted merely of a hundred horse and some two hundred foot-soldiers, had been re-enforced by the welcome arrival of two hundred horse from Bristol under Captain John Fiennes. Several sallies were after this attempted, and Lord Herbert's Welsh army suffered a good deal, while the besieged had the strong consolation of knowing that their help drew nigh. Clemency counted the very hours till the 24th of March, and on the 23d she went with her brother-in-law to see Colonel Massey and his gallant little band march out of Gloucester to attack the Welsh army at Highnam, and in sick suspense waited through the long day, hearing almost incessant firing, but at nightfall learning that as yet Sir William Waller's army had not arrived. The little band from Gloucester remained through that night at Highnam, and Clemency rightly guessed that all through the hours of darkness her lover was marching swiftly to their relief. She had heard from him of Sir William's almost invariable practice of marching at night, and had laughed at the nickname of the "Night-owl" which he had received from the Royalists.

Great was her delight when, on the morning of the 24th, Christopher Bennett offered to take her to the top of the cathedral tower, that they might see what was passing. Walking through the noble building, the beauty of which did not especially appeal to Clemency's untrained eye, they passed through a narrow doorway to the stone staircase which wound up one of the angles of the great tower. On

and on they climbed, past the belfry, past the bells themselves, till at length a sudden burst of light and a boisterous buffeting from the cold March wind met them as the door at the top was thrown back and they stepped onto the leads.

"See!" cried Christopher Bennett, in great excitement; "they come! they come!"

And Clemency, looking in the direction which he indicated, saw in the distance what seemed a small dark spot, with now and then a curious flash of light as the sun struck upon pikes or helmets. "Joscelyn is there," she said to herself. But somehow she could not in the least realize it; could only watch with a strange fascination the steady yet seemingly slow approach of that moving blot on the landscape.

Suddenly there was a flash, a cloud of white smoke, followed by a dull roar overpowering the rattle of musketry at Highnam. The Welsh suddenly realized that they were caught in a trap. They made a desperate attack on the new-comers, while at the same time trying to resist Massey's attack on one of their redoubts. Clemency watched breathlessly. After a time there was a lull in the firing; the army of William the Conqueror, as the Parliamentarians loved to called Waller, marched steadily on.

"The Welsh must have hung out a flag of truce," said Christopher Bennett. "'Tis tantalizing to be afar, seeing this much and no more."

Clemency was not sure that she could have borne to watch matters save from a distance. "Let us come down and tell Faith," she said. "How she will rejoice to know that we are once more in safety!"

Through the remainder of that day the two sisters waited as best they could for further news. Christopher Bennett did not return for many hours, and the suspense was hard

to bear. The evening set in cold and wet. They listened with anxious hearts to the howling of the wind and to the heavy rain driving against the window. Presently Faith heard her husband's step outside. "Run down, Clemency," she begged; "ask what tidings he has brought;" and Clemency needed no second bidding, but hurried down the dimly lighted staircase.

"Do you bring news of Joscelyn?" she cried; but the words had hardly left her lips when in the entrance-lobby some one came striding past Christopher to greet her. "Oh, dear heart!" she cried, in a sudden rapture of surprise and relief, "is it you?"

As for Joscelyn, he forgot war and weariness and the presence of Christopher Bennett, and only knew that after months of separation he once more clasped Clemency in his arms. It was perhaps not until that moment that either of them fully realized how entirely they belonged to each other, and it was almost more with the look and tone of a wife than as a recently betrothed girl that Clemency exclaimed, "You have been marching all night, and how wet and weary you are!"

"Who would murmur at hard work when this is at the end of it?" said Joscelyn, looking into the sweet hazel eyes, which seemed to gaze into his very heart.

And, in truth, she had never seen him look more strong and manly and full of life than he did at that moment, though his hair hung in a tangled wet mass about his steel gorget, and his eyes, in spite of their bright gladness, told the tale of thirty-six hours without sleep—hours full of deep anxiety and strenuous bodily exertion.

"I am afraid of waking and finding all this but a dream," said Clemency, when, later on, supper being ended, she sat with him beside the hearth in the withdrawing-room. The flickering firelight fell on her chestnut hair, and the two

somewhat dim candles in solid silver candlesticks shed a soft mellow radiance on her delicately pure coloring. In her lover's honor she had put on that second dress which Charlotte had allowed her to bring from home, and the soft folds of gray velvet relieved at the neck and sleeves by wide ruffles of fine white cambric seemed to enhance the beauty of her face and figure.

"To me," said Joscelyn, "the war seems like a bad dream and our love the reality; and yet, did you not share that love of our country which nerves us for the fight, you could never be to me the strength and stay that you are."

"In truth," said Clemency, "we women fight also, but it is our fears that we have to conquer. Sometimes it seems to me an ill omen that I first knew I loved you through deadly terror lest you should be harmed. Your outward foes are perhaps more easily repulsed and kept at bay. They say husbands and wives should be complement of each other, that their characters should be unlike. What do you think?"

Joscelyn smiled. "I think," he said, "that God made your patience to cure my impatience, your tenderness to amend my hardness."

"Hush!" she said, laying her finger on his lips, with a smile. "For my part, I am sure that 'tis your brave hope that must chase away my coward fear. Oh, Joscelyn! I do hope that I, too, may be true to our motto, and serve Christ and the country."

Joscelyn did not speak, but stooping down, kissed her with grave and tender reverence on the lips. He thought to himself that Clemency's prayers were likely to do more for the country than men's swords.

CHAPTER XXII

The habit of living lightly hearted, in daily presence of death, always has had, and must have, power both in the making and testing of honest men.—RUSKIN.

THE 25th of March, at that time reckoned as New-year's Day, dawned brightly in Gloucester; the sun shone, the citizens rejoiced in their deliverance, and the Blue Regiment of Dennis Wise, the mayor, was ordered to conduct the Welsh prisoners in triumph from Highnam to the city. But in the gabled house in College Green there was sorrow. Joscelyn, worn out with the arduous march from Malmesbury and the excitement of the previous day, had slept soundly in the attic room, but no one else had slept at all, and as he came down the creaking stair the next morning Clemency met him on the landing of the first story with a whispered warning to tread softly, for Faith was grievously ill.

"My dearest," he said, following her into the withdrawing-room where only a few hours before they had talked so happily, "is your sister in such great danger?"

"No," said Clemency, her tears falling fast as she rested her aching head on his shoulder. "They have great hope that Faith will recover, but her babe is dead, the little son she had longed for. Charlotte has laid him here in the cradle. Look!"

Joscelyn felt a choking in his throat as he saw her draw back the sheet from the face of the lovely little child, born too soon into this distracted world. He, who had learned to

look unmoved upon death in its ghastliest forms during his campaign, found his eyes filling with tears as he looked at the tiny, peaceful face of the little still-born infant.

"'Twould seem less sad had he lived ever so short a time," said Clemency; "but that all her hopes and preparations, all her pain, should end in this! What does it mean? Why does God let such things be?"

"Perhaps He saw that its body was too frail for life here in these troubled times," said Joscelyn. "Perhaps its soul did not need the same training that ours need."

"How you comfort me!" said Clemency, drying her eyes. "Mr. Bennett's mother, who was here an hour ago, spoke as if the babe were naught, as if all were ended, just as though she had spoken of some animal."

"She can scarce, then, have looked on its face," said Joscelyn. "See how plainly that speaks already of life and character! After all, is it such a matter for sadness that this innocent soul has gone back to God, never having drawn breath in a world of sin?" Perhaps nothing could have brought the two more closely together than the subdued talks which they had during the next few days. Sir William Waller remained in Gloucester for a week; and Joscelyn, though he was hard at work all day, supped and slept at Christopher Bennett's house, contriving each evening to have one of those long uninterrupted interviews with Clemency, the memory of which would have to serve them both through many weary times of separation. One evening when the anxiety about Faith was over and the doctor had pronounced her to be in a fair way towards recovery, Christopher Bennett induced Sir William Waller to sup with them. Clemency was glad to meet the hero of so many adventures, and the courteous deference of Waller's manner to her made her at once understand Joscelyn's devotion to him; for it was not a mere surface politeness, but

the real chivalry of a noble nature revealed in singularly perfect manners.

"I have good news for you, Mrs. Coriton," he said, when the greetings were over. "The Welsh prisoners, whose privations and sufferings have been as little to my taste as to yours, have this day been released, on promising not to serve against the Parliament. Between fourteen and fifteen hundred of them left the city just now."

"In truth, 'twas impossible to feed them properly," said Christopher Bennett. "I am right glad that so many mouths have been removed, and that the churches are empty once more."

"Have all gone?" asked Clemency.

"All but the officers, of whom about fifty will remain here and a hundred have been sent to Bristol. They must be kept for exchange; but being able to pay for their quarters and food, they are in no hard case. Ha! I see your betrothed questions that statement. He has ever great compassion on prisoners, having tasted the bitterness of captivity himself in the castle which his courage and firmness enabled me to take for the Parliament."

Clemency looked a little surprised, not understanding these words.

"I perceive you have not heard that story," said Sir William. "Captain Heyworth would not sound his own praises, of course, in his love-letters. Presently I will tell you what passed," and the general smiled a little. His slight mustache and short beard did not conceal his mouth; Clemency thought it one of the most pleasant-looking she had ever seen.

He changed the topic with delicate tact, and it was not until Joscelyn had left the room later in the evening to carry a message to the general's quarter that Sir William

told the story of the siege of Farnham Castle, and of Joscelyn's conduct with regard to the despatches.

"I do not understand," said Clemency, "how Mr. Original Smith could desert him like that. We ever deemed him a good man."

"You must not judge him hardly," said Sir William. "I have known many good men yield to sudden panic. Great fear will unhinge a man altogether. There was a strange case of it the other day, where a trooper suddenly beaten up at night did most obstinately endeavor to bridle his comrade instead of his horse!"

Clemency laughed heartily at this story, but grew grave when her thoughts went back to Original Sin Smith.

"That he should have believed Joscelyn to be a traitor!" she exclaimed; "that is what I find it hard to forgive."

"His story was so plausible," said Sir William, "that I was myself deceived by it; I think the man had truly persuaded himself that family feeling had overcome Captain Heyworth's honor, and I am bound to say that he apologized with great frankness. It was perhaps difficult for one of his somewhat fanatical disposition to credit the sincerity of a man differing from him on many points. Captain Heyworth's tolerant nature is little likely to be comprehended by men of that type."

"How slowly folk seem to understand each other!" said Clemency, with a sigh, "and how slowly doth the good cause advance among us!"

"True," said Sir William; "but what a deal of time is spent in tuning before we can hear any music!"

His simile appealed to her.

"You think this war is like the tuning of many instruments?" she said, looking into his dark, thoughtful eyes.

"In truth I do," he said; "and God grant that you and I may one day hear the music, and that it be not interrupted,

as music so oft is, by the slipping or breaking of a string or the misstopping of a fret."

At the beginning of April, Waller left Gloucester, and the lovers were once more parted, yet the days of Faith's recovery were not altogether unhappy ones for Clemency. At night, it is true, she went through terrible hours of anxiety when she thought of Joscelyn away on his arduous march among the Herefordshire lanes and the wild Welsh passes, with Prince Maurice's army in hot pursuit. But all day she was with her sister, and Faith clung to her with a warmth of love which even in their happiest days at Katterham she had never shown. The two had always been specially fond of each other, but yet it was not until this time at Gloucester that their love began to grow and deepen, as love must do if it is to be pure, vigorous, and healthy.

One great bond between them was Clemency's increasing love and respect for her brother-in-law and Faith's keen interest in her sister's love-story. She would listen with genuine sympathy to all that Clemency told her about Joscelyn, and was most anxious that the marriage should not be long postponed.

"If the King consents to the Parliament's proposals, and the two armies are disbanded," she said, one evening, as she lay watching her sister rather wistfully, "why should you not be married at once? I would travel back with you to Katterham, and we would have another wedding at the Court-house."

"Yes, if only the King consents to the terms. But both Sir William Waller and Colonel Massey think it little likely he will do so," said Clemency, twisting the flax on her distaff without raising her eyes. Faith knew it was because they were full of tears. "But the commissioners are still at Oxford," she said, consolingly. "We can at least hope that this long negotiation will bring about some good.

And truly if the war does not soon come to an end we shall be ruined, for food and clothing have grievously risen in price since the King has forbidden trade with Gloucester. I know my mother-in-law thinks me a bad manager, but had she begun house-keeping in war-time perchance she would judge me less severely."

"We are no longer in immediate danger," said Clemency, "and now you will, at any rate, find it easier to get provisions. Here comes Charlotte with your gruel; she does not mean to let you starve yourself."

"I bring you good news, my dears," said Charlotte, with a beaming face. "Tidings have reached the governor that Sir William Waller hath taken Ross, Newnham, Monmouth, and Chepstow, all within the few days since leaving here. They say everywhere the Royalists fly at his approach."

"Was there no further news?" asked Clemency, anxiously; "no news of killed or wounded?"

"Nay," said Charlotte; "but there seems to have been little blood shed. At Chepstow, they say, Sir William seized a ship called the *Dragon*, full of treasure."

"That is good hearing," said Clemency. "Now the poor soldiers will perchance get their pay; the money had fallen grievously short, I know, and Joscelyn says 'tis well-nigh impossible to keep the men from plundering when both money and provisions are scarce."

"I wonder if Prince Maurice hath come up with them," said Faith. "How I wish we could see what is passing at this very minute! Belike they are floundering along through some rough lane in Wales. Or Joscelyn is out with a foraging party, airing his two Welsh words '*Barra a Chaws*'" (bread and cheese).

Clemency smiled a little, more from relief at seeing Faith's returning cheerfulness than from any amusement at her suggestion. For, in truth, the feeling was strong upon

her that at that moment Joscelyn was facing some serious danger, and though she tried to reason with herself upon the folly of such imaginations, the feeling would not leave her, but weighed upon her when at length, wearied out, she fell asleep, and still weighed upon her when the next morning she awoke.

Joscelyn was at this time much nearer Gloucester than they imagined, for Waller had found it impossible to push far into Wales. He had only about two thousand men with him, and had been unable to garrison the towns he had taken, and now the extreme roughness of the way made his horse and artillery of little use. Moreover, Prince Maurice with his army had contrived to cut off his retreat to Gloucester, so that a choice of evils lay before him: either he must remain to encounter him in an excessively unfavorable position, or he must force his way though the enemy's quarters. Joscelyn, who knew that his chief was exceptionally skilful in choosing his ground, was quite prepared to hear that he had decided with his usual daring on the latter course.

"'Tis impossible to give them battle here," said Waller, "where every field is as good as a fortification, and every lane as disputable as a pass. Far better make a push to cut through them than be hemmed in among these hills."

It was arranged that the ordnance and the baggage-wagons should cross the Severn at Aust passage, and it was here that Joscelyn had the good-fortune to render real service to his general. More intent on superintending the speedy despatch of the artillery than on his own safety, Waller allowed his horse to go too near the river's brink, and, to the utter consternation of his men, the animal plunged in with him. Being fully armored, he was in great peril of his life, and the spectators were so horror-struck that for a moment they seemed paralyzed. Joscelyn was

the only one who had the presence of mind to free himself from his more cumbrous armor, and, when the general rose to the surface, to plunge into the Severn to his rescue. A great cheer rose from the men when, after a few minutes of breathless anxiety, they saw their beloved general once more in safety; and to his dying day Waller never forgot his deliverance from what had certainly bid fair to prove the jaws of death. Little was said then, however, for the time was too precious to be wasted, and the most perilous piece of work still lay before them. Having seen the artillery safely started across the river, they returned to Chepstow, dried their soaked clothes as best they could, made a hasty supper, and started on their dangerous adventure. Orders had been sent that the main body of the army should join them in the forest by two o'clock. Waller hoped thus to be able to beat up the Royalists at Newnham in the darkness, and, true to his agreement, reached the appointed place with the vanguard precisely at the hour he had named. Not a sign of the main body was to be seen. They drew up and waited, straining their ears to catch the first sound of advancing troops. Nothing was to be heard save the whistling of the wind in the forest trees, and a slight stir in a lonely farm-house which stood in a clearing just in advance of them. The frightened country-folk cautiously opened their casements and peeped out into the darkness to see what was passing; the dogs barked, and terrified children woke and made a piteous wailing.

Sir William dismounted and began to pace to and fro impatiently. "Come, Heyworth," he said, "a brisk turn after your cold bath will not be amiss, and truly this east wind pierces to one's very marrow."

For some time they paced to and fro, Waller pausing every now and then to speak to the men and to cheer their hearts.

"They can't sing to keep themselves awake, since quiet is our aim, but let them light their pipes," he said; "'twill serve to pass the time."

"Sir," cried Joscelyn, "I hear horsemen in the forest; surely at last they come."

Waller paused, and in the stillness of the night they heard the welcome sound of horsemen and the clinking of arms. The spirits of the men revived; and Joscelyn, to whom waiting of any sort was specially distasteful, felt his heart bound within him at the prospect of speedy action. But a sudden disappointment chilled his gladness; looking towards the approaching horsemen, he saw, to his dismay, that instead of being Parliamentary troopers they were merely a gang of peaceful countrymen going through the forest with their pack-horses for charcoal, while the clinking of arms proved to be nothing but the rattle of the trappings on their pack-saddles.

Some laughter arose from the mistake, and the soldiers advanced a little farther, then again halted, passing the weary time as best they could in smoking and chatting. The first faint gray of dawn by this time streaked the sky, and Sir William's anxiety became intense. Still, nothing was heard of the expected troops.

"I'll be bound," he said, wrathfully, "that some stupid fellow's drowsiness is at the bottom of this long delay. They have been caught napping, I dare swear. Sluggish souls! How long will they lie lazing?"

"Perchance, sir, the orders miscarried," said Joscelyn.

"And while some careless officer is drowsing," said Sir William, "the devil is hunting; and, in good truth, he hath a way to hunt souls with pillows and nightcaps. Some folk seem to forget that life consists in action. God never created us to live in a feather-bed."

Joscelyn smiled a little at his chief's ardor, and guessed

that his surmise as to the delay was correct; for the men were terribly in need of rest, and it was likely enough that those away from Waller's inspiring presence should yield to the strong craving for sleep.

At any moment it was only too probable that Prince Maurice's army might swoop down upon the vanguard, and, weary as the men were, it was impossible to allow them to rest, since at any moment they were liable to be surprised. Moreover, to the last, Waller hoped that the main body would join them in time. When at last the night had passed and the sun had risen, Joscelyn saw that his face was gray with anxiety, and knew that he had the gravest doubts whether they should ever come out of the forest alive. Still, his presence of mind did not forsake him. The men breakfasted, and Joscelyn managed to cater fairly well for his general, who composedly made a meal while watching Prince Maurice's men gathering to oppose him. The waiting in the darkness had been bad enough, but this desperate waiting in the full light of day and in sight of the enemy taxed the courage of all. It was with the most intense feeling of relief that at length they were warned of the approach of the long-delayed main body, and, wasting no time in reproaches, Waller instantly gave the word to advance. His vigorous face and form, his cheerful voice, filled the men with confidence; they knew that the general under whom they had so long fought and conquered would not desert them in this desperate strait, but would bring his army safely through the forest if it were possible, and if not, would die with them there.

Joscelyn was never able to give any clear account of the day that followed; he only knew that with the utmost skill and presence of mind Waller somehow contrived to force a way right through the army of Prince Maurice; could only remember his own confused and perilous share in the work

as he galloped hither and thither with messages from the general; and finally could recall the relief of seeing the tower of Gloucester Cathedral growing more and more distinct as they advanced, till, two miles from the city, they were met by Massey and some infantry, who had learned of their peril, but finding them safe, advanced to Tewkesbury, leaving the wearied troops for a night's rest at Gloucester.

"What can such a day be like?" asked Clemency, as that evening the lovers sat hand in hand in the gabled house. "It sounds like a terrible game of 'all hid' more than like the sober warfare one has ever pictured in one's mind."

"In truth, I think it was not unlike a game of chess, with Sir William Waller and Prince Maurice as the players, and the rest of us as the pieces," said Joscelyn. "Being but a piece, one has but a vague notion of the whole; that is why I can give you no clear account of the game. It is to me little but a series of desperate gallops, now in this direction, now in that, with orders to the different officers. Out of the whole day I see but a few things with any distinctness. I see the face of a dead Cavalier lying white and stiff upon a flowery bank; I see some of our forlorn hope, away down a grassy forest glade, falling beneath the Royalists' swords; I see Sir Arthur Hazlerigg soundly rating one of his men for some negligence, and cut short in the midst of his reproof by his horse being shot beneath him; I see Sir William's eager look of triumph when, with but slight loss, he had safely brought us out of the enemy's hand; and I see the strange contrast betwixt a quiet nook in the forest, where the sward was all starred over with starwort and bluebells, and the trees were just coming into leaf and the birds singing, while but a quarter of a mile farther one came upon a sharp skirmish, the rattle of musketry, the

"'WHAT CAN SUCH A DAY BE LIKE?'"

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clash of steel, and men shouting, 'God with us!' and 'St. George for old England!'"

"I wish," sighed Clemency, "that you had a less dangerous post."

"None other would so well please me," said Joscelyn; "and methinks we have small cause to complain, when through the whole campaign I have escaped without one wound. My poor horses have been less lucky. Did I tell you that the roan was shot under me in Wales?"

"No," said Clemency, with a shudder. "Ah, Joscelyn, it seems to me that you ever escape but narrowly. What is your new horse?"

"I picked him up at Abergavenny — a fine chestnut, whom we have dubbed Hotspur. He did good service to-day in the forest; with a less swift horse I should scarce have fared so well, and might likely enough have been dying now alone in the darkness instead of sitting here with you in this paradise."

"Yet to-morrow you must go once more," said Clemency.

"Yes; to-morrow we attack Tewkesbury, and later on shall besiege Hereford. You must not grudge us our active work, dear heart; for, in truth, war should be to me intolerable, with all its suffering and separation, could not one feel that by fighting we do strike a blow on behalf of the liberty and progress so grievously endangered by the King's tyranny."

"Liberty and progress be, as you say, fair things; and yet, Joscelyn, even for them, how could I bear to lose you?" said Clemency, clinging to him. "They seem far away and vague; I cannot feel that they are verily mine as you are mine."

"'*Pro Christo et patria*,'" he said, glancing at the graven letters on her ring. "There be two claims which were prior

to mine. You belonged to Christ and the country before ever I belonged to you and you to me."

"Your serving is so much more direct," said Clemency. "Perchance that is why it is easier for you to realize matters. And yet direct warfare would but ill suit women folk. I should never have been among the maidens who crowned Judith with a garland of olive for killing Holofernes. Though truly she must have had a noble thought in her mind. Did you ever mark the words of her prayer where she speaks of God's character?"

"No," said Joscelyn; "I do not remember it."

"She says, 'For Thy power standeth not in multitude, nor Thy might in strong men; for Thou art a God of the afflicted, a helper of the oppressed, an upholder of the weak, a protector of the forlorn, a saviour of them that are without hope.'"

Joscelyn was silent, musing on the strange beauty of the words, and thinking of the tyranny under which England had so long groaned.

CHAPTER XXIII

He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes.
—WORDSWORTH.

THE negotiations at Oxford having utterly failed, peace seemed little likely as yet to come to the country. Waller, still terribly hampered by want of money, returned to Gloucester no less than three times during the next two months, after having captured Tewkesbury and Hereford, and unsuccessfully attempted to take Worcester. Early in June he received orders to march into the West; but Joscelyn, not a little to his satisfaction, was despatched to London, partly on a matter concerning the imprisonment of Lord Scudamore, one of the Royalists, who had honorably given himself into Waller's hands at Hereford, and, much to Sir William's regret, had been treated with scant consideration by the Parliament, and partly to see to private matters connected with the inheritance bequeathed him by old Mr. Gainsborough. He had leave for three weeks, and had set his heart on meeting Hampden once more. Nor was he to be disappointed of his hope, for the very first night of his arrival, going to Westminster, to the house of Sir Robert Pye to deliver Waller's letter relating to Lord Scudamore, he met him face to face.

It was night, and the servant, having carried his name to the master of the house, ushered him into a somewhat dark room, where his host and another man sat writing by the

light of a single lamp. Joscelyn, bowing to Sir Robert, presented his letter, then bowed to his companion, in the imperfect light not at all discerning his features or greatly thinking about him, for indeed his mind was full of his errand.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Have you forgotten me, boy?" said Hampden. Then, smiling a little at Joscelyn's fervent greeting, "I have often thought of you," he added, "and wondered how you fared."

Plucking the shade from the lamp, he looked scrutinizingly into the bright, hopeful face of his protégé, almost marvelling to find that after these long months of arduous strife he should still be "ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to."

"I am glad to find you on an errand of mercy," he said. "In our zeal for justice and judgment we must not forget that. 'Tis a hard case, this of my Lord Scudamore, and he is as honorable a man as any that cleave to the King. Were you present at Hereford when he was taken?"

"Aye, sir, I was in attendance on Sir William Waller when he visited Lord Scudamore in the place where he lodged. Rather than escape in the confusion when we entered the city, as many of the other Royalists did, he honorably waited, and Sir William, treating him, as he ever does those within his power, with great kindness and civility, did assure him that he was governed by instructions to bid him to London, but yet was loath to treat him as a prisoner, but gave him a pass, and took his word that he would render himself up to the Parliament, making sure 'twould treat him with equal generosity."

"It is scarce in a mood to be generous just now," said Hampden. "Lord Scudamore, like many another honorable man, will most likely have to bear the sins of his party. I will endeavor to do what I may to procure his exchange,

but his case is in great danger of being overlooked in the press of urgent public matters. The discovery of this dastardly plot of Edmund Waller's hath broken down the last remnants of hope that the King may come to a better mind."

"I have as yet heard no details," said Joscelyn; "merely that a kinsman of Sir William Waller's had been arrested for some plot against the Parliament. Is it Edmund Waller, the poet?"

"Aye; and I am in the same boat with Sir William, for he is my kinsman also. Moreover, my cousin Alexander Hampden is also implicated, though since throughout the contest he has sided with the King he is not so blameworthy. Still, he had the perfidy to come up to Westminster with a communication from the King to the Parliament, all the time knowing that a plot was on foot by which on a given night the Royalists in the city and the suburbs were to rise, and, aided by a force of three thousand men which the King had promised to send, were to seize the Lord Mayor, Pym, myself, and sundry other leaders, and deliver up London."

"The King entered on this plot at the very time that he was offering to negotiate, sir?" asked Joscelyn.

"Aye, he did," said Hampden, with a sigh. "It is all of a piece with his conduct at Brentford. We have striven to think that all the ill comes from his Majesty's evil advisers, but no longer is it possible to hold him guiltless. With such a one at the head the country is doomed."

Coming from the excitement of a long and successful campaign into the burdened atmosphere of that room at Westminster, Joscelyn felt like a boy suddenly coming from the brisk work and pleasure of school to the unveiling of some grievous private trouble in the home. Yet even now, in this dark hour of the Parliament's troubles, his sanguine

nature saw gleams of light. Was the country, after all, in so grievous a case when such a man as John Hampden lived and toiled?

"Ah, sir," he cried, "if you were but in the place of my Lord Essex all might yet be well. Under you Sir William Waller would work far more harmoniously. The coldness betwixt him and his Excellency increases every day."

"'Tis not to be wondered at," said Sir Robert Pye, "for they are like frost and fire, and could never agree."

"The times clearly call for reforms and changes in the army," said Hampden, thoughtfully. "That is a matter upon which Colonel Cromwell hath many times spoken with me. You remember him that we met at my Lord Lindsey's death-bed at Kineton?"

"No one could forget Colonel Cromwell," said Joscelyn; "he seems to have the power of ten ordinary men."

"He is a man ever ready to strike for the oppressed," said Hampden. "They tell me that last month, near Grantham, with but a worn and wearied handful of troopers, he utterly routed double the number of Cavaliers, and set them flying like chaff before the wind. Remember what I said long ago—Oliver Cromwell will be the greatest man of these times."

Sir Robert Pye smiled as he looked into Joscelyn's expressive face.

"I see," he said, turning to his father-in-law, "that Captain Heyworth, in common with many of the rest of us, would vastly prefer to substitute your name, sir, for Cousin Oliver's."

"In common with many of my friends, then, he overrates my abilities," said Hampden, with the genuine humility which so greatly added to his power and influence. "We have sorely missed you in the regiment, Joscelyn," he continued. "I would have given much to have had you at the

siege of Reading and afterwards, when, what with sickness and delay, the men were much in need of officers who could keep up their spirits. While I was away at Westminster a mutinous spirit broke out among them, and I was forced to hurry down to them to set things right. Officers seem to forget that they must keep in touch with their men, who are not mere fighting-machines. There is as much skill needed in that particular as in the case of a good rider who knows how to feel the mouth of his horse. I go down to Buckinghamshire in two days' time; can you not go with me? Let us spend the Sunday at Hampden House; that is to say, if your business can be accomplished by then."

"I will undertake to do all that is to be done for Lord Scudamore," said Sir Robert Pye; "and as long as Captain Heyworth's private matters keep him in London, I hope he will make this house his headquarters."

Hampden looked pleased at the suggestion, for Joscelyn Heyworth had from the first held a very special place in his affections, while now, in the shadow of his recent bereavements, he felt more than ever drawn to him. Not long after the beginning of the war he lost his eldest son, and his favorite daughter, Elizabeth (Mrs. Knightley), had also died, a blow from which he never recovered. When, the next morning, Joscelyn saw him in the full light of the summer sun, he noticed how greatly this trouble had shattered him, and as they walked together to Pym's lodgings in Gray's Inn Lane, Hampden alluded to his bereavement. They had been speaking of the increasing bitterness of party feeling on each side, and of the horrible slaughter of the inhabitants at Birmingham by the Royalist troops, the first very serious blot upon the civil war, which, on the whole, had been conducted with a good deal of restraint and honorable remembrance that the combatants were, after all, fellow-countrymen.

"I confess," said Hampden, "that it had seemed to me more worthy of gentlemen to leave my private sorrows untouched, that they had no call to gloat over the sufferings of a bereaved father. But since this plot of Edmund Waller's I see no hope of any lessening of bitterness either on our side or on theirs. The Parliament had no sooner discovered it than they took the wrong step of impeaching the Queen, a measure which his Majesty must bitterly resent, though, in truth, I do believe she hath been the most fruitful source of all his troubles. A more disastrous marriage never was. The Queen hath alienated the King from the people and the people from the King; she hath fomented every grievance, and her husband is as wax in her hands. I ofttimes wonder what his Majesty might have been had he but been influenced by a noble, high-principled woman, instead of being dragged into the intrigues of one educated in the French court. We must not forget in our present misery the great qualities his Majesty hath—a sincere desire to serve God, and much personal courage. 'Twas his misfortune to be born to a position for which he was unfitted, and to be surrounded by those who developed the worst side of his nature—that hopeless insincerity which hath been his own undoing and the bane of this bleeding country."

"Is it true, sir, that my Lord Essex is greatly hampered by the want of money?" asked Joscelyn, after a silence.

"Aye, 'tis true," said Hampden. "Money is now being collected for that purpose, and I hope to arrange that it shall be sent down to the lord-general at Thame next week. With that to stimulate matters, I trust he will endeavor to push on to Oxford, for indeed the men have suffered grievously from the long sojourn in low-lying and damp country. There has been great sickness among them."

Joscelyn marvelled at the patient, calm way in which his

companion spoke of the procrastination of Essex, so directly opposed to his own views of what was wise and right. But this was characteristic of Hampden, who, spite of his eager temperament, had gained a masterly control over himself, and was never once heard to murmur at the timid, weak policy of his general, or in any way to heed the clamorous voices which urged that he himself should be raised to the post which Essex had unsatisfactorily filled. His strong sense of duty never permitted him to forget for a moment a soldier's obedience, and though his position on the Close Committee which directed the war made his relations with Essex peculiarly difficult, he contrived with rare modesty and tact to observe the most strict reverence and submission to his chief. Joscelyn begged to be allowed to make some subscription to the fund for the army, and Hampden, who had himself contributed two thousand pounds to the cause, accepted his offer gladly.

"You shall come in with me and speak a few words with Pym," he said, as they approached Gray's Inn Lane. "He, by-the-way, is another whose private life hath been most disgracefully handled by the Cavaliers. One might have thought that his austerity and his deep sense of religion were obvious to the most casual beholder, yet these servile court scribblers dare to assert that his friendship with my Lady Carlisle is of a vicious nature. Most truly did Hamlet say, 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not 'scape calumny.'"

In after-days Joscelyn was glad to remember that he had once again looked upon Pym's forceful face, with its strongly marked brows and piercing eyes, to remember that the hand which had steered the Parliament through such deep waters had grasped his, as with kindly words Pym referred to the despatches which in the previous November he had intrusted to his care, and which had been so honorably

guarded. But he went away feeling sad at heart, for already it seemed to him that the great leader was on the verge of breaking down, and those were times in which men needed untiring strength and energy.

Crossing Lincoln's Inn Fields, where, as if naught disturbed the country, he encountered some most merry little children being drawn by a lackey in their tiny coach, he walked to his attorney's house, there to arrange many matters regarding the property left him by old Mr. Gainsborough, to procure the contribution which he had promised to the War Committee, and also to sign his marriage contract—a ceremony which in those days usually preceded the marriage by some weeks, and which he deemed it prudent to settle while he was in London. Then, having arranged that the document should be sent to Sir Robert Neal, he was about to take his leave when his attorney checked him by a question.

"Did I understand you to say that you were shortly going to Somersetshire?" he asked.

"I expect to rejoin Sir William Waller there in a fortnight," said Joscelyn. "Can I serve you there?"

"I should be greatly obliged if you could bear with you a watch bequeathed by Mr. Gainsborough, of Lincoln, to one Mr. Whichcote, recently appointed to the living of North Cadbury, in Somersetshire," said the attorney.

"Mr. Whichcote, of Cambridge, do you mean—my former tutor?"

"Aye, 'tis the very man. The watch by some mistake was not sent to him at Cambridge, but was brought here with the other effects that I have in keeping for you. I made it over to Mr. Henry Barrington, of the Inner Temple, who was like to be passing through Cambridge, and now I learn that Mr. Whichcote hath gone to Somersetshire."

"I will call, then, upon Mr. Barrington and procure the watch," said Joscelyn. "To tell truth, I shall be right glad of an excuse for visiting my tutor."

Accordingly, Joscelyn made his way to the Temple, to the chambers of his old Lincoln friend, and finding a paper fastened upon his door bearing the mystic words, "Gone to the devil," he turned his steps towards Temple Bar, and soon discovered Henry Barrington in the well-known tavern chiefly frequented by the gentlemen of the Inns of Court.

They walked back to the Temple together, talking of many mutual acquaintances at Lincoln, and of the recent marriage between Anne Barrington and a kinsman of Bishop Winiffe.

"And as for you," said Barrington, "you must clearly be a favorite of the gods. Everything happens to you—fortunes are left to you by godfathers, Puritan heiresses fall in love with you, all the Roundhead leaders combine to flatter you, and in the war you have developed into a full-fledged hero."

"Nonsense," said Joscelyn, laughing. "The work is prosaic enough, and any man who can stick on a horse may be a galloper."

"But not all of us have the luck to be galloper to William the Conquerer," said Barrington, "to carry the messages of the 'Night-owl' of world-wide renown. As for me, nothing happens to me, there is nothing doing in the courts, London is a wilderness, the war paralyzes our profession, and all we can do is to go to the devil."

"Why not throw in your lot with us?" said Joscelyn.

Barrington shook his head. "I have small doubt that you are in the right," he said, "but leave me to my quiet life, and, for Heaven's sake, don't call upon me to quarrel with my kinsfolk as you have done. Depend upon it, my boy, the country is not worth it. What has the country,

after all, done for us? I for one am not made of the stuff of which patriots are made. Every one for himself and God for us all. That is my motto."

Joscelyn reflected that this life of ease and idleness was precisely the one which not a year ago he had been so loath to leave. "Yet you don't know what you miss!" he said, realizing how dreadful it would now be to him to go back to the old life of passive enjoyment and boyish thoughtlessness.

Barrington laughed good-humoredly; and often in after-days, when wayworn and hungry, Joscelyn would recall his sleek, good-tempered, lazy face, as he sat enveloped in tobacco smoke, his feet on the window-seat, and his comfortable voice reiterating injunctions to come and tell him all his adventures when the struggle was over. As in Raphael's "Vision of a Knight," Joscelyn had had his time of ease. Pleasure had lured him with her handful of flowers, but he had turned towards the less enticing figure of Duty, had grasped the sword she offered him, had vowed to defend the Book, and now could only marvel that the other life had seemed to him so fair.

The next day he rode down into Buckinghamshire with Hampden. The June day was bright and sunny, with just enough breeze to make riding pleasant; it reminded them both of the August day when in the previous year they had ridden down to Hampden House before the Raising of the Standard.

"What changes since then!" said Hampden, with a sigh.

Joscelyn looked at the fortifications which had been hastily thrown up round London during the autumn, thinking that he referred to them; but the patriot's thoughts were with his dead children, and with many a comrade lost in battle. He spoke very sadly of the death of his friend,

"'EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF AND GOD FOR US ALL.'"

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Lord Brook, at Lichfield, giving Joscelyn details which he had not before heard.

"We need fresh men to fill many grievous gaps in our ranks," he said. "But, above all, 'tis necessary that we have men of truth and honor—men whose religion lies in the consecration of the will to God's service. We have grievously suffered from having in our ranks men of evil and vicious lives, who seek self through this strife, and are not wholly governed by zeal for the cause."

"Men like Colonel Hurry," said Joscelyn, "who, I learn, hath deserted, and is now at Oxford serving under Prince Rupert."

"We are well quit of such a one," said Hampden; "yet he is capable of doing us much mischief, knowing the country round Oxford very thoroughly, and being well acquainted with all our ways. 'Tis but a short time since he was in command of some of my Lord Essex's horse in more than one skirmish. 'Tis not such as Hurry that one grudges to the other side, but men like Hopton and Fuller and Falkland, men who deceive themselves by thinking that they can cry 'Peace! peace!' when there is no firm basis on which peace can rest."

"Is it true, sir, that my Lord Falkland knew of Edmund Waller's plot?"

"I fear 'tis too true," said Hampden. "He doubtless persuades himself that war justified even that. But I learn from those who of late have seen him that he hath greatly altered, falling into a melancholy, ill-yoked with those unworthy of his noble and tolerant nature, breaking his heart in the service of one who is lacking in all true love of his country or understanding of the people."

Joscelyn glanced at the strong, virile face of the speaker, and caught the flash of his eyes, lovelit with that passionate devotion to England which had moulded his whole life.

He remembered the coldly handsome face, the exclusive unsympathetic manner, of another rider, and for a moment the quiet country road seemed to change into the crowded High Street of Lincoln, and in place of the overarching trees he saw in imagination the Stonebow and the Prison Lane and John Drake's mutilated face. Above the sound of Hotspur's hoofs he heard that awakening cry of "Justice! justice!" which had touched his manhood and his patriotism into life.

One thing he realized very clearly—two men so absolutely opposed to each other in character as Hampden and the King could by no possibility ever come to an understanding.

"And yet," he said, when at mid-day they paused to rest and dine at a way-side inn, "'tis not only my Lord Falkland who craves for peace. No one, surely, can serve in the war without longing for the time when one's very dreams will not be blood-stained, as now they are."

"True," said Hampden; "the bravest soldier that ever held a pen has well expressed the same craving. Did you ever read the translation of Cervantes's *Don Quixote?*"

Joscelyn was fain to confess that he had never heard of it.

"Well, you should read it if ever time for reading is yours once more. I recollect being much struck by many chivalrous and noble thoughts in the book, but by none more than by a passage running much after this fashion: 'Arms have for their object and end peace, which is the greatest good that men can desire in all this life. And thus the first good news that the world had was that which the angel gave on the night which was our day, when they sang in the heavens, "Glory in the Highest, and Peace on the earth." This peace is the true end of war.'"

The words kept recurring to Joscelyn all through the

following day, which, being a Sunday, they spent quietly at Hampden House. It was some time since Hampden had been able to visit his home, and just for that one day he seemed to put back from him all cares of state and entirely to give himself up to his family, not allowing even his sad memories to darken the happiness of their reunion. Again and again, in the sorrowful time that followed, Joscelyn would live in imagination through that strangely peaceful day which was to them all such a priceless possession. The very atmosphere of the old dining-hall seemed present to him as he recalled their gathering in the morning—the children flocking to greet their father, the servants assembling for family prayers, the patriot's clear mellow voice reading in quiet, unaffected fashion, "Let not your heart be troubled"; then the leisurely breakfast, the genial flow of talk, the absence of that sense of unrest and hurry which of late had become customary to them; and by-and-by the service in the little quiet country church, at which the newly chosen rector, Mr. Robert Lenthall, son of the Speaker, officiated. The discourse was upon two verses of one of the psalms for the day: "Under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge until this tyranny is overpast. I will call upon the most high God; even unto the God that shall perform the cause which I have in hand." When the sermon was over Hampden lingered in the church-yard talking to one and another of his tenants. To them he was not so much the great statesman and leader as the personal friend, the squire who had lived among them all his life, sharing their joys and sorrows, ever ready to help those in need, not by reckless alms-giving, but by care and thought and counsel, by the genuine friendship which costs more than a mere dole. It was beautiful to see the love which he evoked among those sturdy Buckinghamshire folk—devotion free from all cringing or servility, honor which only stimulated

their self-respect. Mr. Lenthall came back to dine with them, and later on, in the sweet quiet of the Sunday afternoon, they sat in the quaint old pleasance, at the side of the house known as King John's Garden, where the fountain plashed gently in its stone basin and the rose-bushes scented the air, and beyond, in the park, the noble trees lifted their fresh June foliage up to the soft blue of a cloudless sky.

Even old Madam Hampden, the patriot's mother, ventured forth, and paced slowly to and fro on the velvety turf, leaning on her son's arm. All through her long widowhood he had been her sole comfort and delight, and it was touching to watch her pride in him, and his loving reverence and considerateness for her. The old lady had quickly discovered Joscelyn Heyworth's devotion to his leader, and leaving the Lady Letitia to have some uninterrupted talk with her husband, she asked the young guest to help her back to the house, talking to him very kindly the while, first of his own affairs, but soon falling back to the subject which engrossed her thoughts, her dearly loved son.

"I remember," she said, as they paced through the hall to the withdrawing-room—"I remember, Captain Heyworth, in the late King's reign, being ambitious of my son's honor, I greatly desired a peerage for him. There was a multitude of lords a-making—my Lord Dunbar, my Lord Falkland, and a vast number of new creations—and my son might easily enough have had a title; but knowing how they were obtained, he would have naught to do with seeking one, but utterly declined any such notion. And now methinks he chose well to keep to the name handed down to him from Saxon times and ever connected with his fair estate. And though maybe 'tis in part the fondness of a parent that prompts the thought, yet I do think that the name of

John Hampden is one which will ever live in the hearts of the people of England."

At supper, perhaps because the shadow of the parting threatened to interfere with the present enjoyment, Hampden's conversation was even more animated than before. His great natural cheerfulness—a sort of bright joyousness of temperament closely akin to that of his young guest—made them, when together, like flint and steel. Spite of all the past sorrows, all the future cares, the hall rang with the laughter evoked by their merry talk, and the children's happy faces and the momentary laying aside of anxiety on the part of his wife and his mother filled the patriot's heart with pure pleasure.

All too soon the meal was ended, and the old butler came to tell them that the horses were awaiting them at the door. With a cheering word and a tender individual farewell to each member of his family, Hampden, for the last time, quitted the home endeared to him by so many associations, and mounting his horse, rode away with Joscelyn Heyworth to Thame, where Essex had lately taken up his quarters.

CHAPTER XXIV

> And there . . . gave
> His body to that pleasant country's earth,
> And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
> Under whose banner he had fought so long.
>
> —KING RICHARD II., *Act* 4, *Scene* 1.

THE days that followed were somewhat checkered. Joscelyn greatly enjoyed meeting his former comrades once more, and he had the inestimable privilege of being almost constantly with Hampden, but it was trying to witness the patriot's depression when, despite every effort, Essex still remained half-hearted, timid, and supine. Now and again the soldiers would be stirred into a sort of enthusiasm by his presence, and would cry, "Hey for old Robin!" But he seemed incapable of promoting any great enterprise, and was conspicuously lacking in the great qualities of Hampden and of Sir William Waller. The men, disheartened by the sickness which had rapidly thinned their ranks since the siege of Reading, had become sullen and dispirited, and scarcely a night passed but they could descry in the distance the red glow in the sky which showed that Prince Rupert had attacked and set fire to some defenceless place or beaten up the quarters of some isolated regiment, putting all the luckless soldiers to the sword. Hampden devoted his energies that week to raising the drooping spirits of the army, and to visiting many of the outlying villages, and sending strong remonstrances to the lord-general on the scattered and helpless condition of the pickets. On Friday, the 16th, he visited, with Joscelyn, the regiments stationed at Postcombe and

Chinnor, and, seeing in how exposed a position they were left, despatched his lieutenant to Essex, imploring him to call them in, as well as those troops picketed at Wycombe. On the Saturday, having visited Major Gunter's cavalry at Tetsworth, and done all that he could to establish a line of communication between the principal regiments, he returned towards evening to Watlington, where he had arranged to pass the night.

"We shall pass through Purton," he said, "and will visit my father-in-law, Squire Symeon; he will like to have the latest news of the army."

The sunset cast a mellow glow over the lovely little church; and Joscelyn, who had ever a keen eye for beautiful coloring, gave an exclamation of delight.

"Ah, Heyworth!" said his companion, smiling, "they will never make a straitlaced Puritan of you. 'Tis, methinks, a right happy thing that a few of us insist on paying due reverence to whatsoever things are lovely. In yonder little church, when not much older than you, I was wedded to my dear wife, now in heaven. Let us dismount and take this way to the hall; 'tis not every day that you will have a chance of seeing so fine an old Norman church as this of Purton."

Giving the horses in charge of an attendant, they crossed the church-yard, and, entering by the beautiful Norman doorway, passed into the dimly lighted church, beneath the chancel arch of which, long years before, John and Elizabeth Symeon had plighted their vows. Hampden did not speak a word, but stood gazing round the familiar place as though lost in thought, musing perhaps over that past scene, or dwelling maybe on the thought which had comforted him in his recent sorrow, that his beloved son and daughter were safe and at rest with their mother in the "happy harbor of the saints."

In silence he turned away and took Joscelyn through a small gate with a curiously contrived latch, of which he understood the secret. Passing through it, they found themselves in the grounds of Purton Hall, which sloped steeply down to a pretty piece of water, beyond which rose the gray walls of a picturesque Elizabethan house. In the porch Squire Symeon waited to receive them, having been told of their visit to the church. He pressed them to sleep at the hall; but Hampden, who had business at Watlington, would only consent to sup there, though promising, if possible, to return on the following day and spend Sunday with them. The sun had just set when they left Purton, and, riding briskly on to Watlington, they dismounted at the Hare and Hounds, at the door of which the landlord, Robert Parslow, stood talking to a group of Parliamentary officers. Colonel Sheffield stepped forward to greet Hampden.

"The military chest of which you spoke has been safely deposited in your room, sir," he said; "and if it were possible this Saturday night to give the soldiers their arrears of pay I should be right glad."

Hampden dismounted and went into the inn, followed by Sheffield and Joscelyn. The latter helped to remove the patriot's armor, after which Hampden searched his pockets for the key of the chest.

"'Tis strange!" he exclaimed. "I certainly brought it with me from Thame. Yet 'tis assuredly not here. Stay, let me think! Where did we lie last night? 'Twas at Chinnor, and I thrust the key in my pocket-case under the bed-pillow. I must carelessly have left it there."

"Let me ride over, sir, and search for it," said Joscelyn. "Hotspur is still saddled below."

"The poor beast has been far to-day and is weary," said Hampden. "Yet 'tis important that we have the key. I

shall be greatly beholden to you, my boy, if you will ride over to Chinnor. But do not attempt to return till morning, for it will be dark by the time you get there, and we could do naught with the money to-night. Still, 'tis important that the key be not lost, to say nothing of my pocket-case, which contains sundry notes I shall need."

Without a moment's delay Joscelyn hurried out to the stable-yard and rode off to Chinnor. A faint glow of light still lingered in the west, and, as he rode along, the fragrance of the newly mown hay made him think of that summer afternoon a year ago at Katterham Court. He seemed to see Clemency's sweet sad face as the mowers' song floated through the open casement, and she had wept to think of the changes that must have come by the next hay-harvest, and of the war and bloodshed that must lay the land desolate. An intense stillness reigned in the quiet countryside. Never had the Chiltern Hills looked more peaceful than they did on that night; and Joscelyn, who knew that a wagon containing a large sum of money for the army was travelling down that night from London to Thame, congratulated himself on the calmness of the landscape. Arrived at Chinnor, he found that the quarters in which they had slept on the previous night were already occupied. But the key and pocket-case had been found, and were at once handed over to him. Finding that not a bed was to be had in the village, and having with some difficulty stabled his weary horse, he wrapped himself in his cloak and shifted as best he could in a hay-loft just above Hotspur's stall. He was tired, and slept for some hours. Yet it seemed to him but a short time before he was roused by the most appalling confusion. Starting up from his bed of hay, he listened in great consternation. The whole air seemed full of terrible sounds—shrieks of women, groans of men, trampling of horses, the rattle of musketry, and

now and again a shouted watchword, "St. George!" or "Queen Mary!"

Springing to his feet, he tore aside a loose piece of boarding in the side of the loft and gazed out upon the village street. It seemed to him like looking into hell. Lurid flames leaped up from the thatched cottages, half-clothed women and children struggled madly to escape, while the Parliament soldiers whom Hampden had vainly tried only a few hours before to save were remorselessly butchered by the Cavaliers. For a moment Joscelyn seemed paralyzed. Then, catching sight of the face of the renegade Hurry riding past with Prince Rupert, fury seemed to restore him to life. Dashing down the ladder into the stable below, he saddled Hotspur in desperate haste, intent only on warning Hampden in time, on preventing a similar surprise of Watlington. It was now about four o'clock in the morning; the sun had not yet appeared above the hills, but a vivid ruddy glow lighted the eastern sky. Joscelyn cautiously opened the door of the stable. To escape by the street was out of the question, and he thought it highly probable that even the backs of the houses would be guarded. Even as the thought crossed his mind a shot fired in the very yard upon which the stable opened proved that his surmise was correct; a couple of Royalist soldiers lying in ambush had fired upon a little group of fugitives who were vainly trying to reach the fields beyond. Joscelyn, raising his musket promptly, took aim at the nearest Cavalier and avenged the slaughter of his comrades. Then seeing that his sole chance of life lay in Hotspur's swiftness, he urged his horse forward, bounded over the nearest hedge, and amid a shower of bullets galloped off into the meadows, with great good-fortune effecting his retreat from Chinnor. Hotspur, mad with excitement, galloped bravely on, and, after carrying his master across country at a pace which would not

have disgraced a race-horse, landed him safely at the door of the Hare and Hounds just as Colonel Sheffield came forth booted and spurred, ready to cheer up his men, who were mustering at the cross-roads by the market-place.

"Colonel Hampden is dressing," he said. "We had news but now of Prince Rupert's doings at Postcombe."

Joscelyn ran up-stairs to see if he could help his leader, and found himself just in time to fasten his armor for him.

"Thank God, you are safe," said Hampden. "I thought through my carelessness you had ridden to your death. What of Chinnor?"

"'Tis in flames, sir, and many of our poor fellows killed. Prince Rupert's force is approaching on the Icknield way. The firing has never quite ceased; he must be skirmishing as he goes."

"We must endeavor to keep them so skirmishing till the troops come from Thame," said Hampden. "If we can but bring them to action this side of Chiselhampton Bridge, to-day may be a turning-point in the war."

"But, sir," urged Joscelyn, "your brigade is not here; why hazard a life so precious to the country when there is no call for you to go forth?"

Hampden only smiled at his eagerness. "You practise not what you preach my son," he said, in his kindly voice. "Did you pause to think of the hazard when you rode alone through many perils to bring us the news from Chinnor?"

"'Tis different," cried Joscelyn; "the country could well enough spare me; but you — the leader to whom we all look—oh, sir! do not go forth!"

But even as he spoke the words he knew they would be useless; he might just as well have begged a mother to forsake a helpless babe, or a captain to desert a ship in peril.

Hampden laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"For what has God permitted us to be here to-day," he

said, "but to volunteer in this conflict? And what matter how long or in what fashion we serve the country so that we serve it faithfully?"

After that there was no more to be said. They hurriedly passed through the suite of rooms and down the steep stairs to the court-yard, where Colonel Sheffield and several of the other officers repeated the same remonstrance to Hampden, to just as little purpose. He insisted on volunteering in that day's service, nor could they regret it when they saw how his presence inspired the soldiers. Passing through Watlington, the two troops of horse commanded by Sheffield and Cross, with which Hampden and Joscelyn had volunteered, rode on in the direction of Chalgrove, a large unenclosed plain, where it was deemed probable that Prince Rupert might be brought to bay. It was now about eight in the morning, much such a Sunday as they had enjoyed the previous week, clear and still, with a cloudless sky, and Joscelyn could not but notice the curious contrast between the peaceful green meadows with their winding brook, the curves of which were outlined by pollard willows, and the warlike sounds ever growing louder and nearer as they advanced.

And now the field of Chalgrove was in sight, and over the great expanse of standing corn waving gently in the June breeze they could descry Prince Rupert's army, its left wing hotly engaged against those gallant dragoons, commanded by Colonel Gunter, which but yesterday Joscelyn had seen at Tetsworth. He heard his leader give a sudden ejaculation of sorrow.

"Colonel Gunter has fallen!" he said. Then, seeing that the dragoons were giving way, the new-comers hastened to rally them, and Hampden and Sheffield urged the men forward, Hampden putting himself at the head of the attack, and so stimulating the soldiers by the magic of his presence

that by the confession of their enemies they fought that day as they had never fought before.

"The main body from Thame must shortly be here," said Hampden, as they charged the enemy. Joscelyn was beside his leader in the front rank. As the words were uttered he just glanced at him, and so contagious was Hampden's enthusiasm that at the moment all things seemed possible, even that the dilatory Essex might for once be in time. The Cavaliers vastly outnumbered them, but they were worn and weary with their night's work, and could surely be held in check till Essex came. These thoughts flashed through Joscelyn's mind as the green ears of corn bowed beneath the feet of the galloping horses; and from the troops drawn up beneath the hedge towards which they charged there poured forth a deadly fire. He was dimly aware that their ranks were grievously thinned. Still they pressed on.

Suddenly he glanced towards his left, perceiving that Hampden's arm had fallen powerless to his side. Almost at the same moment the trooper on his right dropped down dead, and his maddened horse plunging against Hotspur so terrified the poor beast that he reared violently, and his master, thrown off his guard and thinking only of his wounded leader, was thrown to the ground, where for some time he lay stunned.

When he came to himself the skirmish was over; dizzy and confused by his fall and the kicks he had received while lying on the field, he could at first recollect nothing, but lay staring at the trampled corn and at a sycamore-tree clearly outlined against the blue sky. Moving a little, he saw that the ground behind him was soaked with blood. This roused him, and starting up, he found that he was the one living man among a heap of dead soldiers, and suddenly recollecting that he had seen Hampden wounded, he began

with sickening anxiety to search for him among the slain. Not finding him in that part of the field, he became hopeful that his hurt had not been serious, and still feeling shaken and sick, he made his way over the trampled and blood-stained corn and past the bodies of dead men and horses, longing to find some one to tell him all that had passed. Presently he came upon a few of Gunter's dragoons, who, having found their master's dead body, were bearing it away with sorrowful faces, for he was an officer universally loved and esteemed.

"Have you seen Colonel Hampden?" asked Joscelyn.

"Aye, sir," said one of the men; "I saw him quit the field before the action was finished; his head was hanging down, and his arms leaning on his horse's neck."

"Then indeed he must be sorely wounded!" cried Joscelyn. "Which way did he ride?"

"Towards Purton, sir; yet methinks he could not have passed that way, or he would have fallen in with some of Prince Rupert's men. Belike he will ride back to Thame."

"What of the enemy?" asked Joscelyn; "did they pursue our troops?"

"Nay, sir, but went on their way to Oxford as soon as they saw the main body coming in the distance. They have many prisoners with them, and among others Colonel Sheffield, who was taken grievously wounded."

Joscelyn waited no longer, for it was plain he would only hear of further disasters; moreover, he happened to catch sight in the distance of Hotspur peacefully grazing beside a hedge, just as if no terrible misfortune had happened. Hastily mounting, he turned to a countryman, who was coming to see if he could help the wounded.

"You know these parts better than I do," said Joscelyn. "Which is the shortest way across country to Thame?"

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The man indicated the direction. "Make for Tetsworth, sir," he said, "and there you'll be on the road to Thame. Ride straight across from here by the way of Hazeley Brook."

A word to the chestnut seemed to make him understand his master's desire, for he galloped on at the same desperate pace he had gone that morning from Chinnor to Watlington. Crossing Hazeley Brook, and seeing the little village of Tetsworth close at hand, Joscelyn's heart leaped into his throat as he perceived riding slowly on in advance of him a solitary horseman. The sun shone on his steel corselet and on his flowing hair; he had removed his heavy helmet, and seemed hardly able to keep in the saddle, so grievously was he wounded. In a few minutes Joscelyn was beside him, and the wounded patriot, too faint to recognize him, yet found breath for one question.

"What of the day, sir?" he asked.

"It is lost," said Joscelyn. "My lord Essex was too late. Prince Rupert is on his way back to Oxford with many prisoners."

Hampden sighed heavily, but did not speak; his head was bent a little lower; his hands leaned more heavily on his horse's neck.

"Ah, sir," cried Joscelyn, "how did you ever cross the brook? Do not go farther, but rest here, and let me fetch help from Tetsworth."

"Why, boy, is it you?" cried Hampden, his face lighting up. "I saw you fall in the first charge, and gave you up for lost."

"I was but stunned and trampled on, sir, not wounded. But you? You are grievously hurt."

"Aye, I have got my death-wound," said Hampden. "Yet I will ride back to Thame; this faintness came not on till I leaped the brook, and that—why 'twas, as one may

say, Hobson's choice, for had I dismounted to lead the horse over I could never have mounted him again."

Endless seemed that last ride, yet Hampden, though suffering tortures, spoke a few words from time to time.

"More than once in my old hunting days," he said, "have I known men as sorely hurt as I am now. Shall one grudge for one's country what men do not grudge for a pastime?"

At last they came into sight of Thame, and could hear the church-bells ringing for service.

Hampden smiled faintly.

"You see," he said, "they ring us into the town, though we are not victors, but vanquished."

And so he rode on over the rough highway, each moment of endurance an act of heroism. As they advanced into the place, with its picturesque thatched houses, Hampden looked lingeringly round in the manner of one who casts a farewell glance on scenes once familiar and dear. And when they passed the pretty old grammar-school, with its mullioned windows and quaint gables, he drew his companion's attention to it.

"Over yonder," he said, "I spent my school-days. I had as lief die in that old house as anywhere else. But maybe we had better ride on to our quarters near the market-place. 'Twill give less trouble to other folk."

So they passed on down the broad High Street, and, amid a crowd of sorrow-stricken people, dismounted at the house where Hampden had slept but a few nights before. Half fainting, he was helped from his horse and taken into a room on the ground-floor, for to go a step farther than was necessary was now impossible.

At first the surgeons did not despair, and Joscelyn, ever ready to hope and slow to take the gloomiest view, buoyed himself up with their words, and from his very cheerfulness

became a power in the sick-room. But Hampden knew that his days were numbered, and quietly and patiently prepared to leave his work in other hands.

Struck in the shoulder by two carbine-balls, which had not only broken the bone but had entered his body, he knew that no surgeon, however skilful, could save him, and now his sole effort was to keep his mind clear that he might to the last serve his country. Though suffering tortures, he insisted on dictating letters of counsel to the Parliament, and last words to some of his kinsfolk and friends, and Joscelyn, to whose lot it usually fell to write for him, marvelled at his perfect self-forgetfulness.

On the Thursday there were times when he suffered so terribly that he could do nothing but lie in that pathetic heroism of silent endurance which to the watchers seemed more moving than cries or groans. Once in a quiet interval he looked up at Joscelyn, whose hand he had griped fast in his agony.

"Boy," he said, faintly, "methinks I had somewhat to do in leading you into this strife. I trust you may never regret it."

"Nay, sir, I must ever bless you for your guiding," said Joscelyn, with a look so full of affection and confidence that it brought tears to the eyes of more than one present.

"I pray God you may never know such pain," said Hampden, wearily.

This was practically the only allusion he ever made to his cruel sufferings save in response to direct questions. As it had been all through his life, so in these last days he showed most markedly the power of self-effacement—that utter merging of self into the thought of the country's need which was his strongest characteristic. All the cheerful courtesy, too, which had distinguished him shown out now in little gracious habits of speech to those who waited on

him, while his tenderness for his children and for the wife so recently married was manifested in countless ways.

After the long agony of that Thursday, Joscelyn began to realize that the end was near. The Lady Letitia, worn with watching, was prevailed upon to rest, and he was allowed to keep watch with one of the surgeons in the sick-room through the night hours in company with Arthur Goodwin, Hampden's closest friend and colleague in Parliament.

The dying patriot had some intervals of broken sleep, in which they often heard him praying most fervently for the country, for the Parliament, for his children, and many times that the King might be delivered from his evil advisers. When the next day dawned he looked towards Joscelyn.

"Will you and Hotspur take one more ride for me?" he said. "It was arranged that my mother should come in the coach from home this day. I should be grateful if you would ask the rector to come also, and let him bring the chalice with him, for I would fain receive the sacrament for the last time."

Returning from this duty about noon on the 23d, Joscelyn found his leader much weaker, but in less pain. Indeed, throughout the afternoon Hampden was in such comparative ease that he was able to have long interviews with his mother and with his wife and children. Joscelyn, for the most part, was in the outer room, desperately holding his sorrow at arm's-length, lest it should overwhelm him, restlessly going on errands which any of the servants would have undertaken, talking with Sir Robert Pye, who had that day come down with his wife from London, or listening to the conversation between Dr. Spurstow, the chaplain of Hampden's regiment, and Mr. Robert Lenthall, the new rector of Great Hampden. Late in the evening the Lady

Letitia opened the door of the sick-room and beckoned to him.

"Captain Heyworth," she said, "my husband would greatly like you to be present with us; and will you tell the rector that the service had best take place at once?"

Her wonderful self-command amazed Joscelyn, who, thinking of her brief happiness and of her devotion to her husband, lost sight for the time of his own sorrow. Yet, after all, was it not almost enough joy to fall to the lot of any mortal to have inspired in the heart of a man like Hampden such love and trust that on his death-bed all anxiety for his orphaned children could be laid aside, so well-assured was he that she would treat them precisely as though they were her own?

The room was somewhat dimly lighted, and as they entered Joscelyn heard Hampden's voice, and noticed how much weaker it had grown. "Let him stay," he was saying. "The child wishes it, and methinks thou art old enough to understand, Dick."

"Yes, sir," said little Richard, whose fair head nestled close to his father's. The contrast between the rosy-cheeked boy and the haggard, sunken features of the dying man was very strange, and was all the more marked because the childish face was so full of sorrow, so clouded by misery, while the father's face seemed already to have gained something of that peace, "the true end of war," about which he had spoken as they rode from London. There were present, besides the rector, Dr. Spurstow, old Madam Hampden, the Lady Letitia, little Richard—Hampden's eldest surviving son—his daughter Anne, Sir Robert Pye, and Arthur Goodwin. At first Joscelyn could only feel like one in a terrible dream. His eyes wandered from one to another in the sorrowful group, and he saw with a sort of dull pang how the flickering candlelight glanced on

the bright steel armor leaning now against the dark wainscot, and never again to be worn by Hampden. Collect and epistle had fallen unheeded upon his ear; only the last words of the brief gospel arrested him—"but is passed from death into life." Then once more he looked towards the dying man, and something in the simplicity of his quiet and unaffected devotion raised him into another atmosphere, and within his troubled heart life and strength faced death and sorrow and triumphed.

Afterwards, having embraced little Richard, Hampden motioned to Joscelyn to draw nearer and receive his last farewell.

"God bless you," he said, faintly. "Be a friend to my boy. I pray that you and Clemency may long be spared to serve the good cause."

For the last time Joscelyn looked into those deep, earnest eyes. Then he put his arm round the sobbing child, and, at old Madam Hampden's suggestion, led him out of the room, and only left him when, worn out with sorrow, Richard fell asleep in one of the upper rooms. As he came down-stairs once more he met Arthur Goodwin in the passage. The tears were raining down the strong man's face, but he struggled hard for composure.

"I think he will not speak again," he said in a broken voice. "He is now as it were in a sleep. Yet if there should be a return to consciousness I pray you to let me know."

Joscelyn promised to do so; but the long hours of the night wore on, and only an ominous stillness reigned in the sick-room. At last, about five o'clock in the morning of the 24th, a sound of galloping feet was heard in the High Street. Joscelyn, who was in the outer room with Dr. Spurstow, the chaplain, went to the window to see what visitor came at this early hour.

"'Tis Dr. Giles, of Chinnor, an old friend of Colonel Hampden's," said Dr. Spurstow. "He comes too late."

They went to the door to receive the traveller—a burly, pleasant-looking country parson.

"I bear a message of inquiry from the King," he said. "His Majesty bade me offer his surgeon to Mr. Hampden."

"The offer comes too late, sir," said Joscelyn.

"Aye," said Dr. Spurstow; "he lies at the point of death."

The visitor was much overcome, but asked to see Hampden; and Joscelyn, having borne the news of his arrival to the Lady Letitia, ushered him into the sick-room. Dr. Giles, giving hurried greetings to the watchers, bent over his old friend, and tried to rouse him by repeating the King's words. But it was too late. The sound of the voice disturbed the dying patriot a little; a tremor ran through his powerful frame; his pale lips moved as though forming words, which yet were never uttered. Had he perchance heard the message, and with a last effort of his habitual courtesy did he try to return his thanks? Or did his lips move in one of those pathetic and oft-repeated cries to God to save England from those who threatened her ancient liberties? No one would ever know. For the farewell he had spoken to Arthur Goodwin proved to be his last utterance in this world.

A few minutes later, sleeping as calmly as a tired child, John Hampden "passed out of death into life."

CHAPTER XXV.

The spirit of bitterness may wind itself into our souls, even while we are making the loudest professions of charity.—DEAN PLUMPTRE.

STUNNED and dazed, not as yet feeling very acutely, Joscelyn passed from the death-bed of his leader and friend into the High Street, where but few people were stirring. He went straight to Arthur Goodwin's quarters to bear him the news, only pausing once when a great brawny-armed smith, catching sight of him, flung down his hammer on the anvil and ran out from his forge with an eager question:

"What news of Colonel Hampden?"

"All is over," said Joscelyn, in a numb voice. But even as he uttered the words he felt how false they were, and watching the blacksmith's passionate outburst of grief, he realized that Hampden's work on this earth was not over—was, in truth, only just beginning, and that from generation to generation his name would serve as an inspiration and example to all who sought righteousness, freedom, and progress.

There was no need to speak the actual news to Colonel Goodwin; he saw it written plainly enough in the young officer's face; and touched by sorrow so deep and genuine, he put his arm within Joscelyn's, and walked back with him to see if he could help Sir Robert Pye in making the necessary arrangements for the funeral.

"Every honest man hath a share in this loss, and therefore will likewise share in our sorrow," he said. "And truly God takes away the best among us. Take it all, I

think he was not to any man living second. Did he speak again?"

"Nay, sir. I believe his last conversation was with you. Just at the last Dr. Giles tried to rouse him from the sleep in which for six hours he had lain. The King had sent to offer his surgeon from Oxford. But like the troops at Chalgrove, the help came too late."

"The King sent, say you? What does that bode, I wonder?" said Goodwin. "Only at the beginning of this month his Majesty was taking part in a plot by which Pym and Hampden were to be treacherously seized in their beds. Having failed in that, did he think to conciliate the most powerful man of the day? If so, it shows how little he understood the character of our dead leader."

"May not his Majesty have sent the message out of pure humanity?" said Joscelyn.

Arthur Goodwin was silent. Personally he had small reason to believe in the King's kind-heartedness, being one of the two who were specially excepted by Charles in the general pardon he offered to the County of Buckingham; but he would not urge anything against the more generous thought of his young companion; and, indeed, at that moment they reached the house and encountered Sir Robert Pye.

It was deemed best that the funeral should take place on the next day. It was a Sunday, and in time of war there was no possibility of observing the usual tedious formalities. Moreover, the family were already in deep mourning for Mrs. Knightley. When these details had been settled, Joscelyn was despatched to Hampden House with a message; and, in fact, the whole of that day he was so continuously employed that he was able in part to hold in check the sorrow which he yet all the time knew would sooner or later overwhelm him.

The 25th of June, unlike the previous Sunday, when they had fought under a cloudless sky at Chalgrove, was sultry and oppressive. A sort of blight seemed to hang over the place; not a breath of air was stirring; and in the distance from time to time could be heard prolonged rumbling thunder, as though away among the Chilterns some battle raged.

Joscelyn, whose rest during the past week had been of the briefest, slept late that morning, and was only roused by the tolling of the great bell in the tower of the church. Hastily dressing, he went down to the death-chamber to see if in any way he could be of service.

There was nothing for him to do.

All the preparations were complete; the hastily made and unpretentious coffin was closed, the blue banner of the Parliament had been thrown across it, and upon the lid had been placed the patriot's sword and helmet.

He stood for a moment with bent head in that awful, silent blankness; then beginning faintly to realize the irreparable loss their cause had sustained, he turned away with heaving breast and dim eyes, unable to endure the oppression of his surroundings. At the back of the house a long strip of garden-ground led down to the meadows. Here he paced to and fro, struggling to bear up under that crushing load of sorrow, under that great national loss, which became more appalling as it was more fully understood. All the customary platitudes of comfort were powerless to touch his heart now; he could only think of the great statesman cut off in his prime, of that mighty influence for good removed from Parliament, of the gallant leader—whom so many had longed to see at the head of the army—betrayed to his death by a mercenary time-server like Hurry.

As he paced beside the homely fruit-trees and currant-bushes, and passed the strawberry-beds whose heavy fragrance filled the air, the solemn tolling of the great bell in

"HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT WITH BENT HEAD."

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Thame tower ceased, and the bells began to ring a muffled peal. Then he knew that he must return to the house, and, joining the other mourners, he took his place in the long, sad procession which followed the body of John Hampden to the grave. Borne by his brave greencoats down the broad street of Thame, along the country road he had so often traversed in life, amid the tears of all beholders that simple, pathetic funeral train passed on. When they reached Hampden House the soldiers bore the coffin through the old banqueting-hall to the brick parlor where Hampden had in past times so often toiled, and where years before he had been summoned for his refusal to pay the ship-money. Here, while the soldiers dined in the hall, the women of the family gathered to take in private their last silent farewell of the dead. Joscelyn, being presently summoned to speak with old Madam Hampden, found them still weeping round the coffin; and Hampden's mother, seeing how greatly he was moved, drew him a little aside, and, laying her hand on his arm, spoke to him with almost motherly tenderness.

"I know how well you loved him," she said, "and how great an affection he had for you. They tell me you must leave for London this very day. Is that indeed the case?"

"My leave has nearly expired, madam," explained Joscelyn, "and as it is necessary that I see Sir Robert Neal on my way to the west, I must not delay any longer."

"They told me you would probably lie at Katterham for a night," said Madam Hampden, "and I thought you would kindly bear this little token to Sir Robert. 'Tis a small volume of Plato which my dear son valued and constantly read. Here, too, is one of his seals for your promised wife; they tell me ladies now set great store by seals, and I know Clemency will like some remembrance of him. And as for you, Captain Heyworth, you who have been so great a comfort to us all through this sad week, if you care

to have it, I should like to give you the Bible he carried through this campaign."

It was a tiny volume with gilt edges, one of those "pocket Bibles" which excited the special derision of the Cavaliers, and which, only lately issued, were used by vast numbers of the Parliamentary officers.

As Joscelyn took it with warm and grateful thanks there flashed through his mind many a strange camp scene in which he had seen that little volume in the hand of his lost leader. Bidding a sad farewell to the daughters of the house and to the noble-hearted Lady Letitia, he returned to the hall, when once more the mournful procession formed, and the walls of the old house rang and echoed as the soldiers' voices rose in a great reassuring burst of song: "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another."

A fortnight before, they had spent that happy Sunday together, with Hampden as the life of the party; now, as Joscelyn glanced back, he saw the broken-hearted wife, the mother, the poor weeping girls, watching at the far end of the hall, while in advance the soldiers bore the body of their colonel to its last resting-place, and the sad-hearted little heir—not yet twelve years old—walked behind, holding fast to Sir Robert Pye's hand, and bravely struggling to keep back his tears.

With arms reversed, they marched through the quiet park to the church-yard gate, where the rector met them with the words of good cheer spoken ages ago at Bethany; and passing into the church, the soldiers laid the body of John Hampden beside the tombs of his forefathers in the chancel near the touchingly worded memorial which he had dedicated to his dead wife. It seemed as if that whole churchful of men—and they were but the representatives of thousands of absent mourners—took most literally the beautiful

phrase of the burial-service, "Our dear brother here departed." The dead statesman, who for two-and-twenty years had toiled for them and their rights in Parliament, the champion of truth and righteousness; who, alone and single-handed, had fought a tyrannical King and seven servile judges, enduring imprisonment, obloquy, and slander; the soldier with his matchless courage, his rare modesty, his devotion to the country — had been, in spite of his great wealth and ancient pedigree, simply and literally their brother, more fully in sympathy with them than any other man of that time.

Joscelyn had made his farewells at the house, and did not again return to it; he ordered Hotspur to be saddled, and when the crowd in the church-yard had dispersed to see the soldiers return, he once more entered the church, and passing into the deserted chancel, knelt beside the open grave. Then, at last, the floodgates of his grief were opened; with choking sobs that shook his whole frame he fell forward on the stone slab which before long would cover Hampden's tomb, weeping the most bitter tears of his life.

Presently a sound of footsteps in the porch made him spring to his feet, and, with an effort, drive back those signs of grief which no Heyworth quite forgave himself for showing before others. The sexton and his assistants had come to finish their work. With bowed head Joscelyn hurried past them, made his way to the stables, mounted his horse, and rode away from the place which must forever be bound up with his most precious memories.

A summer shower was something of a relief to him, and by-and-by the sun shone out for the first time that day. He paused for a minute to look back over the lovely landscape with its verdant hills and wooded valleys, and saw for the last time the Whiteleaf cross commemorating an old Saxon

victory over Danish invaders clearly marked on the distant hill-side, while resting almost upon it was the upward spring of the arch of a brilliant rainbow. The sight cheered his heavy heart. Hope springing from self-sacrifice, light from cruel loss, the world's greater gain from the living of a noble, manly life—were not these undying realities? Vaguely he had known it all long ago, but through the life and death of Hampden the truth had gained for him new force and meaning.

Riding that night as long as the light served him, he slept at one of the comfortable road-side inns, at that time much more plentiful, and very early the next morning resumed his journey to London. He found the whole place in mourning over the news of Hampden's death, while intense bitterness had been stirred up by the rancorous attacks made upon him in the Royalist journals. The one which perhaps angered Joscelyn the most was the attack in the *Mercurius Aulicus*, published the very day of Hampden's death, at Oxford. It raked up again that strange farrago of mingled truth and falsehood with regard to Hampden's private sorrows which had wounded the bereaved father's heart, at a time when one might have expected even a fiend incarnate to hold his peace. Many of the nobler spirits among the King's followers, such as Falkland and Hopton and Chillingworth, preserved a reverent silence, and doubtless mourned the loss of a noble enemy, but the servile court liars gathered about the grave of the dead man like ghouls, and the press disgraced itself by promulgating the vilest personalities of party warfare.

Joscelyn, young and hot-headed, was affected very grievously by these attacks on his dead leader. An older man might have borne them with greater philosophy, and have treated them with the calm disdain they deserved. But he was lacking in this faculty of disdain, and as he rode down

"FOR A MINUTE THE TUTOR FAILED TO RECOGNIZE HIS FORMER PUPIL."
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to Katterham there was a hard, bitter look in his face which had never been there before.

Sir Robert Neal was quick to note the change in him, and to understand its cause. When he had heard the details of his friend's death, he turned the subject quietly, and began to speak of Clemency and of the future, alluding to the marriage contract which had been signed in London.

"These are but ill days," he said, "for marrying and giving in marriage. But I am an old man and growing feeble, and I should like to see Clemency your wife before I die."

They then spoke of the journey which Clemency had to make from Gloucester, and of its difficulties and perils, arranging that if any break in the war should come and hostilities be for a time suspended, it might be advisable for the marriage to take place from Christopher Bennett's house, so that Joscelyn should himself be able to escort her back to Katterham.

But, alas! any cessation of the strife seemed then but little likely. The prospects of the Parliamentary party became day by day darker: Pym was in failing health, Essex was torpid and timorous, troops from the north were hastening to join the King, London itself was threatened, from the west came news of Royalist triumphs, and Hampden was dead.

Small wonder that as Joscelyn journeyed down to Somersetshire the iron entered into his soul when he mused on the rejoicings of the Cavaliers over the loss that had wellnigh broken his heart. Small wonder that he thought of the King with something like loathing when he pictured him as rewarding the deserter Hurry with the honor of knighthood for his services at Chalgrove—Hurry the renegade, once a comrade of Hampden's, yet not ashamed to spend the very Sunday of his burial in attacking and plun-

dering the Parliamentary quarters at Wycombe, slaughtering some of the very troops he had once led.

It was in this sore-hearted and bitter state that he arrived, on the evening of the 1st July, at the village of North Cadbury in Somersetshire, and having been directed by a shepherd boy to the parsonage, rode up to the door just as the sun was setting. Whichcote and his young bride had been walking in the garden, and seeing the unexpected guest dismount, hastened forward to receive him, though for a minute the tutor failed to recognize his former pupil in this stern-faced officer, with his compressed, bitter-looking mouth and sorrowful eyes. But Joscelyn, seeing his master's broad-browed and most winning face once more, and recalling at the sight his happy life at Cambridge, forgot for a moment his grief, and with all his old warmth of manner hastened forward with eager greetings.

"Forgive me, sir, for coming in this unceremonious fashion," he said, "but I am on my way to rejoin Sir William Waller, who, I learn, is now at Bath, and being commissioned to bear you a watch bequeathed to you by Mr. Gainsborough, of Lincoln, I thought I had best deliver it in person."

Whichcote gave him a most cordial greeting, and then introduced him to his wife.

"I scarcely knew you for the moment," he said, apologetically, "and, indeed, had thought you were travelling abroad; but I see you have elected to stay and play your part in this troubled land of ours."

No word in relation to politics had ever before passed between them—it had been a subject which Joscelyn, in his Cambridge days, had carefully avoided. Nor had he ever regarded Whichcote as a Puritan, though he had lately learned that he was one of the most broad-minded supporters of the cause.

Whichcote walked with him to the stable, Joscelyn preferring to see to his favorite horse himself, and explaining how much he valued him.

"He was with me at Chalgrove field," he said, "and during Colonel Hampden's last ride back to Thame."

"You knew Colonel Hampden, then?" said Whichcote. "That was indeed a better training for you than months of travel in Europe. Truly, all England mourns when such a one dies."

Then, seeing the spasm of pain which passed over the young man's face, Whichcote quietly changed the subject, and led him back to the parsonage, where, though all was simple and unostentatious, there were nevertheless the dainty freshness and the careful arrangement which characterize the first home of a happily wedded pair. After supper he took him into the little room which served him for his study, and sitting there by the open window in the fading light they talked together of all that had passed since their parting a year ago. It was indeed hard to realize that it was but a year, for Joscelyn had leaped from careless boyhood into manhood laden with care, while his natural hopefulness, which had carried him through so many troubles, seemed in the great shock of Hampden's death to have been crushed out of him.

Whichcote was quick to note that he sought refuge in bitter words against the King and his party, not so much from any deeply ingrained hatred as in the desperate attempt to relieve that overwhelming blankness of loss which all who had looked to Hampden as their champion and defender were now experiencing. He just let him pour out all his wrath and grief, and then began, in his quiet, finely modulated voice, to attempt some sort of reply.

"I am apt to think, Captain Heyworth," he said, throwing the casement window a little wider open as he spoke,

"that many who have been exasperated one against another are far nearer to one another in sense than in words. In respect of God, who seeth hearts, they agree more than in the view of the world, which only sees outward expressions. I believe for one real difference in matters of consequence between persons considerable there are twenty mistakes of meanings, and could they see one another's hearts they would think better of one another."

"Would you, then, sir, wholly excuse these vile slanderers?" said Joscelyn, the fierce light in his eyes still unsubdued.

"Whosoever scornfully uses any other man," said Whichcote, "disparages himself the human nature. Opposites too often study to represent each other in the worst sense. Let us honestly endeavor to take our foes at their best; for every man at his best will be found good for something."

"What!" cried Joscelyn; "a traitor such as Hurry? You cannot realize, sir, what he is, how vicious his life, how altogether without sense of honor, so that even the Cavaliers —whom God knows are not over-particular—were shy of putting their confidence in such a one. I can well understand that a man may honorably change his views, but Hurry was so vile as to carry information to Oxford of the large sum of money being sent from London to the lord-general at Thame, and 'twas in hopes of taking this prize that the expedition ending in the fight at Chalgrove was first set on foot."

"I had not heard that," said Whichcote. "Few details reach us here in the country. Did Prince Rupert seize the money?"

"No, sir; by good-fortune he missed it; for the burning of Chinnor and the noise of the fray warned the drivers of the wagons, and they turned aside into the woods, waiting

"AFTER SUPPER HE TOOK HIM INTO HIS STUDY."

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till the Cavaliers had passed by. Nothing was gained to the King by the expedition save a few prisoners and the shooting of Colonel Hampden. 'Tis for this last, clearly, that the King hath knighted that vile renegade."

With difficulty he strangled a curse out of deference to his host, and pushing back his chair, began to pace to and fro with what Sir John Denham would have termed his "bull in the net" expression.

Whichcote, whose personal life happened at this time to be specially bright, was greatly moved by his companion's trouble.

Himself still comparatively young, for he was at this time only four-and-thirty, he was able to understand Joscelyn's state of mind much better than an older man might have done.

"I have often thought of late," he said, "that both joy and grief are things of great hazard and danger in the life of man. The one breaks the heart, the other intoxicates the head. An eye to God in both doth poise and balance."

Joscelyn left off pacing to and fro. The words arrested him; he came and stood by the open window, looking out into the summer twilight, a calm like that of the dewy garden stealing over his troubled heart as he listened to his companion's words.

"The state of religion," said Whichcote, quietly, "seems to me to consist in a divine frame and temper of mind, and shows itself in a life and actions conformable to the Divine will. Religion is not a hearsay, a presumption, a supposition; is not a customary pretension or profession; is not an affectation of any mode; is not a piety of particular fancy, consisting in some pathetic devotions, vehement expressions, bodily severities, affected anomalies, and aversions from the innocent ways of others, but consisteth in a profound humility and a universal charity.

"Universal, sir?" questioned Joscelyn, who had many of the qualities which go to make a good hater.

"Aye," said Whichcote, smiling a little at his expression of face, "universal. And remember that God imposeth no law of righteousness upon us which he doth not observe himself. Too often men have an itch rather to make religion than to use it; but we are to use our religion, not to make it."

Joscelyn sighed. "Your standard, sir, seems to me altogether too high for one who has to live in the world nowadays. The ideal is a noble one, but how should a man compass it? How learn to love the base, the loveless, the oppressors?"

"I know only of this way," said Whichcote, his eyes looking far beyond the dim garden, as though reading the secrets of another world. "We must learn of the Divine Wisdom, imitate the Divine Goodness, depend on the Divine Power."

The words never left Joscelyn's memory, and he carried all through his life the recollection of the quiet Sunday that followed, and of the sermon that he heard Whichcote preach in North Cadbury Church, on the 31st and 32d verses of the fourth chapter of the letter to the Ephesians. Always he could hear the preacher's clear voice pleading for the discharge from the heart of all ill will and displeasure against others, and of that false zeal which degenerates into passion and interest, and is wholly unlike the Divine goodness, kindness, and clemency which it is our duty to imitate. The word "clemency" for a time distracted Joscelyn. He missed a good deal that followed, and wandered off in thought to the gabled house at Gloucester.

When he returned to the present, the speaker was saying that differences of opinion must exist, for men must think as they found cause, and no man was master of his own ap-

prehensions. Therefore, urged Whichcote, we must dwell on those points on which we do agree, and make allowance for the different tempers of men. Some men's apprehensions could not possibly hit in anything; they were cast in different moulds, and could no more help this than they could make their faces alike. But anger, ill will, and displeasure disqualified the mind from the pursuit of truth, and the choicest piece of charity was to make fair interpretation and to put a candid construction on men's actions. He would fain engage men to humanity, courtesy, and universal charity, so as, if it were possible, to promote a general reconciliation in the whole creation of God. Finally he claimed freedom in all points save only in this—that men are not at liberty to judge one another; and with one more strong appeal to his hearers to strive after a godlike frame and temper of mind, he brought to a close the most striking sermon that Joscelyn could ever remember hearing.

CHAPTER XXVI

They have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!—WINTER'S TALE, *Act* I., *Scene* I.

EARLY on the Monday Joscelyn left the quiet of the country parsonage, and before many hours had passed found himself once more in the midst of the strife. Not without considerable risk he succeeded in making his way alone through a country infested by the enemy, and contrived to join the main body of Waller's army, which had taken up a position just below Claverton Down, guarding Bath against the threatened approach of the Royalists from Bradford-on-Avon. The lovely little village of Claverton presented a strange scene: the beautiful old hall had been converted into a temporary garrison, the river had been spanned by a hastily erected bridge, and a redoubt had been thrown up to defend it. Pausing at a little distance, Joscelyn watched the safe transit of two cannon and of a detachment of steel-capped soldiers across the Avon. The sight of those tawny orange scarfs all massed together and of the familiar blue banner of the Parliament stirred his heart strangely. Hampden was dead, but the good cause remained, the cause which the patriot's dying lips had bade him serve. His old buoyant hopefulness returned to him, and his face was full of its wonted cheerfulness as he greeted his chief. Sir William Waller had been directing matters at the passage of the river. At sight of his favorite officer his black eyes lighted up with a gleam of pleasure, and he gave him a most hearty welcome.

"I have missed you sorely," he said, "and you are returned just in time for the fray, if I mistake not. The enemy are endeavoring to reach Bath by this valley of the Avon, by far the easiest approach. We shall frustrate their plans here, I trust, and drive them to attack it on the northern side, where they will find it no easy task to oust us from the heights of Lansdown. In the meantime let us feed while we may; you were ever good at catering."

In truth Joscelyn's handsome face and courteous bearing stood him in very good stead, and even where the country folk were hostile to the Parliament he could generally obtain better provisions by a simple request than others by threats and commands. Here in East Somersetshire, moreover, the people were entirely devoted to the Parliament, and Claverton was ready enough to furnish Waller and his men with all that they needed. Waller, who was as temperate and simple in his tastes as Hampden himself, rested for a while under the shade of a great elm watching the movements of Major Dowet, over on the opposite side of the river, upon Monckton Farleigh Down. From time to time he questioned Joscelyn as to the details of the skirmish on Chalgrove field and the last days of Hampden, and told him what had passed during his absence.

"I greatly wished you had been with me after the fight at Chewton Mendip," he said; "for Sir Ralph Hopton, being anxious to meet me in a private interview, sent a very courteous and friendly letter making the request, and chose as his ambassador one of your brothers."

"Do you know, sir, which of them came?" said Joscelyn, eagerly.

"I heard not his name, merely that he was Captain Heyworth, upon which for a moment I had hoped 'twas you yourself returned, but there was shown into my room a

young man of about your age, or maybe younger, and looking somewhat as you might, with darker hair, skin, and eyes; a very pleasant-mannered, well-bred youth he seemed, and grievously disappointed by your absence."

"Then it was Dick," said Joscelyn, regretfully. "And did you, sir, have the interview with Sir Ralph Hopton?"

"No," said Waller, "much as I should have liked to meet my old friend; but I well knew that we were both of us entirely true to the cause we each serve, and incapable of being wrought upon by any persuasions. Moreover, the conference could never have been so close between us but that it would take wind, and receive a construction to my dishonor. May God in his good time send us the blessing of peace, and in the meantime fit us to receive it! Then shall many friendly foes be restored to one another's society. Your brother, by-the-bye, left with me a letter, which you shall have when we return to our quarters at Bath. 'Tis a cruel fate that has severed two kinsmen thus strongly attached to one another."

Through the hours of skirmishing that followed Joscelyn felt very bitterly the truth of Waller's last words, and as the sound of firing and the clash of steel rang through the wooded valley his thoughts kept returning to Dick, till only by the most painful effort could he drag them back to his own duties. It appeared that a detachment sent forward by Major Dowet to occupy a wood on the road to Bradford by which the Royalists were advancing had, after an hour's engagement, been utterly routed, and Waller's forces were compelled before long to evacuate Claverton and to retire towards Bath. The Royalists did not, however, venture to attempt the city from the side on which it was so well guarded, but, as Waller had predicted, resolved to attack Bath on the northern side, and took up their quarters at Marshfield.

It was not till the night of the 4th July that Joscelyn received the letter which he so greatly longed for. Then, as Waller retired to his quarters in Bath at the Nag's Head in Northgate Street for a few hours' sleep, he handed him the following lines, which Dick had hastily penned :

"DEAR JOSCELYN,—I am sorely disappointed that you are still absent, having counted much on getting speech with you. Yet it is perhaps well that you are not with Sir William Waller, as we stand less risk of causing each other's death in this detestable strife. My father got a slight wound in a skirmish the other day, and will rest some two or three weeks at Wells. Otherwise all goes right, save that Jervis agrees but ill with Sir Ralph Hopton, and I doubt his being able to continue much longer in his army. Hopton is not unlike your commander—all for mercy and forbearance and courtesy betwixt foes, so that the temper of men like Prince Maurice and Jervis and some others one could name is insufferable to him. The news from Shortell is good. Isabel safely married to that fop Toby Blount, and Rosamond recovered of her sickness. Forget not, if, as seems likely, you Parliamentarians find yourselves shortly overcome and in peril of your lives, that there is at least one Royalist ready to move heaven and earth to preserve you from the consequences of this strife."

Folding the letter with a sigh, Joscelyn vainly tried to sleep. It was already past midnight, and he lay listening to the footsteps of the sentries, and to the hoarse voice of the watchman proclaiming the hour, till at last the dawn broke, and with a heavy heart he rose to take his part in that day's work.

As they left the hostlery and passed into Northgate Street the whole city seemed shrouded in mist, so that he could

only dimly descry the great tower of the abbey. But as they mounted the long hill of Lansdown they gradually emerged into a clearer air, and pausing for a brief rest at the brow of the hill before traversing the level length of the ridge, Joscelyn looked back with wonder upon the strangely weird effect of the valley mist. It seemed as if a beautiful calm lake filled the gorge, while the wooded tops of the hills fringed its shore, and in the exquisite stillness of early morning the scene seemed full of a most heavenly peace. Who would have thought that beneath that magical mist-lake lay hundreds of anxious hearts, and the homes of that city in whose defence he was about to fight? Marching along to the farther end of the Lansdown ridge, Waller's army took up a strong position just at the brow of the hill, and here breastworks of earth and fagots were hastily thrown up and the cannon planted. Then followed a weary time of waiting; the Royalist troops were plainly to be seen over on Tog Hill, but they hesitated to attack Waller's splendid position; and finding that he awaited their advance, they began to retire. This was more than the Conqueror could patiently put up with. It was imperatively necessary that he should prevent the Royalists from joining the King's other army at Oxford, and he gave the order for the whole of his cavalry to pursue the retreating enemy, while the infantry still guarded the heights of Lansdown. In a few minutes a noble party of horsemen were streaming down the hill, foremost among them being the new regiment formed in May by Sir Arthur Hazlerigg during his visit to London. These men, thoroughly incased in armor, received the nickname of the "Lobsters," and struck such terror into the hearts of the Cavaliers that for a time they carried all before them, and with the greatest difficulty Hopton and his officers induced their men to charge them. After a severe conflict, however, the Parliamentarians, being greatly outnumbered, were forced to re-

"DICK'S FACE, GHASTLY PALE."
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treat, and many of the poor "Lobsters" found that their new armor was not an unmixed benefit, for if they were once unhorsed it was so heavy that they could scarcely mount again. After this the Royalists advanced boldly, the Cornishmen of Prince Maurice's army being specially eager to attack the Hill of Lansdown.

Veterans who had been present during the wars in France declared that never had they seen such fighting as they saw that day. Again and again the Parliamentarians charged down the hill, but still the valiant Royalists advanced. On either side the slaughter was terrible; and Joscelyn, as he returned from delivering a message to the musketeers stationed in a little wood to Waller's right, found the grass strewn with the dead and wounded. Thinking of Dick, his heart sickened within him; he looked away from the blood-stained turf and the ghastly scenes surrounding him to where, far in the distance, the sun bathed the peaceful landscape in light and touched the waters of the Bristol Channel into a vivid streak of dazzling silver. The contrast stirred up in him a wild, unreasoning revolt; nature, it seemed to him, should not at that moment have looked so calm.

Urging Hotspur forward, he galloped towards his comrades, who were retiring up the hill again to face the next charge, when suddenly he perceived, lying almost beneath his horse's feet, the face that had persistently haunted him all through the long hours of the battle—Dick's face, ghastly pale, the eyes full of dreadful dumb agony. In an instant he had reined back Hotspur and dismounted.

"Is it you?" cried Dick, his face lighting up with a look of intense relief.

"Where are you wounded?" asked Joscelyn, breathing hard.

"A ball here in the thigh," said Dick. "Don't linger. Sir Bevil Granville will charge."

"What!" cried Joscelyn; "am I to leave you to be trampled to death? Nay, I will set you on my horse. I can hold you in the saddle, never fear."

And suiting the action to the words, he lifted Dick in his strong arms, and with some difficulty contrived to place him on Hotspur's back, holding him firmly with his right arm, and, himself on foot, urging his chestnut to mount the hill. It was indeed a desperate attempt. Between two fires they pressed on, the burning rays of the July sun beating down upon them, the way growing more and more steep, and the fierce Cornishmen gaining upon them at every step. Dick had entirely lost consciousness, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Joscelyn could support him; but Hotspur seemed to understand from his master's voice what great things were expected of him, and he struggled up bravely. They had almost gained the brow of the hill, and, for greater speed, were making a cut across the turf, when, warned by the near approach of trampling feet and the half-unintelligible war-cries shouted by hundreds of lusty voices, Joscelyn glanced over his right shoulder. To his dismay he found that the Cornishmen were almost upon them, the hill-side bristled with the ascending pikes.

"On, Hotspur, on!" he cried in a tone that made the noble charger bound forward. They were within a hundred yards of safety—he was straining every nerve to keep his brother still in the saddle—when suddenly a terrible thrust in the right side, just below the upstretched arm that grasped Dick, utterly disabled him. A pike had run him clean through. As he fell to the ground it was wrenched out again. Then followed two minutes of mortal agony, while the fierce Cornish pikemen surged over him; then for a time he lost consciousness.

What followed seemed like some horrible dream; he struggled back to life again, heard the roar of battle, tried

to shift his position, and sank back fainting. Again he came to himself, only to find a deadly struggle going on close at hand, and to suffer torture, as once more he was trampled under the feet of the combatants. When he next opened his eyes and raised his head a little from the blood-stained turf the sky was crimson with the sunset glow, the firing was fitful and seemed farther off, and close by he heard the sound of horsemen advancing and of cannon being dragged up the steep ascent. It flashed through his mind that Waller must have been driven from his position, and once more he tried to raise himself and see what was passing, but again faintness overwhelmed him.

By the time he recovered his senses the summer twilight was fast deepening into night, and the battle seemed practically over, though at long intervals the dull roar of cannon echoed among the hills. And now, as full recollection came back to him, Joscelyn was seized with a terrible longing to know what Dick's fate had been. It was scarcely likely that he would have kept on Hotspur's back; he was probably lying within a few yards of him, either dying or dead. Raising himself by slow and painful inches, he looked up the dusky hill-side, strewn with the dead and wounded.

Where in all this terrible gathering was Dick?

A prostrate form lying about two or three yards above him stirred a little just then and groaned heavily. A great hope dawned in Joscelyn's heart. With an effort which cost him agony, he crawled on his hands and knees up the steep slope, and in the dim light could just discern Dick's familiar face.

The boy did not recognize him, but only moaned piteously, and begged for something to drink, repeating the request over and over again, as if the torturing thirst overpowered every other feeling. Now Joscelyn had in his wallet a small flask of sack; this he contrived, not without

great pain and difficulty, to hold to Dick's parched lips, and the poor fellow, catching at it eagerly, drained it to the last drop. After some time this seemed to revive him; straining his eyes to pierce the gloom he made a sudden exclamation of relief.

"Is it you, Joscelyn? Aye, now I remember—you tried to save me."

"And made but a bungling piece of work of it," said Joscelyn, faintly.

"You are wounded!" cried Dick, shocked at the change in his voice. "You were wounded through helping me. Where is that flask? Did you let me take all—all—when —when—your need was as great?"

"I need nothing now I have found you," said Joscelyn. But the words seemed to die away from his lips, and Dick in dreadful self-reproach bent over him, shuddering at the deathly cold of his face and hands.

"I knew not what I did," he said. "Since Sunday we have none of us had more than a biscuit a day; I was starving, and—brute that I am—thought of that alone."

"I tell you I needed it not," said Joscelyn, rousing himself. "And for the matter of that," he added, with laughter in his voice, "we shall soon have enough to drink without the trouble of stirring, for the wind is blowing up for rain."

"It is like you to jest while you are dying," said Dick.

Joscelyn was silent; a swift pang shot through his heart as he thought of Clemency's sorrow; but he was too much exhausted to feel very acutely, and just lay there quietly, Dick's hand locked fast in his. For a long time there had been perfect stillness, and in the darkness they could not tell whether the two armies still confronted each other. Suddenly Dick gave a violent start.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "they are beginning again!"

A sharp volley of small shot made the hills echo; it was

"WITH AGONY HE CRAWLED UP THE STEEP SLOPE."

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promptly replied to by another volley, and Joscelyn and Dick wondered whether Waller was about to make an attempt to force the King's troops from the brow of the hill which both felt confident they must have gained. The thought of being trampled to death in that midnight gloom was not inspiriting, and it was with great relief that they found the firing was not resumed. There was no moon that night, and heavy clouds veiled the stars; the darkness was absolute, so that the two brothers could no longer even faintly discern each other. Presently the rain which Joscelyn had foretold came pouring down on them. For a time both were refreshed by it, and were able to talk connectedly, each gathering from the other what had passed since their last brief meeting at Winchester. Dick asked many questions about Whichcote, and listened to Joscelyn's description of his stay at North Cadbury with what in a less lovable nature would have been envy. It certainly seemed to him that a rebel, in company with such men as Hampden and Whichcote and Sir William Waller, and with such a bride as Clemency Coriton, had considerable advantage over most Royalists, and that there were some compensations for those who had braved opinion and taken the unfashionable side. The two were as far as ever from understanding each other's standpoint; one still held vigorously to the duty of passive obedience in the subject, the other to the duty of active resistance of evil wherever it was found. But it was not of these matters that they now thought. Zeal for the King and zeal for the country had brought them into the shadow of death, but now, having done their duty according to their lights, they thought no more of the strife, but, lying there on the trampled turf, spoke of the quiet, undisturbed past at Cambridge, at Lincoln, at Winchester, and at Shortell.

Just before the dawn, when the heavy rain had ceased

and an icy chill began to creep over them, there were long silences between the two. Each thought the end was not far off, but had faced death too often to fear it. As for Dick, in his simple fashion he took great comfort in being near one whom he had always recognized as being stronger and better than himself, and finding his own mind all clouded by pain, he instinctively turned to Joscelyn. "Say a prayer for us," he begged, faintly. "I can't remember one."

But no man in the last stage of exhaustion is capable of very great concentration of thought. Joscelyn could only murmur the first sentence of that "Godly prayer to be said at all times," which they had both been taught in childhood: "Honor and praise be given to Thee, O Lord God Almighty, most dear Father—" and there his powers failed him. Dick waited, but there was only silence, and once, a little later, the last three words repeated in a tone scarcely audible. Whether sleep or death or faintness had overpowered his brother he could not tell.

The next thing he knew was that the dreadful darkness had ended; he opened his eyes to see in the clear light of early morning the kindly face of his leader, Sir Ralph Hopton, bending over him. The general knew the story of the Heyworths, and turning to the officer accompanying him round the field to visit the wounded, he drew his attention to Joscelyn.

"This," he said, "must be the officer that we saw cut off by Sir Bevil's pikemen while attempting to save a comrade. 'Twas his foe he tried to save, but they are brothers."

Then seeing that Dick was conscious, he spoke to him very kindly, promising aid as soon as it could be procured, and giving his word that Joscelyn should also have every attention.

"What of the battle, sir?" asked Dick.

Hopton's noble face clouded. "We have gained the heights of Lansdown," he said, "and lost Sir Bevil Granville—they have borne him dying to Cold Ashton Vicarage. As for Waller, though he has fallen back upon Bath, he will certainly be strong enough to harass us greatly in the march upon Oxford, and God knows we are but weak. There must have fallen on our side at least fourteen hundred in yesterday's fight, and the rebels have also suffered severely. May God grant us a speedy peace!"

He moved on to visit others upon the battle-field, and Dick lay longing for the promised aid, and trying to find some comfort in the assurance that the hand still clasped in his was not yet the hand of a dead man. Suddenly he was startled by the sound of a terrible explosion, which shook the ground, and forgetting his wound in the excitement he started up, only to fall back once more in a dead swoon. It appeared that a wagon containing eight barrels of powder had accidentally exploded, both Sir Ralph Hopton and Major Sheldon being grievously wounded and many others killed. Dick learned the particulars later on when he once more returned to himself and found that he had been carried to a cottage at Marshfield, and that Jervis, with more good feeling than he had ever before evinced, was standing by while a surgeon dressed his wound.

"Where is Joscelyn?" he asked, looking round anxiously. "Sir Ralph promised he should be brought off the field."

Jervis shrugged his shoulders with an air of indifference that almost maddened Dick.

"I tell you," he cried, "he was piked through the body in trying to save me!" And with more energy than the surgeon at all approved of he recounted what had passed on the battle-field.

"'Twas gallantly done," said Jervis, his manner changing. "Joscelyn is, after all, a Heyworth."

Going out into the village, he made inquiries of the men who had borne Dick from Lansdown, and learned that they had noticed a young Parliament officer close beside him there; whether he was dead or unconscious they could not tell, but they had been forced to unclasp his fingers, so rigidly were they closed on the other's hand.

"I will ride back to the field and search for him," said Arthur Denham, who had overheard the conversation.

Jervis hesitated for a moment, not because of the possible danger, but because his better self struggled with the contemptuous hatred he had long felt for his brother. In the end the better nature conquered, and, hastily mounting his horse, he rode away with Denham and one of the soldiers who professed to know the exact spot where Dick had lain. The effort, however, proved of no avail; they searched the hill-side in all directions, they made inquiries at the Hamswell House, where many wounded Parliamentarians had been carried, but Joscelyn was nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER XXVII

Oh, might we know! for sore we feel
The languor of delay,
When sickness lets our fainter zeal
Or foes block up our way.

Lord! who Thy thousand years dost wait
To work the thousandth part
Of Thy vast plan, for us create
With zeal a patient heart.
—J. H. NEWMAN.

WHEN Joscelyn came to himself that morning and found that Dick had been borne away from the field, he made sure that his brother was dead. But he was suffering such an agony of pain that he could only feel relief at the thought that Dick was out of the strife, and strong desire for his own release. Had it not been for Jack Morrison's energy and faithfulness he certainly would have died, but Morrison had no sooner seen the departure of the Royalists than he hastened to the battle-field, and with the help of a sturdy farm laborer whose services he had secured he found his master, and bore him across the down to the little Chapel Farm, once a rest-house for pilgrims to Glastonbury. Here Joscelyn was able to have his wound dressed in a rough fashion. The farm was already crowded with wounded men, and he thought himself fortunate to secure one of the stone benches in the porch, and the rough but effective handling of a barber-surgeon from Bath. The farmer's daughter brought him a tankard of home-brewed ale, and a little shock-headed boy crept up to him and thrust into his hand a great slice of black bread, looking down with a

sort of fascination at his buff coat all soaked with blood, and furtively touching the armor which Morrison had removed to the farther corner of the porch. The food gradually revived him, and as he gained a firmer hold on life his craving for Clemency's presence gradually overpowered all other feelings. He was dying, but he would, at any rate, die at Gloucester. He turned to his servant.

"What of Hotspur?" he asked.

"Galloped riderless into the ranks last night, sir," said Morrison. "He was safely secured, and I stabled him in a barn here."

"Saddle him," said Joscelyn. "I am going to Gloucester."

Finding remonstrances of no use, Morrison obeyed, leaving the surgeon and the farmer to argue with his master.

"Well," said the farmer, finding he could not prevail, "as you zay, zir, a man can but die once, and if zo be as you're zet on it, why, you had better go by the Avon to Bristol. There be a kinsman of mine down yonder at Kelweston with a boat, and he'll pull you there before night if you'll give him zummat for the job."

In the end the good man arranged to walk with them to Kelweston, and to bring back the horses to the Chapel Farm, where they were to be stabled for the present. Whether Joscelyn would ever again need Hotspur's services seemed doubtful. Indeed, as they rode down the long hill to the river, Morrison more than once thought he would have dropped dead from the saddle, and it was with many dark forebodings that the old farmer parted with him, having seen him safely embarked for Bristol. The comparative ease of lying in the bottom of the boat soon, however, revived him. He began to hear the talk between Morrison and the two boatmen.

"What makes un zo zet on reachin' Gloucester?" said one.

"Humph!" grunted the other, with an indescribable ejaculation. "'Tis a vench, I dare zwear."

"In truth, you're not far wrong," said Morrison; "there is to be a wedding there anon."

"Wedding!" exclaimed the gruff old boatman; "more like to be a burial! Do you zee yon ztream flowing into river? Well, there be a place there called Wedding; for a while ago a bride was a-going to be married, when zhe and all her coompany were turned into ztones. And there they ztand to this day, high and mighty ztones, all in a zircle."

This curious old tradition haunted Joscelyn for the rest of the weary journey. Arrived at Bristol, he was transferred to another boat, and after a wearisome delay on account of the tide, he at last found himself going up the Severn, drawing nearer and nearer the gabled house which he had set his heart on reaching. Yet when they reached the landing-stage at Gloucester, and he heard Morrison sending a messenger to warn Mr. Bennett of their arrival, he felt as if the old story were about to repeat itself, and that this time a bridegroom would be turned to stone. One sob of agony escaped him as the men lifted him from the boat, but the pain and exhaustion dulled his senses as he was borne through the streets, and his mind became entirely occupied with the one dogged resolution that he would not let himself die till he had seen Clemency.

And now at last he caught a glimpse of the cathedral. Christopher Bennett and a surgeon came hurrying to meet him. His cold lips could not frame themselves to answer their questions. He saw the ivy-covered house, the narrow entrance-lobby; he saw Faith eagerly welcoming him, and holding to his lips some strong cordial, with the assurance that he must take it before being brought up-stairs.

"Clemency?" he faltered, looking round with questioning eyes and a stifling sense of terror, as the thought

crossed his mind that, after all, she might have left Gloucester.

"She is above with Charlotte preparing your room," said Faith.

He signed to his bearers to move on; but the ascent of the steep stairs proved so torturing to him that his exhausted powers utterly gave way, and in the very moment of attaining his wish he lost consciousness, darkness hemming him in just as Clemency drew near to greet him. As if from a great distance he heard her sweet firm voice saying to the bearers,

"Put him down here—gently—very gently."

Then for many hours he lay like one dead, while the best surgeons that Gloucester could furnish did their utmost for him.

The surgery was rough, but Clemency and Charlotte were born nurses; and Joscelyn, being blessed with a fine constitution, struggled through. Once or twice during the night he seemed to see the faces of the watchers about his bed, but his fevered brain realized nothing clearly. His first true sight of Clemency was early the next morning, when, after an interval of uneasy sleep, he woke to find the room all golden red with the glow of sunrise. The window looked towards the east, and Clemency knelt there, after the custom of Daniel, the mellow light making a glory of her chestnut hair, and softening the pallor and weariness of her face. The night had been full of terrible anxiety, but this glorious dawn of day had filled her with hope; and Joscelyn, in dreamy content, thought it heaven itself just to lie there in perfect stillness watching her.

When, by-and-by, she rose quietly and stole across to the bedside, that strange unearthly calm was still unbroken; they met with a peaceful rapture, a fulness of joy, which seemed like a foretaste of the Day of Resurrection.

"You did well to come to Gloucester," said the shrewd old surgeon a day or two later. "The journey would have killed most men, but I doubt if any one but Mistress Clemency could have brought you round."

Clemency's sweet face lighted up with pleasure at the old man's words, a delicate color mantled her cheeks; it seemed to her that for the first time since she had given up her diamonds she had been able in some direct way to serve the country, and this was a way so entirely after her own heart!

But she never realized that it was not only by her good nursing and loving care that she was able to save her lover, never knew how those weeks of close companionship rescued him from the bitterness and wrath and hatred that had been stirred up in his heart by the treachery of Colonel Hurry and the conduct of the King. Whichcote's words had begun the work of healing, the attempt to save Dick had carried it on, but it was left to Clemency to complete the cure, and to keep her betrothed from falling a victim to that sourness of temper which marred too many of the Puritans, and which had threatened in the time of his grief to cast a shadow over Joscelyn's career.

Spite of all the bodily suffering, spite even of his great sorrow for Dick—a sorrow which naturally increased as his hold on life grew stronger—there was much of exquisite happiness in those days of his illness.

One afternoon, about the middle of July, Clemency was sitting by the bedside, fair and fresh in her white gown, holding in her hand a tiny volume bound in undressed leather and tied with strings; it was Warwick's *Spare Minutes*, and at times she read a few sentences, at times paused to talk to the invalid.

"Here is a piece all about robins," she exclaimed, a smile playing about her lips. "Do you remember how, on

the day of our betrothal, we heard them singing in the little wood?"

"As we sat under the yew-tree on the moss-grown bank," said Joscelyn. "How many thousand times have I not lived it all over again!"

"Then hark to what he says about them," said Clemency, and she read the following lines: "'As oft as I hear the robin-redbreast chant it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not we (think I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary, frosty hairs of our age's winter as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sun in adversity as (like Persians) to the rising sun of prosperity? I am sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocency; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird to learn equanimity and patience, and to keep the same tenor of my mind's quietness as well at the approach of calamity's winter as of the spring of happiness? And, since the Roman's constancy is so commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, why should not I, with a Christian resolution, hold a steady course in all weathers, and though I be forced with cross winds to shift my sails and catch at side winds, yet skilfully to steer, and keep on my course by the "Cape of Good Hope," till I arrive at the haven of eternal happiness?'" As she ended the page there came a knock at the door, and Christopher Bennett entered.

"I have unlooked-for news to tell you," he said. "Sir William Waller is below, and would fain speak with you."

Joscelyn was so astounded by these tidings that he scarcely knew whether the general's presence boded good or ill, but as Waller entered the room, one glance at his worn, harassed face told him that some terrible disaster must have happened.

Greeting Clemency with the chivalrous courtesy which he invariably showed to women, he approached the bed, his face brightening as he looked down at the wounded man.

"Come!" he exclaimed. "You seem better than I had dared to hope. In fact, we had given you up for lost when we learned in what a plight you had left the Chapel Farm on Lansdown. This is one gleam of good-fortune to cheer us in our great gloom."

"You have been defeated, sir?" asked Joscelyn, hardly able to believe that the Conqueror had at last met his match.

"Hopelessly defeated at Roundway Down," said Waller, his face darkening; "our foot mostly made prisoners, our horse destroyed and scattered."

"What! Sir Arthur Hazlerigg's regiment?" cried Joscelyn. "They that struck such terror into the hearts of the Cavaliers but a few days since?"

"We deemed them well-nigh invincible," said Waller, "and with over-great ardor and rashness charged right up the steep hill-side, where never horse set foot before. It was a miserable mistake. They were repulsed, and you may thank the Lord you were not there to see that noble band driven down headlong to their destruction. 'Twill haunt me to my last day. But this is no talk for a sick-room. There rallied round me the poor remnant of the cavalry, and we retreated as best might be to Bristol. Hazlerigg lies desperately wounded, and I am making all speed to London by the only route now open to us, through Gloucester, Warwick, and Newport Pagnell."

"Is it possible that Sir Ralph Hopton was strong enough for this when his army had been shattered on Lansdown?" said Joscelyn, listening, pale and breathless, to Waller's story.

"Nay, Hopton was cooped up in Devizes," said Sir Will-

iam, "and we had made sure of taking the town, having defeated the first relief sent there from Oxford under my Lord Crawford; but a large new force was sent from Oxford under Wilmot, and they have annihilated our army."

"What was my Lord Essex about that he did not stir to aid you, sir?" asked Joscelyn.

"He was lying within ten miles of Oxford with his whole army," said Waller, bitterly, "yet suffered the entire strength of that place to march thirty miles to our destruction without so much as sending out a party to follow them, or to alarm Oxford, by which they would have been recalled. But Mistress Clemency will not forgive me if I stay here agitating you thus. The times are dark, but we must not despair. I haste to London to try to raise new troops. By-the-bye, I have with me a prisoner, taken at Devizes, your quondam jailer, Captain Denham. He might easily enough have given us the slip the other day in the confusion, but he was on parole, and I thought, instead of leaving him at Bristol with the other officers taken the same day, to carry him to London to arrange for his ransom or exchange. Methinks, however, one good turn deserves another, and that we shall perchance save him still better from discomfort if we permit him to remain here in Gloucester; his case runs less risk of being forgotten."

In the end it was arranged that Arthur Denham should remain under the charge of Mr. Bennett, a prisoner on parole, contributing the usual sum for his keep, and Joscelyn eagerly welcomed him, hoping to gain the details of Dick's end.

The young Royalist was naturally in excellent spirits; his party was triumphing all over the country; through Waller's courtesy he was likely to have an easy time of it as prisoner; and, besides, he was genuinely delighted to meet with Joscelyn.

"This is indeed unlooked for," he said, grasping the wounded man's hand. "I would that we had any means of letting your brother know that you still live."

"Jervis will care little enough whether I am dead or alive," said Joscelyn.

"Nay, there you wrong him," said Denham, "for I rode back with him from Marshfield to Lansdown on purpose to search for you."

"He did that for me!" cried Joscelyn, in astonishment. "I had not thought it of him. Well, he and I are the only ones left now. Belike 'twas that softened him."

"He was moved by your gallant effort to rescue Dick," said Denham, "and partly maybe because Dick was in such grief that you had not been borne with him to Marshfield."

"Dick lived to reach Marshfield?" cried Joscelyn, starting up with eager hope.

Clemency, much alarmed at his excitement, hastened to soothe him. "Tell him quickly, sir; does Dick yet live?" she cried. "We deemed him dead."

"As far as I know, he lives," said Denham. "He was doing well when we left Marshfield, and he was in a farmhouse where the good folk promised to take excellent care of him. What! You had given him up? Yes, yes; I see. He was borne away soon after the explosion that maimed Sir Ralph and has proved the death of Major Sheldon; you were both of you unconscious. 'Twas natural enough you should think his wound had proved mortal."

Joscelyn could not speak; for some time he lay with closed eyes, fearfully exhausted by this sudden and bewildering relief from a sorrow that had been daily increasing in weight. By-and-by he looked up at Clemency with a smile.

"Dear heart," he said, "you were right in bidding me to keep on my course 'by the Cape of Good Hope.'"

Joscelyn had just left his room for the first time when the news reached Gloucester that Bristol was besieged by Prince Rupert. A few days later they learned that the governor, Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, after enduring the most violent assault, had sent out to offer a surrender before, in the opinion of many, surrender was absolutely necessary, and the hearts of all in Gloucester sank.

It was late in the afternoon that Christopher Bennett brought the ill tidings; Clemency and Faith sat with their needle-work in the withdrawing-room, while Joscelyn, propped up in an arm-chair, was playing a game of chess with Denham, and looking, as Faith laughingly remarked, much like a gay garment that had lost its color in the wash. He turned a shade paler when he learned that Bristol, the second city in the kingdom, had surrendered.

"All men blame Colonel Fiennes," said Christopher Bennett, "and if I mistake not he will be called to account for what seems much like cowardice."

"Nay, there you wrong him," cried Joscelyn; "no one who had served with him could doubt his courage. I will never believe that it was more than an error of judgment. Ignorant of military matters he doubtless may have been, but false to his trust, never. What were the terms of the surrender?"

"They were reasonable enough, but they were not observed," said Mr. Bennett. "Every house on the bridge was plundered, and shameful excesses perpetrated by the soldiers — much against the wish of Prince Rupert, 'tis said."

"Our own soldiers were not blameless when they took Reading," said Joscelyn, "if report speaks truth; though 'twas not so bad as this that you tell of Bristol. It is to be hoped that the Parliament will deal more generously with Colonel Fiennes than the King did with the unlucky Gov-

ernor of Reading. For my part, I would put more trust in the honor of Colonel Fiennes than in the honor of your Governor Massey, though doubtless Massey is the better soldier."

"We shall soon make full proof of his qualities," said Christopher Bennett, with a sigh, "for, by fair means or foul, Gloucester will now most surely be attempted."

Arthur Denham looked from one to another of those present. Utter panic was plainly shown in Faith's pretty face; Clemency's lips quivered, and her hazel eyes grew bright with unshed tears as she glanced towards her lover, evidently thinking how little he was fitted to bear the hardships of a siege; gloom and anxiety clouded Christopher Bennett's honest brow. The young Cavalier looked across the chess-board at his antagonist, fully understanding Clemency's fears. But he found that the man who had so lately been at death's door was precisely the one who was ready to face death a second time with intrepid front. Joscelyn's languid, exhausted look had entirely changed; his face was aglow, his eyes full of steady purpose; he turned to Clemency with a glad smile, which she never forgot, and exclaimed,

"Sweetheart, 'tis through you that I am healed in time to serve!" It was the same contagious calmness which had nerved her failing heart on the night of the attack at Katterham, and she came now and stood beside him, stooping to kiss his forehead, glad to feel his strong arm encircling her, and utterly ignoring the presence of the others.

Denham discreetly became absorbed in his next move, and the next minute the sound of a rebec playing the Hundredth Psalm made the two lovers conscious of the outer world.

"'Tis Temperance Turner!" cried Clemency, and, running down-stairs, she returned with shining eyes, bearing

two letters from Katterham and one from Rosamond at Shortell, which Denham regarded jealously.

The letters, though they brought good accounts, caused no little perplexity; Sir Robert Neal, writing directly the news of Waller's defeat had reached him, strongly urged the advisability of Clemency's marriage at the next opportunity, and his words naturally chimed in with the wishes of Joscelyn. Still, in that desperate time of danger and uncertainty there were many reasons which made an honorable man hesitate before binding another to his fate. Sitting by the open window on that July evening, watching the light as it fell on the pinnacles and gilded the old cathedral walls, the two lovers quietly talked out the whole matter, while Faith and her husband went to visit Alderman Pury, the leading spirit among the Independents of the city, and Denham amused himself in the oak parlor by writing a letter to his child-love at Shortell.

"'Tis true," said Joscelyn, "that Sir Robert urges the unsettled times and the dark prospects of the Parliamentarians as one reason for wishing our marriage to take place at once. He spoke of it when I saw him a month ago. But the question is, does he fully realize how dark our future seems? And do you, dear heart, truly desire to link your fortunes irrevocably with one as deeply compromised as I am?"

"Do you think," said Clemency, smiling reproachfully, "that I am, as some folks say Governor Massey is, desirous only to stand with those who succeed?"

"'Tis no mere question of success or failure in battle," said Joscelyn. "If Gloucester falls now all men think that the utter ruin of the Parliament cause must follow. That for me means poverty, exile, or imprisonment, or even maybe worse. Do you do wisely to take as husband one who may as likely as not end his life on the gallows?"

Clemency shuddered, yet the terrible words only made her cling to him the more closely.

"'Tis unlike you to think of failure," she said. "Why dwell on the dark side?"

"For your sake," said Joscelyn, "lest through my very love for you I mar your life. Mr. Bennett does not deem it possible that you and your sister should travel speedily to Katterham while things are in their present state, or that might prove the safest plan for you."

"What!" cried Clemency. "Would you have me leave you here with your wound but half healed and the enemy at the gates? That would be to expose me to miseries far worse than in the longest siege. We women are not chattels of value to be stored in safe hiding-place. If you and I may not be friends and helpmates to each other, I will never wed you."

Joscelyn's grave, thoughtful expression remained unchanged. He seemed to be holding himself in check, to be incased in armor which she could not penetrate.

"Even," he said, "if Massey is true to us, if there lurked no hint in that reply of his last spring to Prince Rupert that he would never yield to a *foreign* prince—even if one could put strong confidence in a man who avows himself a soldier of fortune rather than one who acts on principle—you must remember that Gloucester is ill prepared for a siege. The powder is scarce, the fortifications miserably defective, the garrison is small and dispirited, and many of the citizens are on the enemy's side. I have heard folks say it could not hold out for a couple of days."

"Then," said Clemency, her hazel eyes looking fearlessly into his, "for those days, my beloved, we shall be together, and afterwards—let come what may."

At this his armor fell from him; he caught her to his breast. "Have I not skilfully played the advocate against

myself, dear heart," he said, "rivalling a lawyer in his bargown? Now, be both judge and jury, and let me hear your verdict. Is it meet that you should wed this rebel, who already hath been piked through the body, and may likely enough be one day quartered? If you return a verdict in his favor, name the day for his happiness to begin."

"We need no bride-laces or bride-cakes or fine array," said Clemency, her color deepening. "Let it be as soon as we can find a minister to read the service. How I wish that it could be your former tutor, Mr. Whichcote!"

And in the end this was arranged. Morrison set off the next day for Bath to fetch the horses from Lansdown, learned at Marshfield that Dick had recovered and had left the farm-house, and then rode on to North Cadbury, bearing a letter with his master's request. Whichcote gladly consented to come to the marriage of his old pupil, and on Thursday, the 3d of August, he rode into Gloucester, to the great delight of the household in College Green. Could they but have glanced at the council of war being held at that very time by the Royalists at Bristol, they would have learned that the siege of Gloucester had been definitely decided upon, a messenger having just arrived with a secret message from Massey that he wished the King well; that if Prince Rupert brought an army against Gloucester he would defend it, but that if the King himself came with his army, he would not hold out against him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work!
And both commended for the sake of each
By all true workers and true lovers born.
—E. B. Browning.

On the morning of Saturday, the 5th of August, the little wedding-party were just assembled in the withdrawing-room, and were about to cross over to the cathedral, when Christopher Bennett received an earnest message from Alderman Pury, begging him to repair instantly to the house where the Common Council was held, as intelligence had been brought during the previous night that the King intended to march at once upon Gloucester. All looked compassionately at the bride and bridegroom, but they, having thoroughly prepared beforehand for the worst, were less moved than the others.

"Must you indeed go?" asked Clemency. "The service will be but short."

Faith turned away to hide her tears, while Whichcote suggested that the ceremony might be postponed for an hour, his kindly eyes travelling with some little anxiety to his old pupil, who certainly looked as little like a bridegroom as could well be. The hollow cheeks, alternately pale and flushed, the eyes looking unnaturally large and bright, told plainly that Waller's young officer had seen active service. He had, moreover, insisted on retaining the mourning-badge which he had put on at the time of

Hampden's death; and Clemency, in her quiet gray velvet gown and hood, wore nothing more festive than a cluster of York and Lancaster roses, which Joscelyn had picked for her in the garden the evening before, for reasons which they alone understood.

To pass the time till her husband's return, Faith suggested that Joscelyn and Clemency should show the cathedral to Mr. Whichcote; for even the Puritans of Gloucester had the good sense to be proud of the noble building that had so long been the glory of their city, and it was well known that the Vicar of North Cadbury had an unusual love for the beautiful. Clemency, like most people of her generation, was somewhat deficient in the artistic sense; but as they wandered through the great building, passing from the simple grandeur of the Norman nave to the exquisite beauty of the choir, a curious love for the place stole over her, and she felt that it harmonized well with the quiet talk that followed as they waited with Whichcote in the cool cloisters.

"'Tis hard," said Joscelyn, as he looked from the beautifully carved roof to the velvety grass in the quadrangle, all starred with daisies and flecked with sunshine—"'tis hard to realize here that we are in the heart of a panic-stricken city."

"An emblem in its peace, I hope, of what your life may be," said Whichcote. "For, after all, what is happiness but heart's-ease in the world, not troubling ourselves backward for those things that are gone, nor forward for that which is not yet?"

Joscelyn smiled. "And truly," he said, taking Clemency's hand in his, "there is something fitting in this interruption. Our first meeting was ushered in by an accident with a horse, our love began during a night attack on a house, our betrothal took place under the shade of an old

British yew-tree, and our marriage is to be consummated in a beleaguered city."

"Truly your lot has been cast in troubled days," said Whichcote. "We must not shut our eyes against any manifestations of God in the times in which we live. The works of God in them which we are to discern should direct in us principle, affection, and action."

"More and more the religious side of the war comes into prominence," said Joscelyn; "and if the taking of the Covenant is to be generally enforced, shall we not, sir, merely drift back to the old tyranny of the bishops, under another name?"

"Aye, 'tis like the swing of the pendulum," said Whichcote, thoughtfully, "yet so only is the clock kept working. The times are not yet ripe for a general toleration; we can but see the day afar off and rejoice."

"Methinks life would be far easier," said Clemency, "were it not for these disputings about doctrines and ceremonies."

"Truly," said Whichcote, "it had been better for the Christian Church if that which calls itself catholic had been less employed in creating pretended faith, and more employed in maintaining universal charity."

"But will truth ever prevail?" said Clemency, with wistful eyes.

Whichcote's face lighted up as with a sudden gleam of sunshine. "To believe there is a God," he said, "is to believe the existence of all possible good and perfection in the universe. And it is to be resolved upon this that things either are or finally shall be as they should be. God hath set up two lights to enlighten us in our way—the light of reason, which is the light of His creation; and the light of Scripture, which is After-Revelation from Him. Let us make use of these two lights, and suffer neither to be put out."

"Are, then, the differences of opinion, sir, but the effect of differing minds and varied training?" asked Joscelyn.

"In a great measure I think them to be so," said Whichcote. "I dare not blaspheme free and noble spirits in religion who search after truth, lest in so doing I should degenerate into a spirit of persecution. And I do think that the destroying of this spirit of persecution out of the Church is a piece of the Reformation which God, in these times of change, aims at."

At that moment Christopher Bennett was seen approaching. With a hurried apology for keeping them waiting, he gave his arm to his sister-in-law, and led her into the choir, where, in the presence of Faith, Arthur Denham, and Charlotte Wells, Joscelyn and Clemency took their mutual vows of undying trust and love. Through the great east window, with its rich stained glass, the summer sunshine streamed in with cheerful brightness, and the hearts of the newly-wedded pair were full of glad content as they passed out once more from the peaceful church to the distracted city.

"Look your last at the tower," said Christopher Bennett, "for the governor hath ordered that it be protected with wool-sacks." And before night had come the whole of the upper part of the tower had been efficiently protected, intelligence had been brought that two thousand horse from Bristol had advanced to within ten miles of Gloucester, and the siege had virtually begun.

Whichcote took leave of them at noon, being anxious to return to his wife while return was possible, and the bride and bridegroom, whose wedding-day had been so strangely ushered in, found themselves left to their own devices. No one was inclined for merry-making, those who were not panic-stricken being forced to strengthen and inspire the more feeble-minded.

The two sat together in the withdrawing-room, perhaps all the more deeply happy because of the perils that threatened them, and strong to meet the dark future in the double strength which had become theirs. No anxieties troubled them that day; they hugged their strange new happiness, and, like children, lived in the present. What were kings and parliaments to them? What were sieges and surrenders? All seemed unreal just at that moment save the sweet unity which was not to be marred by any outer strife.

Presently Charlotte entered the room with a little tray, on which were some almond-cakes of her own making and a flagon of perry—a drink in which she had much faith for invalids.

"Not that I want to interrupt, sir," she said, in her motherly voice, "but we must remember that you are still weakly."

"Why, where are you going, Charlotte?" said Clemency, noticing that the nurse-keeper had laid aside her best dress, and had donned her largest and most homely apron.

"Well, my dear," said Charlotte, "they tell me help is needed in the little mead in getting in turf for repairing the works; and that, you see, is light work which a woman can very well do."

Clemency threw her arms round the faithful servant's neck.

"I do believe, Charlotte," she said, "that you are the best woman in the world; you are always wearing yourself out in some one's behalf."

"Well, well, my dear," said Charlotte, "as good Mr. Whichcote said in his discourse at our wedding to-day, 'We are made for each other, and each of us is to be a supply to the other.'"

She hurried away, and they saw her erelong walking past the house at her own brisk pace, with a spade tucked under her arm, and a great white dimity sun-bonnet as protection from the heat.

"Joscelyn," said Clemency, the soft curve of her cheek resting close to his, "there is one thing that I want you to do for me."

"What a solemn appeal!" said Joscelyn, smiling. "There is only one thing—literally only one—that I could not do for you."

"What is that?" asked Clemency.

"I could not leave a city in such a plight while I have a leg to stand on or an arm to wield pike or gun."

"I do not want you to leave," said Clemency; "I want you not to mind my helping too. I want to go now and help Charlotte in the mead."

"We will both come," said Joscelyn, springing up.

"Oh, not you," said Clemency.

"Why not? Am I to say, like the self-indulgent guest in the parable, 'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come?'"

"But I do not think you are strong enough."

"Not strong enough!" he said, with a laugh, and catching her up in his arms, ran round the room with her. "Now say that again."

"Joscelyn, put me down," she said, laughing. "Just think if old Madam Bennett were to come in, she would think we were out of our wits! And, oh, look! down there by the cathedral I can see the governor and Mr. John Corbet."

"Superintending the wool-sacks," said Joscelyn. "Let us go out and speak to them."

Edward Massey, the Governor of Gloucester, was a fine-looking man in the prime of life; he was of middle stature,

"'NOT STRONG ENOUGH!' HE SAID."

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and his long brown curls and pointed beard, together with his aquiline features, large eyes, and a certain lack of trustworthiness in the expression, made him curiously like the King; but the likeness was the less remarked on account of his ruddy complexion and his far more genial bearing. Mr. Corbet, his domestic chaplain, a singularly able and devoted Puritan, drew his attention to the approach of the young bride and bridegroom, and Massey gave them kindly greetings and congratulations.

"'Tis refreshing to meet with two bright faces among our clouded citizens," he said. "Methinks you had best walk through the streets and cheer up the many drooping hearts."

Clemency laughed. "We are on our way to help at the fortifications, sir," she said, showing her spade.

Massey looked from her pure, happy face to Joscelyn's soldierly figure. Something about these two appealed to his higher nature, dealt a blow to the spirit of self-seeking which marred his many noble qualities, and made him for a time, at least, a genuine patriot. The disinterested devotion of the young husband and wife, added to the strong influence of Puritans like Alderman Pury and his son, John Corbet, and Dorney, the town-clerk, helped to work an extraordinary change in the governor's mind, and he resolved that not even at the request of the King would he prove false to the trust the people of Gloucester had reposed in him. Thus Charlotte Wells, going about her duty as a good and faithful servant, had helped to make English history at a most terrible crisis in the country's life; just as, in truth, every honest man or woman can make it by being faithful in that which is least, by rising above petty self-interests into the broader, nobler life of citizenship.

They found her hard at work in the little mead with a few others, whom she had enlisted in the walk through the city,

but she held up her hands in amaze at seeing the young bride and bridegroom.

"Why, sir," she cried, reproachfully, "when I left you so comfortable like in the withdrawing-room?"

"'Tis all the fault of your cakes, Charlotte," he said, with a laugh. "They must have been leavened with patriotism, and it is beginning to work in me."

"Ah, sir, you are not yet strong enough for such work," said Charlotte, shaking her head, "and surely on your wedding-day you might take a holiday."

"On the contrary, the better the day the better the deed," said Joscelyn, catching up a spade. "We were both of us in hot haste to begin that mutual keeping of each other in all dangers and necessities that we vowed this morning. What more practical way than in working at the fortifications?"

He kept them all in excellent spirits by the contagion of his bright humor, and Clemency was well pleased to make Faith laugh that evening over her description of the scene.

"I understand now," she said, "what Sir William Waller meant by Joscelyn's influence over the soldiers. He hath the strangest power of cheering the hearts of other folk and making hard work seem light."

"I would we had had him at Madam Bennett's house to enliven us," said Faith, with a portentous yawn. "There are truly some advantages in wedding a man whose family have disowned him. You are saved the trial of a mother-in-law."

"You would not speak in that fashion did you but know how Joscelyn grieves over his mother's coldness to him, or how hard it is for me not to hate her for treating him thus," said Clemency, her brow contracting a little at the recollection of certain words about Lady Heyworth which Joscelyn had let fall during his illness.

"Now I have made you look grave on your wedding-day," said Faith, kissing her. "Forget what I said. I am out of humor, and weary with a tedious prayer-meeting; and all the little ways of the Puritans here, which are unlike ours at home, fret and chafe me. Your husband seems blessed with so happy a temper that petty details in nowise affect him. I asked him once what he thought right on the vexed subject of kneeling or standing at prayer, and he said he could not think it a question of right or wrong; only a matter of taste; and that, so the heart was reverent, it mattered little whether the knees were straight or bent."

"His own personal taste is all for simplicity in religion," said Clemency. "The genuflections at each mention of our Saviour which the archbishop enjoined were very repugnant to him. He told me once that they seemed to him to spring from unworthy notions of God, as though, forsooth, He was like the Emperor of China, and loved to see men kowtowing to Him. But Joscelyn thinks that each man should be guided by his inner sense of right, desiring —as one would expect the pupil of Mr. Hampden and Mr. Whichcote—a very wide liberty and a loving respect towards all men."

Faith mused for a minute.

"Well," she said, presently, "I am glad we have many sober and moderate Puritans like grandfather and Joscelyn still left; but it seems to me we shall never recover the loss of Mr. Hampden. He, the one man who might have saved the country, is slain, and the King's triumph seems close at hand."

"All things are out of course," replied Clemency, "but God rules. How can it be that the attempt of the King's foreign nephew to steal the money sent by the Parliament to the army should, by leading to the death of Mr. Hamp-

den, defeat the plans of God? The death of such a one must surely kindle in us a greater zeal for the liberties he died to strengthen and preserve, a greater hatred of despotism and priestcraft."

They were interrupted by the arrival of Alderman Pury, who came with congratulations to the bride and bridegroom.

"I hear you have set a right worthy example, and have already been working for the safety of the city," he said, kindly. "Yet I like not that vain relic of by-gone symbols and worthless outer show of inner mysteries."

"My wedding-ring?" said Clemency, taking it off with great composure, and looking, with a smile in her eyes, at the posy within it. "In truth, sir, I have no superstition about it. We merely regard it as a useful sign to mark the married from the unmarried, and Joscelyn insists on wearing one also. He saith 'tis quite as important that men be thus distinguished as women."

"It is a relic of popery," said Alderman Pury, shaking his head.

"Yet are our rings very far removed from the pope and his works," said Clemency, smiling. "See, the posy is, 'Serve the good Cause,' and, indeed, dear sir, those words were the last said to my husband by Mr. Hampden, and are most sacred to us."

The old Puritan bent down and kissed her hand. "I will say no more," he protested; "that name silences all objections."

It was not till the 10th of August that Gloucester was actually summoned; skirmishes in the neighborhood and busy work at the fortifications, storing the city with food, and dismissing the half-hearted from the gates had filled up the interval. But on Thursday the King with the advance-guard of the finest army he ever had—in a few days' time

it numbered 30,000 men — appeared before the walls, and at two o'clock he sent a trumpeter and two heralds with his summons to the city, promising, "On the word of a king," free pardon to all if the submission were immediate.

"His Majesty might have chosen some stronger assurance," was Christopher Bennett's bitter comment. "The word of a king is precisely what he hath forced all men to distrust."

Arthur Denham started up at this, and would have made an indignant protest had not Joscelyn laid a hand on his arm; and the master of the house, far too much distracted to be observant, hurried from the room in search of his wife.

"Do not quarrel with him now," pleaded Joscelyn. "Consider what a desperate case he is in. 'Tis hard for you to be thus a prisoner, and your own friends without, as I well enough know. But he meant no insult to you."

"To me? What signifies that?" said Denham. "But he is disloyal to the King—he insults his Majesty!"

There was an uncomfortable silence, Joscelyn being well convinced that the words were no slander, and that whatever the merits of Charles as a man, he was as a king hopelessly deceitful and treacherous. Denham knew him well enough to guess what was passing in his mind; he knew that it was merely courtesy and friendship towards himself that kept his companion from echoing Christopher Bennett's words.

"I have never asserted," he said, "that the King was faultless, but that we are to be loyal to him in spite of his faults. I cannot understand how you of all men on earth should be lacking in loyalty."

"But loyalty has no necessary connection with the King," said Joscelyn. "It means being faithful to law. A wife

may honor her husband, but if he bids her steal she must break her promise of obedience to him and be loyal to the law of the land."

"Do not you by the law of the land owe allegiance to the King?" said Denham.

"Certainly," replied Joscelyn, "yet 'twas held by Mr. Hampden and all our leaders that rebellion is a duty when the just liberties of the subject are imperilled or religion is attacked. There is even a higher loyalty than loyalty to the law of the land, and that is loyalty to conscience. The followers of Wycliffe preached in defiance of the laws of the land, and their blood proved the seed of the Reformation. Nay, it was under the abominable heresy laws of England, repealed in the time of Edward VI., and again made law under Queen Mary, that Bishop Hooper was burned at the farther side of yon cathedral. And what did he say to those who at the last tried to induce him to sign a paper promising to conform to the law? 'If you love my soul,' he cried, 'take it away.' From loyalty to a higher law he let himself be slowly roasted over a fire of green wood."

"And from loyalty to a principle—as it seems to me the most fantastic overstrained principle—you are willing to risk your whole career," said Arthur Denham, "willing to bring upon your newly-wedded wife disgrace and misery? The tide is turning; everywhere the King conquers; can you not see that you are bound to lose?"

"With the losing or the winning we have no right to concern ourselves," said Joscelyn. "I have but to be faithful to conscience. Better hang as an honest rebel than feast as a cringing time-server.

"A time-server you could never be," said Denham, warmly. "I meant only that I would fain have you see your error."

Joscelyn laughed. "We are like the two knights with the gold and silver shield. But methinks only Death himself will be the third knight and reconcile our differences." Then, his bright face clouding over for a minute and tears starting to his eyes, he added, in a lower voice: "Yet if, as all men think, this siege prove our last desperate bit of resistance, and for a time our cause be crushed and thwarted, then, when I am hanged or imprisoned or exiled, whichever it may be, I beg you, Denham, by this strange friendship of ours, born and bred in the war, to guard and help my wife to the best of your power. Will you do this much for a rebel?"

"Aye, that will I," said Denham, heartily, griping his hand. Even as they spoke they noticed a red glow in the sky, and Faith and Clemency came hurrying into the room.

"Oh," they cried, "the suburbs are on fire! Every house outside the walls is to be burned."

"'Tis needful," said Joscelyn. "The owners were warned days ago, and have moved their goods. One is sorry for them, but the suburbs must go to save the city; the city, likely enough, must perish to save the nation. And you and I, dear heart, must sacrifice our honeymoon all for the well-being of the generations yet to come, that they may dwell at peace in the land which for us hath been full of strife."

At that moment the dull roar of cannon fell upon their ears. Faith gave a cry of dismay, but Clemency had already caught something of her husband's undaunted spirit; she asked him at what hour he was on duty as composedly as if she had been inquiring the hour of a prayer-meeting.

"Neither from the surgeon, nor from the governor, nor from the mayor could I get leave to be one of the regular garrison," said Joscelyn, smiling. "They all protested

'twas too soon after Lansdown. I am but in the reserve, and shall have light work, not being due at my post till sunrise."

"If your face lights up in that fashion, Clemency," said Faith, laughing, "he will think the sun hath already risen. There! go away, both of you, and leave me to grumble to Mr. Denham."

They took her at her word, and by-and-by Denham and Faith, who had mounted to the attic and were looking eastward at the burning houses, caught sight of the young husband and wife pacing up and down a quiet alley in the garden below.

"Just see those two," cried Faith, "wrapped round so closely in their happiness that this lurid sky and the roar of the artillery cannot disturb them! They are blind and deaf to all save each other's looks and words."

"Yes, while they are together; but apart they pay a heavy price for it," said Denham, remembering the request Joscelyn had made of him and the look in his eyes. "Would to God this cruel war were at an end! One trembles to think of a love like theirs begun in these times."

"Clemency will doubtless, I fear, have many troubles," said Faith, her pretty face growing sad and grave for a moment. "But then"—with a laugh—"she will not have to keep house through a siege, and she will be well-nigh as untroubled by a mother-in-law as Eve herself. You as a bachelor, and I as a matron of experience, are far more full of cares than those lovers, who walk there just as if our pleasance were the Garden of Eden!"

CHAPTER XXIX

Who, when they saw the host coming to meet them, said, "How shall we be able, being so few, to fight against so great a multitude and so strong?" Unto whom Judas answered: "It is no hard matter for many to be shut up in the hands of a few; and with the God of Heaven it is all one to deliver with a great multitude or a small company. For the victory of battle standeth not in the multitude of an host; but strength cometh from Heaven."

—First Book of the Maccabees.

"College Green, Gloucester, 15*th August*, 1642.

"My dear Mrs. Ursula,—Though there be as yet little likelihood of sending letters, I shall begin to write to you, that so if opportunity offers I be not behindhand, and also because I greatly long to tell you all that has passed of late. You will have seen our letters to my grandfather and to Hester on the 5th, telling of our marriage, so I will not repeat what was then said, but rather tell you what hath since come to pass. We are very straitly besieged, yet I know not that 'tis so bad as the suspense and uncertainty that went before, when, as the jest ran among the Royalists, 'twas a case of

'Bristol taking,
Exeter shaking,
Gloucester quaking.'

Methinks a siege is like tooth-drawing—worse to look forward to than at the time, when one's courage mounteth with occasion. At first I thought 'twould have been far easier to bear had Joscelyn still been invalided, but in truth his joy at being recovered in time to serve hath so acted on me that I, too, cannot but be glad, even though as

each morning I bid him farewell and see him set off to the walls my heart is sorely disquieted. Yet is his bright, hopeful temperament beginning to work upon my over-anxious spirit that you have ever chid, just as Faith's cheerfulness hath to some extent brightened her husband, and made him, spite of these troubles, less gloomy and severe.

"The very day after the King had summoned the city the pipes that supply our conduits with water from Robin's Wood Hill were cut by the enemy and the mill water diverted, which put us to some trouble, as all the corn had to be ground with hand or horse mills, and for water we had to shift as best we could with wells in sundry parts and with fetching and carrying from the river, which put old Madam Bennett into a mighty fluster. All the first night and the next day the King's men were at work in the trenches; they were within musket-shot of the walls, and Joscelyn brought home in the evening strange tales of the words that had been bandied between the men, the Royalists very fierce in their expressions of contumely, 'Den of rebels' being their mildest term of abuse, and our men by no means slow to retort. Alas! I cannot help looking forward with dread to the end, and thinking how terrible will be the entrance of a conquering enemy angered by our stubborn resistance. Joscelyn is convinced that Sir William Waller will come to our rescue, but the King's words to our two citizens who brought him the refusal to yield Gloucester will often come back to me. 'Waller,' he said, 'is extinct, and Essex cannot come.' This reminds me that I must tell you, who love the King, of something I heard to his praise. He received the messengers with courtesy, and reproved some of his followers who made a jest of their cropped heads; and, truly, I must own, they chose the most extreme of the Puritans as ambassadors; Original Sin Smith himself could not have looked more un-

couth. Sir William Waller once told me that he invariably chose Joscelyn to be one of those sent as hostages or ambassadors, because of his courtesy and noble bearing, but the good folk of Gloucester went on another plan. His Majesty seemed amazed at the temerity of the place in holding out against such a great army. And, truly, it doth seem a desperate enterprise. Our garrison is very small; save the reserve of one hundred and twenty men, they are all forced to be on the walls day and night. 'Tis a case of fifteen hundred men behind sadly imperfect fortifications and with but a limited supply of gunpowder against a besieging army of thirty thousand.

"'Tis strange how soon folk grow accustomed to peril; at first the roar of the cannon was terrible, but now we scarce heed it more than thunder, and there is much to do and little time to think. I will tell you how our days mostly pass. At five we rise, and Charlotte brings us a snug breakfast; then, my husband and I having prayed together, I help him to put on his armor, and we walk hand in hand through the garden, and take leave of each other at a little postern that gives into a street leading to the High Cross, he going forth to his post near the East Gate, and I returning to our room to pray alone, then to help Faith in the house and to count the hours till noon, when Charlotte and I walk to the walls bearing food for Joscelyn. In the afternoon all who are able, rich and poor, women, and even children, help to work at the fortifications, and I do assure you Faith and I grow as brown as berries toiling in the sun at the turfs; and as to our hands, 'tis enough to make a fine lady blush only to look at them. But in our secret hearts we are proud of them, and have many a laugh at that blessed meal of supper, when Joscelyn, who returns at six o'clock, always holds what he calls 'Hand review' on the table, Faith and I laying our hands beside his

bronzed ones, which, however, from the natural fairness of his skin, always carry off the honors, and, as Faith says, rival in color her best copper kettle. They have dammed up the east and south ports, because 'tis from that quarter they expect the chief attack, it being the only side from which the King's forces can carry on their work free from water springs.

"*Thursday, 17th August.*

"As I wrote the above words, two days ago, Joscelyn returned looking more worn and tired than he is wont to do, and bringing us sad news of the death of Captain Harcus, a lieutenant to the Earl of Stamford, who had shown a noteworthy courage in the sallies of the 11th and 12th. It seems he was in Friar's Orchard on Tuesday afternoon, and had thrown a granado into the trenches, when, trying to see what success it had, he was shot. As yet we have lost but few men, although there are almost daily sallies—yesterday a very severe skirmish, in which many of the enemy were reported to be slain. But, though perhaps 'tis selfish of me, this merely heard of sally makes less impression on me than the danger which I saw and but narrowly escaped. Charlotte and I went to-day, as usual, to take Joscelyn's dinner at noon, and afterwards visited a poor woman near the South Gate who is in sore trouble, her daughter having been killed the day after the siege began through rashly looking over the walls. Since then the poor mother hath been sick with grief and wholly unable to bestir herself. Charlotte and I talked with her for a while and set her house in order, then because the fetching of water from the nearest well was more than she was fit for, we went to draw it for her, the poor soul being scarce able to endure the roar of the cannon, which to-day the King's forces ply very fiercely from their battery on Gaudy Green. We had filled the pail, and Charlotte was carrying it along,

protesting that she needed no help, and talking in her kind fashion of the poor woman's sorrow and how we might serve her, when right in front of us—not half a dozen yards off—fell a huge granado. I stood there as if turned to stone, just stupidly staring at the thing as it lay, so mortal a terror did paralyze my limbs. But Charlotte—dear brave Charlotte—without pausing one moment, walked right up to the granado and emptied her pail of water over it, so putting out the fuse. Then, almost before the sense had come back to my dazed brain, we were surrounded by a crowd of questioners; an officer and some of the soldiers from the South Gate came up, and shortly Governor Massey himself.

"'Your courage and good sense have saved many lives this day,' he said to Charlotte. 'You may, for aught we know, have saved the South Gate itself, and with that the city.'

"Then all the people cheered, which made Charlotte's eyes fill, as methinks cheering is apt to do.

"'I thank the Lord, sir,' she said, quietly, 'that my mistress and I were passing and that the pail was full.'

"And with that she turned away to refill it for the poor woman, though, as you can fancy, a dozen folk ran to help her, and insisted on carrying it, waiting on her with a little of the respect she so well deserves.

"The granado was taken up whole, and, the governor causing it to be weighed, 'twas found to be as much as sixty pounds. Joscelyn, coming home later on, could do naught but talk of our narrow escape. I can never tell you, dear Mrs. Ursula, how great is his love and care for me. 'Tis not the fussing care that some men show—not the love that treats a wife as a sort of pretty puppet—but one that makes the words of the marriage service comparing the husband's love to Christ's seem no exaggeration. Of the selfish love of some men 'twould seem blasphemy to use such a descrip-

tion, but of my dear husband's devotion it doth seem to me the only symbol fitting. Sometimes I think that such happiness as ours cannot last long in this world, yet maybe that is but a return of my bad habit of melancholy, which his presence doth mostly exorcise. We could not help laughing at supper just now, for when Charlotte came into the room with some of that calves'-foot jelly she hath a particular belief in for strengthening folk, Joscelyn sprang up and kissed her before us all as gallantly as any cavalier could have done, thanking her for saving what he said was more than all the world to him, and ending with the hope that as one resolute woman had helped to save a city, so one resolute city might help to save England.

"*30th August.*

"The next day after writing the above there was a noteworthy sally and some severe fighting, but our losses were still slight. Every now and then, too, mixed with the sadness and anxiety, there comes a comical adventure that, however small, sets us laughing, as perchance it might not do were we less strained and expectant. On the 19th a cannon-ball, doubtless intended to do us much hurt, only struck down a pig, whereat the merriment was great, and our soldiers ate the pig and taunted the enemy! That same day, however, a granado fell on the roof of Mr. Hathwaye's house, and broke through into the room beneath, and so into the court, one bit falling down the chimney into the kitchen. By the mercy of God, three of the household who happened to be sitting by the fire were unharmed. Many other houses have been struck, but little serious mischief done. I care for naught when once my husband is safe home, even when, as now and then happens, the drums beat an alarm round the city in the dead of night, an attack being expected.

"CHARLOTTE EMPTIED HER PAIL OF WATER OVER IT."

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"Faith and I do greatly long for tidings from Katterham, and to know how it fares with my grandfather and the children. There is a preacher here, a Mr. Halford, who the other day said in his sermon words that often come to my mind. He bade us remember that 'though the passages were closed on earth, there remained a way open to heaven.' Perhaps that we use this way the more and learn its value, it is needful sometimes to have checks to our earthly ways of communicating.

"On the 21st two unsuccessful sallies were made, and our designs, through the foolish mistake of a guide, miscarried. Christopher, who was taking part in the attempt under Colonel Stephens, received a wound in the leg serious enough to lay him up for three weeks, it is feared. Faith protests that she is thankful for anything that stays him at home, and it is helping to make old Madam Bennett appreciate her daughter-in-law, their common anxiety drawing them the one to the other.

"On the 24th a conference was held inside the drawbridge at the North Gate with Mr. Bell and a Mr. Hill of Tewkesbury, they endeavoring to persuade the city to yield to the dreadful threats of the Royalists, and to save the terrible suffering which the King's troops are causing to the poor country folk, who, whether they will or no, are forced by the foraging parties to support that great army, and many are made prisoners and cruelly threatened to extort money from them 'Tis grievous to think of their hard case, but yet we must be true to our trust, and I am right glad that Governor Massey resolutely refused to yield up Gloucester.

"I could tell you many strange tales of narrow escapes. Once a bullet weighing twenty pounds broke into a room at the Crown Inn, by God's providence striking only a bolster, which it hurled forward to the window, but, lodging in the

centre, did no harm. On Friday last and all through the following night the King's battery at Llanthony shot red-hot fire-balls. It was fearful to see in the dark these great fiery iron bullets flying through the air like thunder-bolts. Joscelyn says many of them weighed twenty-two pounds. I went with him in the evening to see one which had fallen into the house of an apothecary named Comelin; it was cooling when we saw it in a water-butt, where, with much ado, they had contrived to place it, the buckets of water they had cast over it to put it out having proved of little use. As we walked home we saw that links were burning on the college tower. My husband told me it was decided to light this beacon, and that young Captain Pury should keep it alight till the moon had risen, so that my Lord Essex or Sir William Waller, in marching to our relief, might not be misled by the false rumors of Gloucester having been taken, which, 'tis believed, the enemy endeavor to circulate in the country. The Royalists, annoyed at the light, aimed several bullets at the tower, and Captain Pury nearly met with his death, but still persisted in his duty.

"On Saturday last the enemy, angered by the boldness of our men in fetching in much-needed hay from Walham, set the hay-cocks on fire, but were severely punished in consequence by our shot. 'Tis grievous to think of all the waste and destruction this war doth bring in its train. That same day two messengers were secretly sent forth from the city, and yesterday our spirits were greatly cheered by their safe return from Warwick, bringing us news from his Excellency and Sir William Waller of a relief shortly coming to us. Save these messengers, none have left the city (except some four or five deserters) since the seige began, but many have been engaged in sallies, and, as I told you, the hay-makers have been bold enough, and we women work in the little mead. The most curious of all is the plan for letting

the cattle graze there. The poor beasts are put over the works by a bridge of ladders, and a special guard of musketeers has to protect them and bring them into the city at sunset. The enemy like this but ill, and sent out a detachment of horse against these kine, but their body-guard safely protected them and beat off the Royalists.

"*Sunday, 3d September.*

"Charlotte, Faith, and I were working as usual with some other citizens in this same little mead yesterday, I in my secret heart thinking more of a somewhat fierce-looking cow with an angry eye than of any danger from the enemy, when suddenly the Welsh garrison at the Vineyard began firing upon us from a ditch. We went on working—though I plead guilty to much trembling of the knees—and our artillery, seeing our danger, began to play on the Welshmen, and quickly dispersed them.

"All this while I have not told you that one day, when I was with Joscelyn at the walls, Governor Massey, chancing to be near, bade me look through his prospective, for that the King was clearly to be seen. His Majesty was at too great a distance for me to see his face, but I could plainly distinguish the outline of his figure, and could see that he was an excellent good rider, though not so graceful a horseman as some I could name. He rode at the head of some cavalry, and wore a complete suit of bright armor, on which the sun did glint in most dazzling brightness. I wished you had been here to see him. It is well for me that I have you for my friend, else I should find it more difficult to keep from bitter feelings against those who, as Joscelyn would say, look at the shield from the other side. In truth, it hath been a great gain to us all to have with us throughout the siege a Royalist like Mr. Denham in the house. He and my husband are fast friends, spite of all differences,

and the being forced, out of courtesy to a prisoner, to avoid as far as might be uttering words that would hurt him hath been an excellent curb on us. I do truly think that he is as good a man and as true as my husband, his views of life much the same, save in this matter of politics, and his reverence for women and desire to do the will of God just as marked a feature in his character. He vows he will wed none other than little Rosamond Heyworth, Joscelyn's sister, she having wholly won his heart, child though she is, by her loving plot at Farnham last autumn for my dear husband's deliverance. Mr. Denham would have fared better had he been left in prison at Bristol with two other Royalist officers taken at Devizes, they of course being set free when Prince Rupert took the city. But Sir William Waller thought to do him a kindness by leaving him here, and we have every reason to be glad of his company.

"There was no sermon in church this morning, for the preacher was warned that the enemy was preparing a battery at the East Gate, and that our peril was extreme. Being all assembled, we had prayers, and then, much to our relief, were dismissed. On Wednesday last, the public feast-day, a musket-ball fell into St. Nicholas Church while we were listening to the sermon, and though it did no harm, yet it was sufficiently startling.

"Faith and I were glad to be in the open air, though there has been little rest to mark this as the Lord's day, for the firing was incessant, and every one was working hard at a great breastwork across Eastgate Street, and lining the adjacent houses. The Royalists tried to frighten us by an ill-omened message shot into the town upon an arrow. The words on the paper ran thus: 'Your god Waller has forsaken you, and hath retired himself to the Tower of London. Essex is beaten like a dog. Yield to the King's

mercy in time; otherwise, if we enter perforce, no quarter for such obstinate, traitorly rogues.'

"They also threaten when they enter to hang the twelve aldermen to the signs of the twelve inns. But I pray that God may deliver us, and Joscelyn thinks the message on the arrow is naught but a foul lie, and that help will yet come. God grant it may be soon, for our powder is all but exhausted, and there are but two powder-mills in Gloucester, which cannot turn out more than three barrels a week, so that if help come not speedily we are undone. Two messengers were secretly gotten out of the city to-night to give us news whether the relieving army is near.

"*Monday, 4th September.*

"Our hopes are revived, for the Royalist cavalry are removed, and it may be that they intend to raise the siege. May God protect the relieving army, and deliver them out of the hand of Prince Rupert! Joscelyn hath brought back good tidings that the beacon-fires are burning on Waynload Hill; no doubt they have been kindled by our two messengers. This was the agreed sign that they should give that help was near at hand. Captain Pury answered with links on the college tower. A most joyful and cheering sight to us in our anxiety. Mr. Halford's children have had a providential escape; a bullet weighing twenty-five pounds broke into the kitchen where only a short time before they had been.

"*6th September.*

"Dear Mrs. Ursula, our help has come, and Gloucester is saved! I can but write hastily, since our messenger is to set off to-night with the letters, and Joscelyn is sending some of the details to my grandfather. Yesterday was appointed for a solemn fast-day, and all who could be spared flocked to the churches, there to pray for God's help. We

had hopes that succor was at hand, but no certainty, and there were fears as to the encounter between his Majesty's great army and the force that the Parliament was sending to our aid. Faith and I went to church in the morning, and between the sermons came out to go as usual to the walls with food for Joscelyn, he not being strong enough to fast in the sense of not eating food, but fasting very truly in the way the Prophet Isaiah spoke of — striving to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free, and to loose the yoke of tyranny. He greeted us with a face whose bright hopefulness told its own tale, and drawing me to a peep-hole which he seldom will allow me so much as to glance through—some few of the citizens having lost their lives through curiously gazing forth—he bade me see what had come to pass. Truly it was a strange sight! The Royalist horse and foot were moving off; their carriages from Llanthony were struggling up Tredworth field, and the whole country seemed astir.

"Still, we were not sure till later that the siege was really raised, but by-and-by, when Joscelyn returned for the night, he told us that the enemy had withdrawn their men from the trenches and had fired their huts, and that a good countryman had hastened into Gloucester bringing news that my Lord Essex had conquered Prince Rupert at Stow, and that he now advanced to our protection. How the people shouted for joy, and how we all thanked God for His goodness, you will understand. A great south wind had sprung up while we were in church, and in the evening the rain came down in torrents; such a storm I have not seen for many years, and as in the night we lay listening to it, I could not but think of the psalm that tells us of the 'wind and storm fulfilling his word.' Joscelyn said the King could not possibly have stayed longer after such a tempest, the ground being turned into a swamp. But the

sufferings of both armies must have been terrible, especially as the cold was very great—more like winter than September. We have been besieged a month and three days—the longest yet not the least happy month of my life! Only fifty of our men have been killed; but it was time help came, for we had but three barrels of powder left. As soon as we can travel, my husband will take us home to Katterham, Faith coming for a visit, by Christopher's special wish, until the times are more quiet. His leg is well-nigh healed. I write in such haste, dear Mrs. Ursula, that you will scarce, I fear, read the scrawl, but the messenger must set forth. Farewell. From your loving

"CLEMENCY HEYWORTH."

CHAPTER XXX

The only way to find comfort in an earthly thing is to surrender it (in a faithful carelessness) into the hands of God. — BISHOP HALL'S CONTEMPLATIONS.

AFTER the great deliverance of that 5th of September the "City assaulted by man but saved by God," as it henceforth loved to designate itself, settled down into comparative quiet. Essex and the brave Londoners who had marched through so many perils to the rescue were welcomed with joyous demonstrations on the 8th; but their work being done, they were eager to return again, and, in truth, the city and the desolated country around could not possibly have maintained them many days. When they marched on to Tewkesbury, which quickly surrendered to them, Governor Massey had time to consider the case of Arthur Denham, and a messenger was despatched to Hopton at Bristol suggesting an exchange of prisoners. Two days after this messenger had left Gloucester, Joscelyn and Denham received a summons to meet Massey at his quarters in Greyfriars, and, repairing thither in the fading light of the September day, found the governor in conversation with two officers. In the distance Joscelyn quickly noted that one of them wore the red scarf and the feather denoting a Royalist, but it was not till he had approached quite near that he recognized a familiar figure, and with an exclamation of delight sprang forward.

"Dick!" he cried; "Dick, you are indeed recovered, then?"

"Alive and well, thanks to you," said Dick, warmly wel-

coming him. "We had well-nigh given you up for lost, though. 'Twas only yesterday, in Governor Massey's letter, that we learned you were alive."

"You have been worse off, then," said Joscelyn; "for I had tidings of your being safely housed at Marshfield, and just before the siege sent my servant there to ask how you did, but by then you had left, and they knew not at the farm where you had gone."

"I had left to join my father at Wells. He had recovered, and we went thence together to Bristol," said Dick, "where Sir Ralph—or my Lord Hopton, as we must now call him—has, to keep the peace and put an end to quarrels and factions among us, consented to be lieutenant-governor under Prince Rupert. Very scurvily they have treated him, to my mind, but he would cut off his right hand to serve the King, and if peace-makers be blest (though, as far as I can see, they have a confounded hard time of it), he ought to be happy."

"He is one of your noblest men," said Joscelyn heartily. "How is he recovered of the hurt he got at Lansdown?"

"Ha! that confounded explosion! 'Twas that finished us off," said Dick, "and laid us both there like a couple of dead men when they carried me off the field. They never thought my Lord Hopton could recover; for days he could not see, and could scarce hear, yet he contrived at Devizes to give orders from his bed, and while lying there hit on a clever contrivance of making all the citizens cut off their bed-cords for match, that being badly needed for the defence. Afterwards they got him to Bristol, and he is now fast recovering, and well-nigh himself again."

"How about an exchange for Arthur Denham?"

"Governor Massey consents to the change proposed by Lord Hopton, and I have ridden over here with Captain Black, who was made prisoner at Roundway Down."

"That is well," said Joscelyn, with a look of relief. "Sorry enough shall I be to lose my friend, but he hath chafed grievously at his long idleness. How is my father?"

"Quite recovered; but he has been full of trouble about you. Your exploit on Lansdown moved him greatly, so that to this day he cannot speak your name steadily."

"You must tell him of my marriage," said Joscelyn. "I will write him a letter."

"What!" cried Dick, "you a Benedick already? What else have you crammed in betwixt this and your Lansdown adventure? A miraculous disappearance from the field, a journey to the gates of death and back again, a noteworthy siege in this fair city, and a visit to Katterham to wed pretty Mistress Clemency!"

"Nay, no journey to Katterham. Clemency was here, and we were wedded by Mr. Whichcote shortly before the siege of Gloucester began. You must come to College Green now and see her; of course you do not return to Bristol to-night."

And so Denham, once more a free man, and Dick and Joscelyn, happy as a couple of school-boys at this unexpected meeting, walked back together, and a very merry evening was spent in the gabled house, Clemency looking her loveliest as she sat listening to Dick's account of the battle of Lansdown, and of the way in which Joscelyn had risked his life to save him.

"How false it is," she exclaimed, "to say that differing views can spoil the love of kinsmen."

"Yet would to God this war were over!" said Dick, wearily. "Last month there seemed some prospect of it; but now—I know not!"

"Last month," said Joscelyn, "when our prospects looked black as night, you promised me, Denham, that when the game was over for me you would do what you could for my

wife. Now let us have one promise more. Promise me that if at any time either you and your people, or you, Dick, and my father and Jervis, find yourselves in any strait, that you will let me serve you to the best of my power."

And gravely they pledged themselves to this, looking far less confidently towards the future than they had done at the beginning of the war. The next day the two brothers again parted, and as soon as Christopher Bennett could arrange for his temporary absence from home, the journey to Katterham was undertaken.

Joscelyn was not only extremely anxious to take his wife to a more sheltered part of the country, but he was eager to rejoin Sir William Waller, and to serve again under the general whose failure at Roundway Down had in no way affected his reputation with any who really knew him.

On Monday, the 25th of September, the small cavalcade set out from College Green, Christopher Bennett and Faith attended by two grooms, Charlotte Wells mounted on a pillion behind Morrison, and Clemency and Joscelyn bringing up the rear; for now their play-time had begun, and this happy journey back to Katterham was to be the idyl of their lives—the wedding journey, all the sweeter because it had been a little delayed.

The only road open to them was a circuitous one by Campden, Warwick, and Newport-Pagnell, but they were in no haste to have the travelling shortened; very sweet to them were those bright autumnal days, for they were filled with the heart's-ease that Mr. Whichcote had spoken of as they waited in the cloisters of Gloucester on their wedding morning.

Their first resting-place was Cheltenham, a pretty little country town, where they were hospitably entertained by some of Mr. Bennett's friends, a fine-looking old Puritan and his wife, who made much of the young bride and bride-

groom, enjoying in their quiet way the unwonted atmosphere of youth and happiness. Clemency always retained a pleasant memory of the evening meal there and the kindly talk of the old lady and her husband. Supper being ended, she was left unmolested to wander about the dusky garden with Joscelyn, and very strange it seemed in that peaceful spot to speak of the sufferings of the troops that had marched from London with Essex, and of the great battle fought a few days before at Newbury between the King and his Excellency.

"They call it a victory for us," said Joscelyn, "but by all accounts 'twas bought at a heavy price. His Excellency made a safe return to London, yet was his army sorely shattered by the enemy."

"They, too, suffered great loss," said Clemency, "and what we heard just now of my Lord Falkland's death was grievously sad. The best and noblest on either side seem the soonest taken."

"That is true," said Joscelyn, with a sigh, thinking of the death he had witnessed after the fight at Chalgrove; "but yet this news of my Lord Falkland seems not to me wholly mournful. He wished for death; his heart was broken by the misery of this civil war. He was leagued with those whom he could not in his heart approve; he was opposed to those whose councils he had once shared. Clearly he longed for death as a deliverer from a position that had grown intolerable. With Colonel Hampden how different was the case! He was snatched away by death at the very moment when it seemed likely that he would be raised to the highest post, at the very time when his desire to serve the cause was the most keen, because the crisis was desperate. Think what his counsel and help would have been through these three months, how his zeal would have seized on this advantage and brought things to a speedy and happy

issue! If he could return but for a year, think what he might not now accomplish!"

"Do you remember," Clemency said, "the maid who was killed at Gloucester the day after the siege began? It seemed to me, when the poor mother begged me to see her corpse, that a death by violence like that was a horrible thing, to be shrunk from and feared as though it came of the devil and not of God. But when we looked on her face it was just as calm and peaceful as the face of Faith's little dead babe. Surely, even the saddest death, the death that seems a cruel mistake, cannot snatch the ordering of all things from God's hand. If we are free to break His laws or keep them, yet we are not our own, but His, and He must surely bring good in the end, even out of ill."

Joscelyn did not answer, but just stooped silently to kiss the sweet lips that had tried to comfort him. And as the dew fell noiselessly, and in the darkening sky the stars shone out one by one, there stole into his heart a quiet strength that stilled the restless grief and questioning which often during the war would rise like troubled waves within him.

Early next morning they set forth for Campden, their host and his wife bidding them godspeed, and presenting the bride with a quaintly shaped silver vinaigrette to hang at her girdle.

Even the ravages of war could not wholly mar the beautiful country through which they journeyed, and in the light of their own exquisite happiness they saw those fair English scenes: the hills and valleys of Gloucestershire, the rich woods and streams of Warwickshire, the homely pastoral country beyond. Riding together day by day over long stretches of open heath, where the bracken gleamed orange-tawny amid the ling and heather, or traversing some rough road bordered by hedges where traveller's joy hung in

feathery garlands and bryony berries gleamed ruddily, and brambles were laden with tempting clusters of blackberries, they journeyed homeward in a happy dream that refused to be spoiled by sorrows or dangers whether in the past or in the future.

Then there were merry discussions when they paused to bait the horses and to get food at the villages they passed through; and Faith, whose spirits had wonderfully revived, much enjoyed her rôle of experienced matron, and loved to tease the newly-wedded couple and to call forth from her grave husband an irrepressible burst of laughter. Delightful, too, was the arrival each evening at a fresh hostlery, where invariably the landlord and landlady gave kindly welcome, seeming to take a special care of the whole party, who certainly had the gift of winning hearts.

But most delightful of all was the actual home-coming at the close of a bright afternoon in October.

As they rode past Coulsdon Church and across the common, Joscelyn spoke of the well-remembered summer day when he had ridden that way with Dick, making his bride blush deliciously as he described his first vision of her when she stepped from the coach at the time of his accident.

The setting sun was flooding the land with light, the quiet little village of Katterham seemed suddenly to awake from sleep as the travellers rode by, and Clemency and Faith waved friendly greetings to one and another of the familiar faces that peered out at them from doors and casements; while, as for Charlotte, she was so pursued by the village children with welcoming shouts that had not Morrison held the reins, and gone steadily forward, it is doubtful whether she would have reached the Court-house that night.

Clemency's breath came quickly as she gazed over the

park palings, as she once more caught sight of the pond and the graveyard and the little church, pausing at the gate, and, after eager questions from the lodge-keeper, riding up to the house itself. There it stood, the dear familiar old place, with the great rounded box-bushes at either side of the door ; there was the entrance-court and the little gate and the posts, with their great white balls, at which she had stared so miserably during the attack on the house, when Joscelyn had passed out to an unknown danger and she had first realized her love. And there was dear Mrs. Ursula running lightly across the court-yard as though she had been a girl, and lifting her off the pillion, and clasping her in a close embrace.

"Dear, dear Mrs. Ursula!" she cried, clinging to her. "How different it all is—how beautifully different to when we parted!"

And Mrs. Ursula, though she did not altogether approve of men, made an exception in favor of the young husband, who stooped to kiss her hand with a courtesy which no woman could have been proof against, and together they all approached the open door, where Sir Robert stood to welcome them, with the children grouped behind him, eager to press forward and snatch the first kiss, but restrained by pretty Hester, who bade them remember their manners and be patient.

That evening, when the whole household met together for prayers, old Sir Robert, instead of reading as usual a lengthy chapter from one of the prophets, turned to the 121st psalm, and glad tears started to Clemency's eyes as she heard him read in unsteady tones the verse, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore."

CHAPTER XXXI

He is not a freeman that can do what he will, but he that will do what he should.—Sir William Waller.

All these months Original Sin Smith had been occupying a post of some importance under the Governor of Farnham Castle, and, being a man of considerable force of character, he had gained great influence in the garrison. There was about him a certain genuineness of devotion to the Parliamentary cause, and yet personal ambition had so large a share in his motives that it was likely enough he would prove but a fair weather friend to his party. No one, however, watching him on All-hallows Eve as he warmed himself beside the hearth in the great hall of the castle, would have guessed that this sombre, sour-faced man, with his cropped head and his ostentatious piety, was all the time dreaming of a fair, girlish face framed in soft waving curls of dusky chestnut hair, and that when he prayed, as he very frequently did, for the destruction of his enemies, he thought not of armed hosts at war with the Parliament, but of one yellow-haired warrior in the Puritan ranks. Joscelyn had thwarted the hopes which for years Original had secretly cherished, spite of the difference in rank between the yeoman's son and the granddaughter of Sir Robert Neal; a difference so clearly marked in those days that no one had dreamed of suspecting the tutor's secret passion.

The castle clock had struck twelve, but Original still kept watch beside the hearth. Tidings had been brought that Sir William Waller would arrive that night at Farnham with some of his troops of horse, his own foot regiment, and some

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of the London trainbands. It was long since anything definite had been heard of Joscelyn Heyworth, and Original, as he stared with absent eyes into the glowing embers, hoped and prayed that in the arduous campaign in the west his rival might have been conveniently disposed of. Many, indeed, must have been his chances of death since that winter's night when he had left the castle and had marched off in the darkness to the siege of Winchester. Surely Providence might have removed from his path this upstart newcomer, this adventurer who had presumed to become betrothed to Clemency Coriton. The clock struck one, and soon after that the sound of a bugle was heard in the distance. Original started to his feet, and, quitting the hall, took up his position at the open doorway at the head of the steps which led down through the deep castle porch. From the town below rose the sound of many voices and the trampling of horsemen mounting the castle hill, while from a greater distance there rose on the night air a familiar psalm tune; he knew it was the one to—

> "Avenge and judge my cause, O Lord,
> From them that evil be."

With intense bitterness he prayed from his heart for Heyworth's destruction. The night wind was piercingly cold, yet it was not this which made Original shiver as he stood waiting beside the governor. At last, mounting the steps between the flaring links held by some of the garrison, he saw the well-known figure of Sir William Waller, his fine black eyes keenly scanning the group of officers waiting to receive him. Original was fain to make his greeting, then he looked apprehensively towards those who accompanied Waller, and had jumped to the conclusion that his rival was not present, when the general turned quickly round as though searching for some one.

"Where is Captain Heyworth?" he asked.

"He is now coming, sir," said Captain Levit; "he waited but to order a bran mash for his horse."

Original set his teeth hard, for the officer had scarcely ended, when, between the lane of torches, there strode the lithe, active figure of Joscelyn Heyworth. Time, and the hard campaign he had been through, with all the griefs and joys of the most eventful year of his life, had wonderfully developed him; but this only increased Original's hatred, and it was with torturing jealousy that he watched the easy grace of his foe's manner when he was greeted by the governor, and the quiet modesty of his bearing when George Wither made some allusion to his past services with regard to Farnham Castle.

In another minute Joscelyn had perceived the ex-tutor, and had stepped towards him with frank and friendly greeting.

"I have a letter for you, sir," he said, "from your home, and am charged with many messages to you from Sir Robert Neal and the children. My wife also asked me to remember her to you."

"Your wife?" gasped Original.

At any other time his hoarse voice and the strangeness of his manner would have attracted Joscelyn's notice, but his thoughts had wandered off to the Court-house, which he had quitted only a few days before, and for a moment he could think of nothing but of the bitterness of separation from Clemency.

"Yes," he replied, dreamily, "my wife." Then, the word recalling him to himself, and his hopeful nature recovering from the momentary depression, his eyes lighted up with the brilliant smile which made people think him so like his father. "I had forgot," he exclaimed; "of course you have had no tidings of late. We were married at Gloucester shortly before the siege."

Original was spared a reply, for the governor at that moment summoned him to his side, but the hatred which had been smouldering within him so long broke out now into a devouring flame, and he began not only to wish and pray for Joscelyn's death, but secretly to plan how it might be contrived.

The next day the yellow auxiliaries of the Tower Hamlets, the Westminster auxiliaries, the company of bluecoats, together with the four companies of the castle garrison—forming in all twenty-nine columns of foot companies, and supplemented by some troops of horse and dragoons—were mustered in Farnham Park. It was a striking scene, but Joscelyn, as he looked at the gay uniforms massed beneath the stately trees whose autumn foliage vied in brightness with the orange scarfs of the Puritans, felt sad at heart. A council of war had been held that morning, and a clerk belonging to Sir William's foot regiment had been condemned to death for trying to raise a mutiny. For example's sake, the man had just been hanged on one of the trees in the presence of the whole army.

"A hateful sight," he remarked to Original Smith, as they walked together down the avenue and returned to the castle.

"So let all thy enemies perish, O God," said Original, fervently, and there was in his gray eyes so fierce a gleam of cruel enjoyment that Joscelyn recoiled; it seemed to him, for a moment, that he was looking, not at a fellow-man, but at a fiend.

It chanced that autumn that the two men were much thrown together. Original was present, with such men as could be spared from the Farnham garrison, at the unsuccessful attack made by Waller upon Basing House; and that enterprise failing, Waller returned to Farnham, which for some time became his headquarters, the town being by his

orders strengthened by such earthworks and fortifications as could be most readily made.

Now all through his life Joscelyn had been beset by one decided weakness, one fault which marred an otherwise fine character; he had inherited many of his father's good qualities, but he had also inherited his father's intense love of popularity. True, the discipline of the last twelve months, the divine call which had made it his duty to espouse the Parliamentary cause and to cast his lot with those whom it was the fashion to deride, had, to a great extent, cured him; but he was far, as yet, from being indifferent, even to the opinion of those whom he had no special reason for liking. From such a man it was impossible that Original's bitter hatred and contempt should remain long concealed. It was impossible for him to ignore the ex-tutor's dislike; it chafed him continually, and it greatly perplexed him. He had gone out of his way many a time to show kindness to a man connected with Katterham, and the true cause of Original's hatred never occurred to him. Sometimes he fancied that the Puritan considered him no true Parliamentarian at heart, and believed that he would return to the views held by his father. At other times he thought his religious opinions were mistrusted. Finding it impossible to conciliate Original, he tried as far as might be to avoid him. But Original seemed ubiquitous. Whenever Joscelyn joined one of the deer-stalking parties in the Holt forest, Original also joined it, and did his best to spoil the pleasure of the chase. When he went into the town to visit some old acquaintance he was sure to fall foul of Original, and to be burdened with his company; and in the very church itself it was impossible to avoid the near neighborhood of the sour-looking fanatic, though his presence there was particularly trying, as he had a habit of expressing his feelings in fervent ejaculations, and of humming approval in a way

which sometimes annoyed Joscelyn and sometimes upset his gravity.

Had the work been of a very absorbing nature these petty annoyances would have been easily overlooked, but the weeks passed without any special event, and though there were occasional alarms that Hopton was marching upon Farnham, and an attack on the castle was expected, it never came off. Once, towards the end of November, Hopton's forces appeared on a hill about a mile off, and the two armies stood facing each other, Waller endeavoring to draw them on by every means in his power, but without success; a few shots fired from the castle drove them off, and they retired, having lost only fifteen men. About this time Waller made a hurried journey to London to make arrangements with regard to his army, and during his absence news reached Farnham that Arundel, which had been very imperfectly garrisoned, had fallen into the hands of Lord Hopton.

A few hours before, the grievous intelligence of Pym's death had been received, and in the face of such serious tidings all personal and petty annoyances were lost sight of. A new spirit seemed to animate the men when Waller returned accompanied by Sir William Balfour with a thousand horse, and Joscelyn's spirits rose when once more he found himself marching under his well-loved leader. The castle clock had tolled twelve when in the dark December night the Parliamentary forces set out to surprise the Royalists, who, under Lord Crawford, were quartered at Alton, a little town some eight miles distant.

"We will give the good general another sort of sack to-night," said Waller, laughing. "He will scarce have time to finish the hogshead which he sent to ask for the other day."

Some amusement had been caused at Farnham by Lord

Crawford's modest petition for a cask of sack from the bishop's cellars. Waller, with his customary courtesy, had sent the wine, and being himself a man of singularly frugal habits and simple tastes, had secretly laughed at the *bon-vivant* who had pocketed his pride to make such a request. Long before it was light on the morning of the 13th of December, Alton was surrounded; Lord Crawford fled, after a slight resistance, carrying the tidings of their defeat to Hopton at Winchester, while the more noble-minded and gallant Colonel Boles, finding himself in desperate case, drew his men into Alton Church, and there made a spirited but vain attempt to hold the building till help should come to him.

It chanced that some of the garrison from Farnham Castle who took a prominent share in that night's work were among those who forced their way the soonest into the imperfectly barricaded door of the church. Waller, anxious as ever to save bloodshed, sent prompt orders that quarter was to be offered, and Joscelyn, forcing Hotspur with difficulty into the mêlée, delivered the general's message, and was thankful to see that the Royalists, aware that resistance was hopeless, laid down their arms. Colonel Boles himself, however, refused to yield, and, fighting very gallantly, he was at last overpowered, falling dead on the stones of the church, his blood mingling with that of the Parliamentarians whose lives he had just taken. Sad as were the scenes which Joscelyn had witnessed during the war, few seemed to him sadder than that desperate and brave resistance in a church which he well remembered in past days. He looked round the familiar walls with a greater craving for peace than he had ever before felt.

As his eye travelled over the scene of wild confusion, he suddenly perceived a sight which filled him with astonishment. Original Smith, partly concealed by a pillar, stood with his musket deliberately aimed at him. There was time

only to throw himself forward on Hotspur's neck, and instantly a bullet whistled past, shattering a window just beyond. Furious at what seemed to be a piece of deliberate treachery, he confronted the ex-tutor.

"What are you thinking of?" he said, sharply, looking with angry eyes into the strangely distorted face of his enemy.

"I crave your pardon," said Original, with a great show of surprise and regret. "I aimed at yonder popish painting of the Crucifixion. The light is still dim. I did not observe you."

His manner was strange, his eyes wild. Joscelyn turned away without a word.

"Either," he thought to himself, "that fellow is drunk, or he is losing his wits, or else he deliberately intended to shoot me. The painted glass was but an excuse. Were it not for the fear of making them anxious at the Court-house I would ask Sir Robert Neal whether he is, indeed, well assured of the man's good faith. But I'll not risk a question, lest it should come to Clemency's ears and make her anxious." Then, dismounting, he helped some of the men to remove with all reverence the body of Colonel Boles, thinking to himself how infinitely an honorable foe was to be preferred to a doubtfully honorable friend.

CHAPTER XXXII

How many other things might be tolerated in peace and left to conscience had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another.—MILTON.

THE eight hundred and seventy-five prisoners taken at Alton were marched back to Farnham, but Waller's brow, in spite of his success, was clouded with care as that evening he sat in his room at the castle, writing a despatch to Parliament, and dictating various notes of lesser import to Joscelyn. Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, who had now recovered from the dangerous wound he had received at Roundway Down, and had rejoined his faithful friend and companion towards the end of November, entered the room just as the day's writing was nearly completed.

"What of the prisoners?" asked Sir William, looking up.

"Between five and six hundred of them have taken the Covenant," replied Hazlerigg. "What the promise is worth under the circumstances I can't say, being myself a good judge of horses but a poor judge of men. They have taken it, however, and are ready to serve in your army, and to march to Arundel with you."

Sir William made an impatient ejaculation.

"The Puritan trainbands have refused to march a step farther," he said, bitterly. "Was ever general expected before to work with such tools? Mark my words, Hazlerigg, unless the army can be entirely remodelled, all our efforts will be frustrated. These citizen soldiers fight gallantly enough at times, but they are not to be relied on; they will none of them march any distance from their homes

or endure any long or difficult campaign. I have never had a decent army to work with. It has been taken to pieces and put together again like a Dutch clock. Who knows that these turncoats who have so willingly swallowed the Covenant may not change their minds again when they see Royalist guns pointed at them? Far rather would I have one scrupulous man who hesitates and weighs well the for and against of the matter, like Captain Heyworth."

"What! you have not yet taken it?" said Sir Arthur, turning in some surprise towards the young officer. "I think that may account for the ill-natured tales of you that the worthy Original Sin was pouring into my ear but now. That man is no friend to you. Do not give him so fair a ground for accusing you of lukewarmness in the cause, and of paving your way for a return to your father and brothers."

"Does he accuse me of that!" said Joscelyn, his eyes flashing. "Then truly I will delay no longer, but take the Covenant forthwith. I did but hesitate because it seemed to me likely to prove rather a barrier to a wide toleration than a uniting bond to draw us one to the other."

"Many of the independent party feel with you there," said Sir William Waller, thoughtfully, "but I would you could have heard Nye's address in St. Margaret's Church when we of the House of Commons together with the Assembly of Divines took the Covenant. 'Twas not meant, he said, in any way to bind us to a servile imitation of the Church of Scotland; it was but to league us together in the great work of reformation; and if, said he—to the churches of Scotland or to any other church or person—it hath been given better to have learned Christ in any of His ways than any of us, we shall humbly bow and kiss their lips that can speak right words to us in this matter, and help us unto the nearest uniformity with the word and mind of Christ."

Joscelyn still clung to the idea of a modified episcopacy with toleration for those of other views, and Waller well knew what was passing in his mind. It was known that a proposal for some such settlement had recently been made to the King, but Sir William's late visit to London had chanced to take place just as it had been revealed by Colonel Mozley that the King, instead of refusing or definitely consenting to the proposals, was merely using them to promote an intrigue by which he hoped to secure the Parliamentary garrison of Aylesbury. Something of this Waller, under promise of secrecy, revealed now to the young officer, and Joscelyn felt bitterly enough that from a sovereign as wily as Charles nothing was to be hoped.

"Remember the example of your dead leader," said Waller. "Personally attached to the Church of England, and wishing only for reform of certain abuses in it, Colonel Hampden nevertheless voted for the Root and Branch bill. Were bishops, as perchance one day they may be, the choice of the people, or chosen by one elected by the people, it might perchance be different. But they are at present the mere instruments of a despotic king, who desires to retain them not only because he deems them divinely appointed, but because through them he will have every pulpit in the land tuned to his liking. It is this you do not fully grasp, yet this is the key to the whole difficulty. The King will never consent to be shorn of such supporters. For this generation modified episcopacy is but a dream."

And so it came to pass that Joscelyn took the Covenant, hoping that it might prove itself a practical step towards that union which was so grievously needed. Yet in common with many others he took it with reluctance, doubting much whether, as Milton afterwards expressed it, "New Presbyter" might not prove "Old Priest writ large," and impatiently longing for the time when a wide toleration might

become possible, and the old liturgy to which he was sincerely attached be sanctioned, or restored with but slight alterations. He had to learn the lesson most difficult for all young and ardent natures, that the ideal cannot be attained in a single bound, but that we must climb to it steadily step by step. Wiser and more far-seeing men deemed the Solemn League and Covenant a political necessity, and he did well to sacrifice his personal tastes, and to hold steadfastly to that party which worked for the redemption of England from kingly tyranny and from priestcraft.

Blind to the faults of his own party he had never been, and they were destined to grow more and more apparent as time advanced. But Joscelyn had at the very outset of the strife taken up too firm a ground to be shaken. As a modern writer has well remarked, "There may be phantasms of the conscience as well as of the eye." But the conviction that it had been his duty to join the Parliamentary ranks—that even at the cost of infinite personal sorrow he was bound to serve the cause—had not been a phantasm, but had been in harmony with all that he knew of right and truth and justice.

It was well indeed that his consciousness of right, his stern sense of duty was firm as a rock; had it been otherwise he could never have endured the storms that were to follow. At present Original Sin remained his special annoyance, and it was with no slight sense of discomfort that he found the ex-tutor joining in the expedition against Arundel Castle. The London trainbands in charge of the three hundred prisoners who had refused the Covenant left Farnham at nine o'clock on Saturday evening, their place being speedily filled by some of the Kentish trainbands and a regiment of dragoons. These having arrived, there was no longer any reason for delay, and Waller arranged that they should march from Farnham.

Halting at Haslemere that night, at Cowdrey and Midhurst on the Monday, they reached Arundel Park on the Tuesday night, assaulted and took the town after a two hours' attack on the Wednesday, and having beaten the enemy into the castle, entered the first gate after them, and took up their position before the second gate, which the Royalists had been able to make good. Then, in the cold of that bleak December, began a tedious siege.

Wearied with the march, the horses being so "hackneyed out" that, as Waller said, "they were ready to lie down" under the riders, faint for want of food, and worn with sleeplessness, Joscelyn for the first time realized that his powers of endurance were not what they had been before the battle of Lansdown. The bitter north wind and the nights spent out-of-doors in the frost gave him acute pain in his old wound, but weary as he was he determined that Wednesday evening to write to Clemency directly he was released from attendance on Sir William. He was quartered with some of the officers in the Crown Inn, and on entering the parlor found his companions making a frugal supper of bread and cheese.

"Meat is not to be had for love or money," said Colonel Wems, a kindly-looking Scotchman, making room for the new-comer beside him; "and it is weel you have come, Captain Heyworth, or we should have cleared the decks. What are these fresh troops just arrived? Do they also come from his Excellency?"

"No, sir," said Joscelyn, "from Kent, Colonel Morley's regiment; and there was much ado to find quarters for them. As for food, there seems none to be had in the place. 'Tis to be hoped the country folk will send some in to-morrow when the market is held."

"And while you stay talking Captain Smith is making dangerous inroads on the last surviving loaf," said the

Scotch colonel. "Come, sir, spare a little for a late-comer, who methinks stands in muckle mair need."

Original, with a very ill grace, pushed the trencher towards Joscelyn, and, glancing across the table at him, observed with keen satisfaction his air of exhaustion and suffering. With a scowl he listened to Colonel Wems's question as to the precise region where Heyworth had been piked through the body on Lansdown; and he enviously regarded the hot whiskey-and-water which the Scotchman began to mix for his rival, with the assurance that when the cold settled in an old wound whiskey was the sovereign remedy.

With a moody face Original presently pushed back his chair, and took his cloak and hat.

"Are you on duty to-night?" asked Joscelyn.

"Nay," said Original; "I go to the church on my customary errand."

"You will find it full of horses," said Joscelyn. "There was nowhere else to shelter the poor beasts, who were dead beat with cold and fatigue. I was thankful enough to get a shake-down there for Hotspur, for the frost is bitter. If you see my groom there will you tell him— But no; on second thoughts, I will come in half an hour's time myself. I am sending him off to Katterham with news of our success; if you have aught to send pray make use of him."

Original thanked him coldly and withdrew.

"What does the chiel mean by 'his customary errand in the church,'" asked Colonel Wems. "Doth he hack statues, or destroy idolatrous windows?"

Joscelyn laughed. "Nay, sir; I am told he hath a particular divine mission all to himself," he remarked, his blue eyes lighting up with merriment. "He leaves image-breaking to the rude and unlettered soldiery, and himself

most religiously picks off from the tombs all words which do seem to imply hope for progress after death. If he sees 'Pray for the soul of such an one,' out comes his chisel and hammer, and that pernicious petition is defaced. 'Tis the same with the words, 'Rest in peace,' and with the oft-used inscription, 'Jesu have mercy.' If Original Sin Smith comes in sight of a tomb with such phrases inscribed—well, it is all over with the pious wishes of the kinsfolk who paid for the monument. How far he is legally within his rights I know not, but no one can say such inscriptions come under the head of idolatrous statues or pictures, and the Parliament issued an order by which the monuments of the dead were to be duly reverenced."

"The man's a fanatic fool," said the shrewd Scotchman, "and methinks he hath a special spite against you. He can understand no one who is not cut precisely after his own pattern."

Joscelyn, having procured an inkhorn, and taken from his wallet a letter already partly written to his wife, filled up the sheet with an account of what had passed since they left Farnham, and then, gladly accepting Colonel Wems's proposal to accompany him to the church, set out in search of his servant. In the clear frosty night the stars were sparkling gloriously, and the long outline of the church with its low tower, upon which two sacres had just been planted ready for bombarding the castle the next morning, was clearly defined. Lamps and torches were to be seen also shining through the windows, and when they entered a strange and busy scene presented itself. The weary horses were being groomed, and Hotspur, fastened up to a pillar, was munching a well-earned supper of oats, while close by Morrison was vigorously polishing up his bit, and whistling a psalm tune.

"Yonder I see Captain Smith and his pick," said Colonel

Wems, and Joscelyn, glancing up the aisle, saw the dark-looking fanatic vigorously chipping away at the obnoxious words, "*Orate pro anima.*" Chancing to catch sight of the new-comers, however, Original hastily beat a retreat, and when Colonel Wems and his companion left the church nothing was to be seen of him.

"You are happy to be able to send your servant with letters," said the Scotchman. "Glad would I be were my wife and bairns in Surrey instead of in bonnie Scotland. Great Heaven! who fired that?"

A bullet had whistled past between them as he spoke, and eager to find out what villain was skulking among the evergreens they turned hastily back, but could find no one. At length a sudden gleam from a lantern drew them towards the west end of the church, and here they stumbled upon no less a person than Original Sin himself, kneeling on the ground before a large tombstone, and carefully defacing the words "Have mercy."

"Have you seen any malignants skulking about the graveyard?" asked Colonel Wems.

"Nay," said Original, calmly; "I heard a musket fired, but no malignant hath passed this way."

Joscelyn said not a word, but eyed Original so keenly that the man grew restless under his scrutiny, and, shifting his lantern, began vigorously to hack the name of Christ from the tomb. There seemed something ominous in the grating sound of the chisel, and in the sighing of the winter wind as it swayed the ivy which hung in heavy masses about the old walls of the church. Joscelyn shivered a little as he stood there, and instinctively the words of the old prayer, "Lighten our darkness," rose to his mind. It was with the thought of Clemency before him that, as they walked back to the inn, he told Colonel Wems, under seal of secrecy, what had passed in Alton Church, and how in the past

Original had deserted him and had tried to ruin his reputation with Sir William Waller.

"'Tis plain as a pikestaff, my lad, that the man is your sworn enemy," said the Scotchman; "yet, as you say, you can as yet prove nothing against him, and must e'en haud your tongue. But be wary, be wary! These fanatic fools are kittle folk to deal with."

The siege continued without any very noteworthy incident for more than a fortnight. Joscelyn's chief excitement consisted in watching for the return of his messenger from Katterham; in trying to learn the probable movements of Lord Hopton, who was skirmishing in the neighborhood; in hoping for a chance meeting with Dick, which never took place; and in speculating what Original Sin's next piece of malice would be.

At last, on the 5th of January, it seemed probable that Arundel Castle would yield, and Colonel Wems, Major Anderson, and a Kentish captain were sent in to treat, while Sir William courteously entertained not only the three officers whom the Royalists sent from the castle to discuss terms, but also the wife and daughters of Sir Edward Bishop, who were pleased enough to be feasted and entertained by him after a doeful Christmas-tide within the castle, where provisions and water had run terribly short. Young Mistress Goring was giving Joscelyn an account of what had passed within the walls, discoursing of her husband and of her father, and telling of their anxiety about Dr. Chillingworth, who lay there seriously ill, when she saw his face suddenly brighten as a servant approached them bearing a sealed packet.

"Permit me, madam," he said, turning towards her with a bow, "the messenger bears news of my wife, from whom I have not heard for many weeks."

The young matron watched with a kindly smile the deep-

ening glow of color which overspread his face, and the eager boyish fashion in which he broke the seal and hungrily read the letter, and presently she learned from him much of his story, listening with special interest to the account of their marriage just before the siege of Gloucester, and of Clemency's narrow escape from the granado.

"I must speak of it to Dr. Chillingworth, who was one of your besiegers then," she said; "and if, as seems likely, the castle is ceded to Sir William, I pray you to do what you can for our sick friend, who will, I suppose, be your prisoner."

Her words were fulfilled the next day, and Joscelyn was able to be no small comfort to the dying divine, who, with Waller's permission, was removed as a prisoner to Chichester to spare him the journey to London, and was there remorselessly worried by the kind, well-meaning, but argumentative Dr. Cheynell. Whichcote's pupil had naturally far more sympathy with the wide-minded Chillingworth than with the Calvinistic divine in religious matters, but when they fell to arguing on the question of the war, and Chillingworth would quote passages against the sinfulness of rebellion, worthy Dr. Cheynell's simple question, "Do you believe that tyranny is God's ordinance?" seemed to him more suggestive and practical than anything which the sick man could bring forward.

It had been decided that the divine should be buried in the cloisters at Chichester, and Joscelyn, mindful of certain kind words that he had received from Chillingworth at Arundel, obtained leave to be present at the funeral, and was thus a spectator of the extraordinary scene which took place, when Dr. Cheynell, who had attended the dying man with the greatest kindness, appeared beside the open grave with a copy of Chillingworth's book, *The Religion of Protestants*. That it was a powerful attack on the errors of Rome

he could hardly have denied, but he thought it contained yet more dangerous errors, and a shudder ran through the crowd of spectators as with the most bitter denunciation he flung the volume down upon the coffin, crying out: "Get thee gone, thou cursed book—thou corrupt, rotten book. Get thee gone into the place of rottenness, that thou mayst rot with the author and see corruption."

"But the author is not down there," observed Joscelyn, in a low tone to Arthur Denham, who stood beside him. And no sooner had Dr. Cheynell gone off to preach in the cathedral than the young Puritan officer, stooping into the grave, managed with some difficulty to pick up the volume on the point of his sword.

"Had he wished to make us all eager to read the book he could hardly have gone about it better," said Joscelyn, walking away through the cloisters beside his friendly foe, and turning over the leaves of the volume that had been so violently cursed. "'Tis dry as dust to all appearances, yet will I keep it out of respect to the memory of Dr. Chillingworth, who, whatever his views may have been, was, I verily believe, one of the best of men."

"Good heavens!" cried Arthur Denham. "Who was that spiteful-faced fellow that passed us as you spoke? I have surely seen him before."

"From your description I should hazard the guess that it was none other than Original Sin himself," said Joscelyn. And glancing over his shoulder he perceived the familiar figure of the Roundhead walking slowly in the opposite direction. "Aye, aye," he said, "I was quite right. 'Tis a fanatic that is trying hard to trap me, and would fain denounce me as Dr. Cheynell denounced this book I have rescued. I believe the fellow is, for all his sourness, a religious man. That is the strange part of it. But his belief seems to be in a God who takes a distant bird's-

eye view of the earth rather than as one who dwells within us."

"The man's look haunts me," said Denham, uneasily. "I hope you will have a care of yourself."

"Aye," said Joscelyn, with a laugh. "Trust me to give him a wide berth. Do you remember at Farnham how you cleared me long ago from his aspersions?"

And with that they fell to talking of the first days of their acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXXIII

The government of our spirits is the greatest freedom.
—Benjamin Whichcote.

While the Fairfaxes were triumphing in Yorkshire and the Scots had crossed the border, while Charles had summoned his "Oxford Parliament," and while the Parliament at Westminster was discovering incessant plots and intrigues and compromising letters which showed the King to be wholly untrustworthy, a somewhat weary and uneventful winter was being spent by Joscelyn and Clemency. To be separated from each other by any very active work might have been endurable, but the great severity of the weather made it impossible as yet to carry out the scheme of a fresh campaign in the west, which, in the spring, Waller hoped to undertake. The only one who rejoiced greatly at the temporary lull was little Rosamond Heyworth, who, with Joscelyn quartered at Farnham, with her father and Dick constantly with Lord Hopton's army in Sussex or Hampshire, and with Temperance Turner to fetch and carry letters, was more at ease than she had been for a long time. Once she had contrived to meet her favorite brother in Barnaby's cottage, and on a bleak March day, when, accompanied by a good-natured French waiting-maid, she had driven in a coach to Alton, she was so fortunate as to catch sight of Joscelyn just outside the town. He had ridden over with Sir William Waller, and the two were speaking gravely enough of the recent desertion of Sir Richard Granville, the lieutenant-general of Waller's Horse, who, on the

3d of March, had fled to the King at Oxford, bearing him news of the proposed surrender of Basing House on the part of the governor, Lord Charles Paulet. Personally Joscelyn was thankful to be freed from the companionship of a man whose vicious life and selfish nature made him almost more ill to live with than Original Sin himself, and as he rode beside Waller he was contrasting him with his elder brother, the gallant Sir Bevil Granville, Dick's idol, who had fallen at the battle of Lansdown. Suddenly he broke off with an exclamation of surprise, for Cymro bounded forward to greet him, and at a little distance he saw the well-known family coach lumbering slowly along.

"Why, 'tis your dog that we mistook last year for a banshee," said Sir William, "and here comes the sweetest little maid that ever tripped along so rough a road."

With kindly eyes he watched the eager greeting between the brother and sister, and, dismounting himself, begged to be presented to Rosamond, whose wistful yet childlike face lighted up into glowing beauty when he spoke warmly of Joscelyn's services.

"So you will no longer grudge him to me?" he said, smiling, as, after a few minutes' talk, he bade her farewell. "You will remember that he is my right hand, and hath more influence with the men than many who rank as his seniors. I am sure you, who greatly resemble him, are equally true to the good cause."

"No, sir," said Rosamond, shyly, "I am neither for the King nor for the Parliament, but for peace at any price."

This frank confession made them all laugh, and having comforted the child with hopes of a speedy end to the war, they put her safely back into the coach, and returned to Farnham, talking of the store of arms which it was rumored that the King had just received from France, and of the probable opening of the spring campaign. It was quite

dusk when they reached Farnham Castle and dismounted at the doorway. Standing there, in the shelter of the porch, Joscelyn could just discern Original Smith.

"Hath Morrison returned yet from Katterham?" he asked.

"Nay," said the Roundhead, coldly, "he hath not yet returned."

The servant had been away for the last week, and during his absence Joscelyn had always groomed his own horse, being too fond of Hotspur to trust him to strangers. He was disappointed that no tidings had arrived, as he expected, from his wife, and went round to the stables in one of those fits of depression to which he was at times liable. Sir William Waller, with a word or two to one of his officers, mounted the steps leading into the castle, and Original Smith, wrapping his cloak about him, glided noiselessly out into the twilight, following Joscelyn at some little distance. Below one of the stable windows he paused for a minute, and in the light which streamed forth from the lanterns within cautiously drew out and examined a dagger which he was in the habit of carrying. Then moving quietly across the space which intervened between the stable and the main building, he entered a doorway which led into a long, winding passage up which Joscelyn had for the last week invariably passed when coming from the stable to his room in the castle. The passage was little frequented at that time of day; it was quite in the back premises, and as convenient a place as could have been found for an assassin to lurk in. Original drew back into the darkness of an open cellar door and awaited his prey. No thought of pity, no gleam of genuine love for Clemency shone now within him. He was possessed solely by one idea, hatred towards the man who had thwarted his hopes, and fiendish desire to inflict on him the worst possible suffering. It was in no

sudden fit of blind wrath that he was about to attempt a murder, but in the most calm, cold-blooded, deliberate manner possible. His plans at last seemed moving smoothly forward. When he had disposed of his victim, silently and stealthily, he should be able to ride off quietly enough; already his horse, saddled and bridled, waited for him in an easily accessible place, and to disappear and take service after a time under another name would be a matter very easily accomplished in the present state of the country.

In the meantime Joscelyn was working off his fit of depression as best he could by vigorous attendance on his favorite. The horse was just eating a last mouthful of oats from his hand, when, hearing a step behind him, he glanced round, and was surprised to see Waller standing close by.

"Can I do aught for you, sir?" he asked.

"Nay," said Waller, a smile flickering about his lips; "I did but come out to escape from the convention that I found taking place in the banqueting-hall. A long-winded saint is addressing the soldiers, and as the governor is present to do the honors of the place, there is no call for me to endure the sermon. Truth to tell, soldiering is more to my taste than theology."

With a farewell caress to Hotspur, Joscelyn followed his general into the open air.

"You lead the way," said Waller, "for you know these regions better than I do, and it is well-nigh dark; why, man, 'twill be as black as pitch in the passage—the very one, unless my memory mistakes, where I well-nigh lost my life when we took the castle; had you not better go back for one of the stable lanterns?"

"I know every step of the way, sir," said Joscelyn, opening the outer door, and preparing to act as guide to his general. The blustering March wind entered with them and blew drearily up the stone entry, whistling in ghostly fash-

ion among the rafters. Scarcely had the door closed noisily behind them when Joscelyn's quick advance was suddenly checked, an iron hand griped his throat, making it impossible for him to utter a sound, and in an instant he was struggling wildly with an unseen foe. Original Sin fought like a demon, silently and in darkness, never once relinquishing his grip on his enemy's throat till Joscelyn, choked and stunned, had been forced to the ground. Then, when the traitor was preparing to give the *coup de grace* to his victim, he suddenly realized that he had a second man to fight, and it was only thanks to Waller's utter surprise and to Original's better acquaintance with the passage that, after a fierce struggle, he managed to effect his escape, never once pausing till he had reached the park, unfastened his horse from the tree to which he had attached him, and ridden away into a desolate region where pursuit would have been impossible.

Waller, in great wrath at what he naturally supposed to be an attempt to assassinate him, hurriedly groped his way into the castle, bringing back with him four or five men-at-arms with torches, and Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, gaining news of some disturbance, came hurrying from the hall to inquire after his friend.

"There is naught amiss with me," said Sir William; "'tis for Captain Heyworth that I fear. Bring lights quickly. Aye, there he lies, poor lad; he was walking first, and the villain doubtless mistook him for me."

"There is life in him yet," said Hazlerigg, bending low down over the young officer. "Let the surgeons wait upon him at once, and let us have an end of this preaching in the hall that the men may search for the villain who attempted your life."

But no one knew who to search for, and though the governor ordered the whole castle to be ransacked, no lurking

traitor was discovered within the gates, nor had any of the warders seen the least trace of a fugitive.

Three hours had elapsed before the surgeons could restore the patient to consciousness, for the assassin, though unable to use his dagger, owing to the victim's vigorous resistance and to Waller's interference, had yet very nearly accomplished his end by strangulation. For days Joscelyn's throat did not recover from the effects of that iron grip, but he was able late that night to answer the eager questions put to him with regard to the assault.

"Have you any notion whether it was one of our own men?" asked Sir William, breathing more freely now that Joscelyn was pronounced by the surgeons to be out of danger.

"An I mistake not, sir, 'twas Original Sin Smith," he replied in a hoarse whisper.

And when the roll was called Original was found to be absent. He was, in fact, on the farther side of Guildford, and had just put up his weary horse at a way-side inn on the Dorking Road. By this time he was in extremely low spirits. A sense of failure had begun to creep over him; he reflected that he had not given Joscelyn the *coup de grace*, and in all probability had but left him stunned and choked, thanks to the interference of his unexpected companion. Had it not been for the howling wind he must surely have noticed the entrance of two people into the passage, and he cursed his ill-luck in having for the third time failed to execute judgment on his foe. Anxious to see that his horse was properly attended to, he crossed the stable-yard of the inn in company with the landlord.

"Have you many guests?" he asked, cautiously.

"Nay, sir; my house is empty save for one gentleman's servant who lies here to-night. He had hoped to get on farther, being in haste, but the horse, having come from Kat-

terham, a village some eight miles from Reigate, was sore spent."

Original made no comment, but he looked at the tired steed in the stable, and knew at once that the servant was none other than Jack Morrison. To avoid an encounter with the fellow he promptly retired to bed, and in the darkness lay revolving fresh schemes of vengeance, since with each attempt and failure his thirst for revenge grew more overmastering.

Avoiding the neighborhood of Willey Farm, he lay the next night at Godstone, and early in the morning presented himself at Katterham, to the astonishment of all at the Courthouse.

Clemency turned deadly pale when he was ushered into the study, where she sat reading to her grandfather, while at the other side of the hearth Faith and Hester were winding wool for the next winter's stockings.

"You bring us ill news," she cried, breathlessly; "I can read it in your face!"

"I am indeed a messenger of woe," said Original, greeting her precisely in his usual manner. "Yet do not wholly lose heart. Your husband has been sorely wounded; he lies at death's door, and by his desire I have come to take you to him. Say, can you start at once? Time is precious."

For all answer Clemency rushed from the room in search of Charlotte.

"Charlotte," she cried, "I want you to make another journey with me; we must start at once for Farnham; my husband is wounded—dying, maybe—" She broke off in an agony of distress, and began in frantic haste to put together such things as she deemed most needful for the journey, with the restless energy of one who struggles against a heartbreaking grief.

"My dear, my dear," said Charlotte, "you are unfit for

such a journey. Yet, if indeed it must be, you must go in the coach, and I must come with you, and maybe one of your sisters had best come too."

"Not Faith," said Clemency. "She hath suffered too much already, and she can better be left in charge of the household. Oh! if only the ladies at the dower-house had not gone to London, Mrs. Ursula would have come at once."

In the end it was arranged that Hester should be the third occupant of the coach. Though a girl of barely eighteen, she was in some ways a better companion than Faith—less easily upset, and of a calmer temperament, having about her, moreover, the same strength and courage which characterized Clemency.

Endless seemed the journey over those rough roads among the Surrey hills, and when night fell they were still far from Joscelyn. Starting on again very early the next morning, they reached the way-side inn not far from Guildford just about the time Original had calculated. The sun was almost setting, and the coachman readily agreed that it would be better for the horses to rest rather than to attempt to push on to Guildford, especially when he learned that good accommodation for them was to be had. It was arranged, however, that he should ride on to Guildford on a hired horse, and inquire whether any messenger had arrived there to report of Captain Heyworth's condition.

Having despatched the coachman on this fruitless errand, Original had some difficulty in disposing of Charlotte; but he knew well how to enlist her sympathies, and by a well-fabricated tale of a forlorn-looking crippled child that he had noticed as they passed a cottage half a mile back, he wrought upon the good woman's compassion, and bestowing a crown on her for the relief of the imaginary sufferer, had the satisfaction of seeing her briskly walking back on the Dorking Road.

"Charlotte Wells was ever a swift walker," he remarked to himself with a grim smile; "I must lose no time."

Entering the room where they had supped, he found Clemency leaning back wearily in the inglenook, while Hester, her reddish auburn coloring exquisitely softened in the dim light, was kneeling beside her and chafing her cold hands.

"As for me," she was saying, "I have a great feeling that we shall find him better. Think how strong he is, and how well he recovered after the battle of Lansdown."

"Mistress Hester," said Original, quietly, "by your leave I will ask for a few words alone with your sister. I have not yet had an opportunity of telling her something which it is fitting she should know."

Hester, a little awed by the ex-tutor's gravity, rose to leave the room, Original ceremoniously opening the door for her, and softly drawing the bolt as he closed it. Clemency never noticed his movements; her eyes were fixed on the glowing embers.

"Is it of my husband that you would speak to me?" she asked, wistfully. "You have told me few details of his wound; tell me all—all that you know."

Original confronted her, his whole manner changed.

"Aye," he said, "I will tell you all. As for your husband, madam, I know not for certain whether he be alive or dead; but I have a strong conviction that he has once more escaped my just vengeance. I am now going to work in another fashion."

Clemency started to her feet in great terror.

"What hath so changed you?" she cried. "Are you mad? Are you ill? What strange words are these that you use?"

"I am neither ill nor mad," said Original; "but I am appointed to punish the treacherous villain who, under the

name of patriotism, crept into your home and won you, but for all that shall not have you."

By a quick movement she eluded his grasp, and with an agonized cry for help rushed to the door. In the porch stood Hester, listening to the approaching tramp of horses' feet on the road, and wondering whether the travellers would, perchance, stop at the inn. Hearing her sister's cry of terror, she flew to the door of the parlor only to find it bolted against her; as for the house, it seemed deserted —the landlord was nowhere to be found, and Hester, wild with fright, ran out into the road calling vehemently for help, and all the more distracted because she was unable to form the least guess as to Clemency's peril. The party of horsemen approaching the inn were the first human beings she encountered, and, regardless of the red ribbons and feathers which they wore—though at any other time such a badge would have filled her with panic—she threw herself on their compassion.

"Sir, sir," she cried, snatching at the bridle of the nearest rider, "help my sister! Save her! Oh, haste—haste!"

The young Cavalier to whom she had appealed leaped from his horse instantly, and, followed by one or two of his companions, hurried in the direction which she pointed out to them.

By the time Hester had overtaken them they had succeeded, with the aid of the landlord, in forcing the door, and the girl was spared the sight of Original Smith in the hands of his captors, for the officer to whom she had spoken came hurriedly forth into the porch and gently laid Clemency's unconscious form on the ground, giving swift, business-like directions to Hester in a way which reminded her of her brother-in-law.

"Have no fear," he said, kindly. "There! take her head

on your lap, and I will fetch water. The villain had not harmed her, I think; she hath swooned from terror."

The evening air blew coldly into the porch; Hester shivered as she crouched there on the flag-stones, but it was more from the intensity of her anxiety about Clemency, and from the terror of her strange loneliness in the midst of this horrible adventure, than from cold. It was with unspeakable relief that she saw her kindly helper return.

"Oh!" she cried, "do not leave me again. Such dreadful sounds come from the parlor, and Clemency never stirs. I begin to fear that—that—" She broke off, unable to restrain her tears.

The young Cavalier, who had been fascinated from the first by the girl who had flung herself on his chivalrous protection, now glanced from her to the death-like face on her knee, striving in the dim light to study the beautiful features.

"The name you spoke is familiar to me," he said. "I am Richard Heyworth, of Shortell; did you ever by chance hear that name before?"

Hester's face lighted up with such rapturous relief that honest Dick felt every pulse within him beat at double time.

"Oh!" she cried, "now all will be well, for you must be Joscelyn's brother. We were on our way to him because Captain Smith, that was once our tutor, had brought word that he was wounded, and had sent for my sister."

"There has been foul play somewhere," said Dick, his brow darkening. "But, see, your sister has stirred; she is reviving. 'Twere best that you spoke to her, and told her that all is well!" He drew back a little into the shadow, intently watching Hester's girlish figure as she bent over her sister.

"Clemency," he heard her say softly, "all is well, dear; all is well. Joscelyn's brother hath saved you. Do you

"ORIGINAL SMITH AIMED DELIBERATELY AT HIM."

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hear, Clemency? There is naught to fear; Joscelyn's brother is taking care of us."

"Is it Dick?" she asked, eagerly.

"Aye," he said, coming forward so that she could see him. "We last met at Gloucester, did we not? I did not at once recognize you." Indeed, the contrast between the lovely, happy-looking bride who had talked to him in the gabled house and this wan, agonized woman whom he had just rescued was so great that even in the clear light of day he would scarcely have known her. He raised her hand to his lips reverently, and asked her if she would not let him help her back into the house. But at the suggestion all her memories of the awful scene through which she had passed returned.

"Not in there," she pleaded. "I cannot, I cannot!"

"Our coach stands in the yard," said Hester. "Would it not be better if you rested there?"

And Clemency hailed the idea with such relief that Dick promptly carried her from the porch and laid her gently down on the cushions of the capacious travelling-carriage. Just then Charlotte hurried back breathlessly from her fruitless errand, and, leaving her in attendance on her mistress, Dick returned to the inn, eager to know what had happened. The parlor door now stood open, his companion, Major Grey, was talking beside the hearth to the landlord, while two of the men who had been in attendance on them bent over the prostrate figure of the fanatic. Dick saw that they were straightening his limbs and closing his eyes.

"Is he dead?" he asked, in an awed voice, shuddering a little as he remembered the look he had last seen on the Puritan's face.

"We offered him quarter," said Major Grey, "if he would yield quietly and be made prisoner, but he refused and fought as though he were possessed. His last con-

scious word was an imprecation on you. How came he to know your name?"

"More likely he cursed my brother," said Dick, telling the major of the strange chance by which he had been able to save his sister-in-law, and of the anxiety which they were still undergoing on Joscelyn's account.

"If she be fit to travel farther to-night," he added, "I have a great mind to escort her as far as Farnham myself, instead of journeying to Shortell."

"You will be running some risk if you do," said the major, "for Farnham is still in Waller's hands. However, you Heyworths do not stick at a trifle, and with a foe as honorable as Waller you will doubtless be allowed to pass in such an emergency. There remains only the duty of burying this villain who hath gone to his account. Stay, there is that pretty damsel at the door. She had best not see the body."

Dick hurried forward, but it was too late. Hester stood in the doorway gazing with dilated eyes at the corpse of Original Sin.

"Is he dead?" she faltered. "Clemency sent me to beg that you would not harm him. She thinks he was distraught."

"Nay," said the major, "he was in his right senses, my dear; but since he refused quarter, and would not be made prisoner, we were forced to fight him, and he has met his end—perchance an easier death than he deserved. He suffered little."

Hester had griped fast hold of Dick's hand. For some moments she did not stir, but presently, to their surprise, she drew forth from her housewife a little pair of scissors, and, crossing the room, bent over the body of her dead tutor, with some difficulty cutting off a piece of his short, dark hair.

"His mother loves him very dearly," she said, glancing up at Dick. "I will take this home to her, and of the rest she need never know."

The men glanced at each other, but did not speak.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Then come, my faithful consort, joyne with me
In this good fight, and my true helper be.
Cheer me when sad, advise me when I stray;
Let us be each the other's guide and stay.
Be your lord's guardian. Give joynt ayde and due;
Help him when falne. Rise when he helpeth you.
That so we may not only one flesh bee,
But in one spirit, and one will agree.
—HENRY VAUGHAN.

DICK was far too chivalrous to leave any women in so forlorn a plight, even had they had no special claim upon his care and protection. With his aid they went on as quickly as might be to Guildford, rested a few hours at one of the inns, and at sunrise started for Farnham, since Charlotte was persuaded that it would be safer to humor Clemency, whose sole idea was to reach her husband with all speed. Major Grey had rightly said, however, that there might be risk in actually entering Farnham. No sooner had they crossed the Hog's Back, and descended into the valley where lay the little town encircled by hop gardens, now brown and bare-looking, than the young Cavalier was challenged by the Parliamentary sentinels. He had no pass to show, and it was very clear to him that the officer to whom he appealed did not believe a word of his story.

"You can do what you please with me," he said, finding remonstrance of no avail; "all I ask is that you will not further alarm Mistress Heyworth, but permit her to go quietly to the Bush Inn."

"We have no quarrel with ladies," said the officer, coldly,

"but I will not permit a malignant to pass. You, sir, must be taken to the castle."

Dick shrugged his shoulders. "As you will," he said, indifferently; "so that I get speech of Sir William Waller I care not what you do with me. Permit me just one word with my sister." He rode forward to the coach, and, dismounting, spoke a few cheering words to the travellers. "All will be well," he said; "I shall ride direct to the castle, and send Joscelyn to you at the Bush with all speed; 'tis one of the best inns on the road, and you will find a good-natured landlady to care for you."

Clemency thanked him faintly, but seemed too much exhausted to realize things very clearly. It was gray-eyed Hester who turned to him with troubled looks and anxious inquiries.

"And you, sir?" she asked. "What said yonder officer in so churlish a tone about malignants?"

Dick made a warning gesture, and she dared ask no more lest Clemency should take alarm; but she bent forward and, slipping her cold hand into his, gave his fingers a little grateful pressure which sent him off in excellent spirits, and with an expression of content which sat strangely on the face of a prisoner.

Thinking often of the far more wretched day when Joscelyn had been the prisoner and he had been an unwilling escort, he rode up the castle hill and followed his captor into the presence of Waller, who received him courteously and listened to his story with much interest.

"I had thought the fellow meant to assassinate me," he said, when Dick paused, "for as I was coming through one of the passages three nights ago with your brother he set upon us, and did his best to kill Captain Heyworth, who, it now seems clear, must have crossed his path in love. The villain is dead, you say?"

"Yes, sir," said Dick. "We were but just in time to save the lady, whom I bore from the inn, and my comrade fought it out with the traitor. Was my brother wounded by him?"

"Well-nigh strangled; we had much ado to bring him to life again," said Sir William; "but you had best see him at once, and lose no time in taking him to his wife. I will write you a pass that will make you free to leave the town when you please. An affair such as this breaks down all differences of party."

Dick thanked him and withdrew, an officer escorting him to the very room over the entrance where Denham had led him to a very different interview eighteen months before. Joscelyn's astonishment at seeing him there, his delight at finding that he was not a prisoner, his fierce wrath when he learned of Original's treachery, all served to drive away any recollections of the pain and languor which he had been enduring since his encounter, partly from the rough handling of his throat, but chiefly from the disturbance of his old Lansdown wound.

He sprang to his feet with a fierce energy that seemed capable of anything, and borrowing the horse which belonged to Dick's captor, rode with his brother down Castle Street at a pace which made people stand still to look at them. The Bush, where he had once been thankful to buy a supper of bread and cheese with Rosamond's pence, seemed little changed since that night long ago. Its square court-yard, its wooden galleries, and air of cheerful welcome were in themselves reassuring, and Joscelyn, catching sight of the kindly-faced landlady, felt a momentary relief from his torturing anxiety.

"This way, sir," she said, beckoning him forward. "Your good lady will do well enough now you have come, never fear."

And, indeed, the good woman's words seemed true, for Clemency, who had been carried up-stairs more dead than alive, revived at the first sound of her husband's voice, waking in a very heaven of peace to find his strong arm round her, his blue eyes gazing, as it seemed, into her very soul.

Charlotte stole away quietly into the adjoining room, fain to admit to herself that every bone in her body ached with the weary journey and the extreme anxiety she had suffered. For once in her life the good soul felt utterly despondent. Of the death of Original Smith she scarcely dared to think, and the future of her young mistress seemed to her over-tired brain hopelessly dark and lowering. Troubles pressed her in on every side, and Charlotte had never been nearer breaking down into a fit of irrepressible weeping when, happening to glance from the window into the pleasant garden of the inn, she changed her mind and began to laugh instead.

"Well," she thought to herself, her whole face radiant with smiles, "to think that good should come of such a sore misfortune as this! He be as well-spoken a young gentleman as ever I set eyes on, and one after Sir Robert's own heart, save for his being a King's man. For the matter of that, there's always something to put up with. And belike the war will soon end, and we shall have another wedding at the Court-house. Only to think of it! And me, faithless woman that I am, thinking only last Lord's day that there would be no men left to wed my bonny ladies after such a day of fighting!"

And Charlotte, more refreshed by the sight of a living love-story than by the strongest cordial that could have been given her, sank down into a comfortable arm-chair, and relapsed into a happy dream, wherein the weaving of Hester's wedding-linen occupied a prominent place.

Meanwhile, in the sheltered alleys beside the bowling green, Hester and Dick paced to and fro, unmindful of the cold March wind, unmindful of wars and divisions, Dick ardently declaring his love, and Hester fully persuaded in her mind that their gallant helper was the one man in the whole world for whom she could leave home and kindred with Rebekah's cheerful alacrity.

Hester was not so well versed in French romances as Mistress Anne Barrington; she had no notion of saying anything but the simple truth when Dick begged that at the close of the war he might come to Sir Robert Neal to ask her hand if the King's cause should triumph.

"Nay," she said, quietly, "I will not have that condition thrown in. But, rather, will ask you to see my grandfather whichever way the tide turns."

"Alas!" said Dick, "you do not understand that if the King does not prevail I shall be ruined, and in no position to ask you to wed me."

But quiet Hester held firmly to what she said, and would on no account allow him to kiss her until he had vowed to come to the Court-house whether conquered or triumphant. So he promised and won the kiss, and Hester ran back to the inn in a tumult of happiness, trying to scold herself for being happy at such a tragic time, but finding it a wonderful relief to tell her tale to the faithful nurse who had done so much for her ever since her babyhood.

"Be patient, my dear," said Charlotte. "The war cannot last forever, and since we shall assuredly be kept here for some time, your sister being unfit for travel, I will borrow a spinning-wheel, and we will set to work, for there is no saying when a fresh store of linen may be needed!"

The three women had sore need of some fresh interest to distract their minds during the month that followed; Dick

snatched two more interviews with Hester before returning to Lord Hopton at Winchester; and Joscelyn was able to pay them constant visits until, just before Lady Day, Waller's forces left Farnham. Never had he felt more despondent, poor fellow, than on the day when they set out to West Meon. The active work for which, since the siege of Arundel, he had been longing, had at last come; but he had been forced to leave his wife at the time of all others when she most needed him, and he was marching to an almost certain encounter with Dick—Dick, whose death would mean now not merely his own bitter grief, but the shipwreck of Hester's happiness. Yet perhaps he was less to be pitied than the sad-hearted woman at the Bush, who waited through those spring days with an agonizing desire for news. At length, on the 30th of March, came tidings of a great victory gained by Waller over the Royalists at Cheriton; and the next day old Barnaby, the gate-keeper at Shortell, arrived at the inn. He could give them no details of the battle, but handed them a letter from Rosamond and a scrap of paper which had been brought to the manor by his son, the groom rescued by Joscelyn at Edgehill. Clemency, with trembling hands, unfolded her husband's hastily scrawled note. There were but half a dozen lines, yet they took a great load of anxiety from her mind.

"Dear Heart, God hath granted us a victory at Cheriton which will assuredly hasten the coming of peace. I have certain tidings through Robin the groom of the well-being of my father and brothers, and am myself safe and unharmed. We press on to Winchester with all speed. Have a care of yourself, sweet wife, and send me word—" Here the sentence broke off abruptly, and Clemency, eagerly opening the second letter, found a very ill-spelled and curiously written note from Rosamond.

"DERE SISTER," it began—"Robbin rode here at midnite with tydings that my father and Dick and Jervis is escaped to Basing; they got no woonds, and sayd they sore Joscelyn, and he was well and fort gallantly. This was sayd in their message to my mother. Robbin came unawairs upon Joscelyn at Alresford, witch was taken by Sir W. Waller when left by the King's trups; he had but a fue minnits to rite you, and ere he was ended was forced to set out with the army to Wichester. Robbin sayd he hâd got no woond in the battel, nort but cold and stiffniss from lying in the damp feelds of nites. I pray you will pardon this letter from yur sister hoo wood fain see you if she was aloud. ROSAMOND HEYWORTH."

After that messengers frequently passed through the town with letters to the Parliament, and in this way they heard of Waller's successes at Winchester, Andover, Salisbury, and Christchurch. But, as usual, the Conqueror's triumph was marred by the conduct of the trainbands, who steadily refused to push on into Dorsetshire, and insisted on returning to London.

Thus it happened that on the 12th of April Joscelyn once more crossed the court-yard of the Bush at Farnham.

Striding up the outer staircase he came upon Charlotte in the gallery, and was at once set at rest by her beaming face.

"Let me but just prepare my mistress, sir," she said. "Maybe the joy would be overmuch for her."

"Go in with your face like that, Charlotte," he said, laughing, "and she will know all at a glance."

Charlotte bustled down the gallery, and a minute later Joscelyn, his patience wholly exhausted, followed her into the wainscoted room which he had so often pictured to himself. There, in the daintiest of lying-in caps, her pale face

radiant with happiness, lay Clemency, and nestled up to her he caught sight of the tiniest dark, downy head he had ever seen.

"'Tis a little son," she said, when they had leisure for words.

"When?" questioned Joscelyn, still breathless with the relief and surprise.

"Well, dear heart," said Clemency, laughing, "he but narrowly escaped being born on All-Fools' Day; but Charlotte vows that the bellman had cried midnight, so we will take her word that 'twas the second day of April. 'Twas within thirty hours of my getting your letter through old Barnaby, which arrived in good time to comfort me."

"That hasty note," cried Joscelyn, remembering with a pang how little it had contained. "I felt such an oaf after the fight was over, and before I had writ half a dozen lines the drums beat to arms, and I had to see about getting Robin safely past the sentinels before we set off to Winchester. My sweet life, had I but known how it was with you!"

"Your son will be jealous," said Clemency. "You must spare some of your kisses for him, sir."

Joscelyn looked with loving pride at the tiny infant, but seemed in mortal terror of dropping it when Clemency put it in his arms.

"You are sure it is large enough?" he asked, as though astounded that a perfect specimen of humanity could exist in so small a compass, and wondering secretly whether his son's head could be compared in size with a large orange or a small cocoanut.

Clemency laughed with delight to see the mixture of boyish astonishment and fatherly pride with which he regarded his child, and for some time their happiness was too perfect to admit of a single thought of the war.

By-and-by, however, they remembered Hester, and began to speak of Dick's safety. Joscelyn could give no later account than that brought by Robin, the groom, to Shortell, but he insisted on fetching Hester to tell her how he had caught sight of Dick at Cheriton, and the girl found no small comfort in listening to all that he had to say of the battle.

She sat beside the wood fire, while Charlotte rocked the baby's cradle on the other side of the hearth; and Joscelyn, sitting at the bedside with Clemency's white face pillowed on the orange scarf that crossed his breast, answered their eager questions.

"We had but just reached West Meon," he said, "when tidings came that Prince Rupert had relieved Newark, which greatly damped our spirits. Then, to make matters worse, my Lord Forth contrived to get possession of Alresford on the London road before we could reach it. We spent two nights in a field by my Lady Stukely's house nigh upon Cheriton, and often did we wish to be within its walls, for the ground was like a sponge, and cold comfort was ours, I assure you."

"'Twas there you took the cold Robin spoke of to Rosamond," said Clemency.

"Aye, and some of the enemy were no better off. So near to us were they that the sentinels could hear each other speak. You would have laughed to see us when we woke in the morning, stiff as boards, most of us, and with good prospect of taking my Lord Forth's malady, the gout. After a day of skirmishing, in which the enemy had ever the advantage, 'twas actually decided to retreat. But the murmurs of many of us, and the stout persistence of Captain Birch, who maintained that our "extremity was God's opportunity," made Sir William Waller change his mind. And in the mist and darkness we contrived by God's grace to advance and take possession of Cheriton wood."

"Were you there?" asked Clemency.

"No; when day dawned we of the cavalry—against the customary plan—were set in the fore-front, not on the wings. We were on a sort of common that went among the country folk, I was told, by the name of East Down; 'twas below the wood at the bottom of the valley, and early in the day was filled with mist like the valley of Bath before the battle of Lansdown. 'Twas a strange sight as the mist lifted to see on our left the river gleaming in the sun, and the squat tower of Tichborne Church as peaceful looking as a picture, while straight in front of us was the enemy—among them, as I well knew, my own kinsfolk."

"Had you long to wait?" asked Hester.

"The waiting always seems long. The battle began with a desperate attack on Cheriton wood by Hopton's men. They cleared it, and 'twas thought they would pursue their advantage; but they paused, and no one knows how the day would have gone with us had not a gallant Cavalier, too impetuous, it seems, to obey orders, charged with his men down into our valley. Poor fellow, he died bravely; but his rash act gave us the victory, though for a time they that followed to rescue him drove us back. Sir William Waller had a narrow escape, being at one time shut off from all but three of his men. I never saw him look more gallant than at that time, charging as he did without his head-piece."

"Was it then that you saw Dick?" asked Clemency.

"Nay, it was much later," he replied. "For three hours the struggle was desperate. The Royalists made many gallant charges, and fought with great courage; but we were able to hold the opening of a narrow land down which their troops were forced to come, and in the end Sir Arthur Hazlerigg contrived to push in his men betwixt the Royalist forces. 'Twas just before then that I caught sight of my father and Dick in the lane."

He broke off for a moment, as though the picture came before him with painful clearness. Clemency raised his hand to her lips tenderly.

"They saw you, too," she said, "and sent word home that you fought most gallantly."

"I never came nearer to throwing down my sword," said Joscelyn, with a break in his voice. "But, by God's grace, we each did our duty, and soon they were forced to retreat, and the battle was over. Once in the last charge I heard Dick's voice shouting their watchword, which that day was one we often use—'God and the Cause;' and as they were forced to turn, my father cried out passionately to his men, 'Face them! face them!' but 'twas of no avail; they were utterly routed, and fled, crying, 'The kingdom's lost!'"

"What was your field-word that day?" asked Clemency.

"Our last one was a prayer—'Jesus bless us!' and I never saw the men fight more gallantly. I heard one of Hopton's officers swear that 'The devil was in the Roundheads; they were such firemen!'"

There was a silence for a few minutes; Clemency looked at her little son, and wondered whether his father's suffering would be the purchase-money paid for his peace and safety, or whether he, too, would be called at some later time to take his share in the struggle for liberty. How strangely must those field-words have rung out upon the cold March air! And how well she could fancy her husband's noble face, with its stern mouth and wistful eyes, as he resolutely pressed on in the fight, praying for Christ's blessing on the right, praying, too, doubtless, for the safety of those whom he loved.

"Was that your last sight of Dick and your father?" she asked.

"Yes," he said; "but later on, as you know, I had the good-fortune to fall in with Robin, the groom, and heard

that they had ridden off in the direction of Basing. I chanced to be sent to Alresford with some of the men in charge of certain prisoners that were severely wounded; Sir William Waller was anxious to show all courtesy to Sir Edward Stawell, who had fallen into our hands after a most desperate attempt to aid Sir Henry Bard, the one that I told you charged with such rashness against orders. At Alresford we made hasty arrangements for Sir Edward's comfort. The house where he had quartered had, however, been burned down by his own party when they left the place, and the whole of Alresford would have been burned had not our men contrived to put out the fire after four or five houses were destroyed. 'Twas then, just as I had got the wounded prisoners such aid as was possible, that in the smoke and smother near the burned quarter I chanced on Robin, who had doffed his red ribbon, and hoped to get through our men unheeded and carry news of my father's safety to Shortell. I had five minutes in which to write, and that was all."

"You think they reached Basing in safety?" asked Hester.

"Aye; they retreated in good order, and we could gain no further advantage. You may feel at rest as to Dick. Indeed, this victory may, they trust, prove a turning-point in the war. Before it, as my Lord Essex said in his 'Remonstrance to the Lords' the other day, 'There was but a step between us and death, and—what is worse—slavery.' But now the King's plans are wholly upset, and 'tis little likely he will again trouble these southeastern counties. If only we be furnished with an army that, as Sir William saith, is not taken to pieces perpetually and is paid with regularity, there will soon be an end of our miseries."

"'Tis scarce to be wondered at that the soldiers refuse to go forward, when there is neither food nor pay," said Clemency, "and methinks the officers are even worse off."

"Yes, indeed," said Joscelyn; "did we depend on our pay we should all of us have starved long since. As a captain of horse I should get nine guineas a week, but in all the time I have served we have had but five weeks' pay; and two days since I parted with my last sixpence to Major Rigby, who was fain to borrow money to pay for the shoeing of his horse!"

Thus, in talk over past difficulties, in eager plans for a happy future when peace should have been won, and in restful enjoyment of their present bliss, the time passed on. The very knowledge that this bright interval must of necessity be brief seemed to heighten its value, and in the end they were given a longer time together than they dared to hope for. Very happy were their memories of the old Bush Inn; of its pleasant garden, where in the sunny spring days Clemency took her first walk leaning on her husband's arm; of the little sheltered arbor where together they spent so many hours; and of the bowling-green where they watched Charlotte carrying the baby to and fro, with Hester in attendance, her thoughts divided between the absent lover and the little nephew, whom she almost worshipped.

Joscelyn was able to get a few days' leave at the beginning of May, in order to escort them back to Katterham; but before quitting Farnham he took his child to the old church where at the beginning of the war he had been forced to give up his sword to Sir John Denham, and had heard his father disown him. Brighter days had dawned since then, even though the war still raged, and it was with thankfulness and hope that they saw little Tom christened, naming him after old Sir Thomas, and longing for the time when the land should be at rest, and households no more divided.

The return to Katterham was too much shadowed by the near approach of the leave-taking to be altogether happy.

"ORIGINAL SIN HIMSELF KNEELING ON THE GROUND BEFORE A LARGE TOMBSTONE."

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Yet the delight of showing little Tom to Sir Robert and to Mrs. Ursula was great; and her husband's infectious high spirits buoyed Clemency up until the actual parting came.

"I shall fight with twice the zeal now that I have both wife and child to defend," said Joscelyn, as he was about to start.

But Mrs. Ursula, who was touched and amused to find how deftly he had learned to carry little Tom, saw his lip quiver as he handed the infant back to Charlotte, and turned to them with hasty, almost wordless, farewells.

Charlotte's tears came down in a shower as the young husband and wife went out to the door hand in hand; she begged Mrs. Ursula, in whom she had great faith, not to leave her mistress alone; but no one dared to intrude on those last few moments.

Clemency, pale as death, could not trust herself to speak, could only cling to Joscelyn, as, whispering tender words of endearment, he caught her in his arms in a last embrace; then tearing himself away, and strangling a sob in his throat, he marched across the court-yard, his head a little more erect than usual, his face sad and stern as it had been when he made the last charge at Cheriton. Clemency watched him as he approached the inner gate, and the same deadly fear for his safety which had first taught her that she loved returned now with tenfold power and clutched at her heart. For a moment the longing to call him back, to implore him for her sake not to risk his life, was almost irresistible. But her eye chanced to fall on the York and Lancaster rose-bush twining round the gate-post, the first green leaves just unfolding. There flashed into her mind a vision of John Hampden's face on the summer evening long ago when she had sung to him, and the thought of the dead patriot nerved her heart. Cost what it might, she would be true to the country; and as Joscelyn, having mounted Hotspur, turned

to wave a last farewell, her face lighted up with a brave, cheering smile, which lived on in his heart for many a day.

It was only when she had caught the last possible glimpse of her husband that her powers utterly failed. Bursting into a passion of tears, she fell on Mrs. Ursula's neck, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Ursula, tenderly, "take comfort; he has been spared through many campaigns."

But Clemency sobbed on with never a word of reply. She could not even to loving Mrs. Ursula speak of the terrible conviction that had gained possession of her—a conviction which had not come to torture her in their previous partings—that never again should she see her husband ride forth from the door. The partings at Gloucester had been hard enough to endure, the leave-taking at Farnham a grievous strain upon her self-control, the farewells spoken on that threshold of the Court-house had always been very bitter, but this time her brain seemed to reel, her faith to vanish into despair. For it was borne in upon her, in a manner inexplicable, but wholly convincing, that Joscelyn's career was near its end, and that the call to suffer to the uttermost, to yield all for the sake of the English people and their liberties, was now to be given.

CHAPTER XXXV.

I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us call tyrants, *tyrants*, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God.

—LOWELL.

IN the first faint light of Sunday morning, the 27th of October, a considerable body of Parliamentary troops might have been descried on a bleak heath in Berkshire. Evidently they were expecting an engagement to take place shortly, for they slept as best they could in the open air, each man with his weapons beside him. A little removed from the rest, Waller, greatly worn and aged by the vexations of the summer's campaign, sat in close converse with Cromwell, who "called cousins" with him, though they were connections rather than actual kinsmen. He had listened during the long hours of the night to many a detail of Cromwell's great victory at Marston Moor, and in low tones the two had discussed the grievous divisions and jealousies which threatened to ruin their cause. Waller had more than once called to mind Hampden's remark that Cromwell would prove the greatest man in England, and wearily impatient of the half-hearted co-operation of Essex and Manchester, he turned with relief to the vigorous practical worker whose genius might possibly save the country.

"There is a face I have somewhere seen before," said Cromwell, as, the light gradually increasing, he observed at

no great distance from Waller a young officer stretched at full length on the heather.

"'Tis Captain Heyworth, formerly a cornet in John Hampden's regiment," said Waller. "He hath been with me close upon two years, and young though he is, he hath proved one of my best and most faithful officers. He is a lad of a very ready wit, courteous and well-bred—a great favorite with his men, and the best hand I ever met at keeping up the spirits of others in adversity."

"I remember him now," said Cromwell. "I saw him after Edgehill. Methinks David must have been such a one as this. He should by rights have a fine career before him."

"In truth, he deserves promotion," said Waller, "and may, I hope, obtain it when at length we get the new-modelled army which since July I have implored the committee to organize. He is sober and God-fearing in victory, and in defeat of an unshaken zeal, while the discipline of war hath done much to amend his natural pride and impatience of contradiction."

Cromwell, who knew the great straits to which Waller's army had been put that summer, and the disgraceful way in which it had been sacrificed, first by Lord Essex and then by Lord Manchester, marvelled as he looked across at the young officer to find neither bitterness nor dissatisfaction in the face, which even in repose retained something of its bright humorous expression, and bore no traces of the weary war save in a certain hollowness about the cheeks. Joscelyn was wrapped in the profound sleep that sometimes follows very arduous work; beside him lay his sword and helmet, and the keen wind blew his long hair to and fro and flapped vigorously at the cloak in which he was enveloped without in the least disturbing him. A more perfect picture of peace in the midst of war, of rest amid strife, could not have been found.

"Our cousin Hampden had a quick eye to discern men's characters," said Cromwell, sighing as he recalled the genial manner and the stimulating friendship of the dead patriot. "I remember now to have heard that Captain Heyworth was with him at his death. I would fain see more of him when to-day's work is over. The man that can wear that look after nine days' continued hard duty without any quarters is of brave mettle. The sun is rising, cousin; 'tis time we were astir."

Late that afternoon it chanced that Cromwell once again came upon Joscelyn Heyworth.

After a desperate struggle, the Parliamentarians had driven Prince Maurice from his strong position on Speen Hill, and, charging furiously down into the valley, had driven the Royalists out of the village. Close by the church a halt had been made; and Cromwell, hearing that some more guns had been taken from the enemy, pressed forward into the throng by the church-yard wall, and found himself close beside Waller's young captain.

Joscelyn, his face aglow, his eyes bright with eager delight, turned towards him in great excitement.

"They have retaken some of the guns, sir, which my Lord Essex lost in Cornwall. See how the soldiers hug them in their joy!"

And indeed the Puritan soldiers, who had eagerly longed to retrieve their honor, were shedding tears of delight at the capture they had been able to make.

"Iron-huggers!" muttered a Royalist prisoner, contemptuously, and it might have fared ill with him had any but Joscelyn overheard the remark.

The term tickled his sense of humor, and with a laugh he observed, "I would turn leather-hugger could we but recapture the leather guns we lost at Cropredy."

"Are you aware, friend, that you are wounded?" said

Cromwell, noticing that blood was dripping from his neighbor's right arm.

In the keen excitement of taking the village, Joscelyn had not even felt the musket-ball which had struck him; but now all at once a strange giddiness seized him; the crowd of soldiers, the autumn trees, the little village church, the sun sinking in the west, all swam before his eyes in a weird medley; he reeled in his saddle, and would have fallen had not Cromwell griped hold of him.

"Ironside," as he had been dubbed by Prince Rupert in the summer, was a stern foe but a most tender-hearted man; he loved to scatter those whom he thought the Lord's enemies as chaff before the wind, but even in the haste and confusion he found time to summon to the aid of the wounded man a certain barber with some knowledge of surgery who chanced to be in his troop. Of actual surgeons there was on this day a deplorable dearth. Joscelyn was helped into the nearest cottage, and, reviving in a few minutes, he heard the tramp of the troops as they passed by, and sprang to his feet.

"They are to press forward to Newbury Field," he cried, "and I am not there!"

"Patience, sir," said the barber; "you have done good service, and now must leave it to others. Have the goodness to place yourself in the posture you were in at the receiving of the wound; that was the wise rule of the great Ambroise Paré many years since, and it will help me to search your wound with greater ease."

The ball had lodged in the bone of the arm, not causing a fracture, but proving difficult to remove. Joscelyn set his teeth hard, and all the time looked steadily through the open casement, his eyes fixed on the red sun as it sank slowly towards the horizon, while from a little distance the sound of the strife floated back to the quiet room. He

could almost have fancied that he heard the familar field-word, "God our strength!" shouted by his own men. In his great suffering the words rang again and again in his ears.

"'Tis well your mother can't see you," said the woman of the house, as with pitying eyes she held a cup of water to his lips. In a moment the whole scene seemed to change for him, and he was back once more at Shortell Manor, and his mother, with grave looks, was shrinking from him in horror, as though he had been a leper. For the first time he winced.

"'Tis well-nigh ended, sir," said the barber, deftly dressing the wound. Then having extemporized a sling out of the orange silk scarf, he hurriedly prepared to rejoin his comrades.

"Wait," said Joscelyn, gulping down some more water. "I, too, will ride forward. We can yet overtake them."

"Nay, sir," urged the barber, "'twould be rash and ill advised. Lie down yonder and keep still, then perchance you may be able for to-morrow's work. The wound is not severe. You may be fit to lead your men erelong if you keep quiet."

"To-morrow the battle will be over," said Joscelyn, keenly disappointed that he could not press forward for that last quarter of a mile, which was likely to prove the hardest part of the day's work.

"Rest, sir, while you can," said the owner of the house, pointing to a truckle-bed in the corner. And Joscelyn was fain to take the advice. When the good woman nervously insisted on closing casement and door, he resigned himself to his fate, and lay rigidly quiet, watching the sunset sky turn from crimson to gold, from gold to gray, from gray to the dusky purple of night.

At last, when his hostess had quitted the room to prepare

supper, he dragged himself up, and, fumbling awkwardly at the latch with his left hand, opened the cottage door, and stepped out onto the threshold, eagerly trying to discover how the battle was going.

The night was dark and windy; every now and then came a faint gleam of light, as the crescent moon emerged from behind swift-sailing clouds, and by this uncertain glimmer the battle was still being waged. Joscelyn, leaning against the door-post, could see little, but could plainly hear the confused uproar, the strange blending of shouts, cries, groans, trampling of horse-hoofs, clashing of arms, sharp rattle of musketry, while from a neighboring house came the heart-rending moans of a man dying in torments.

The sight of the village church and the quiet graveyard close by reminded him that it was Sunday evening, and with some prickings of conscience for having entirely forgotten the day, he bent his head, praying very earnestly that the right might triumph, and that a peace founded on righteousness might be won through the strife.

When the next morning he woke from sound sleep he found Morrison bending over him with an anxious face.

"What of the battle?" he asked, eagerly. "What news do you bring?"

"There was not light enough, sir, to fight it out thoroughly, and this morning 'twas discovered that the King had stolen away in the night as noiselessly as Sir William Waller retreated from Lansdown."

"What!" cried Joscelyn in dismay; "they let the entire army give us the slip? But there is to be a pursuit, surely?"

He started up, and with Morrison's help was equipped and mounted some time before the start could be made. His hostess remonstrated, but at the same time provided him with a good breakfast; and wonderfully refreshed by his long sleep, and stimulated by the delight of his men in

having him with them again, he felt able to bear the pain of his wound.

"'Tis not a severe one," he always replied, quoting the barber's comforting assurance to all inquirers.

"The lack of surgeons will doubtless be supplied," said Cromwell, who chanced once more to cross Joscelyn's path. "'Tis to-day to be mentioned in the letter to the committee, who can scarce realize how miserable it is to see men that have been wounded in the defence of the public wanting means of cure."

Joscelyn found that though upon one side the second battle of Newbury might be accounted a victory, yet it should have been a much greater and more complete success. The troops upon the Speen side, under Skippon, Balfour, Waller, and Cromwell, had prospered well, but Manchester had failed in the work allotted to him, timidly hesitating and putting off the attack till long after the appointed time, in spite of the entreaties of his officers.

"Are we forever to be thwarted by half-hearted noblemen?" exclaimed Joscelyn, impatiently.

"In truth, it seems like it," said Waller, "for here is a message just followed us from my Lord Manchester, urging us to turn back and give up the pursuit."

The message was met by a refusal, and the troops still pressed on, none the better pleased with Lord Manchester for his attempt to turn them back from a pursuit which had been rendered necessary by his own carelessness.

"There is another point in Captain Heyworth's favor," observed Cromwell to Waller, with a smile. "He doth not love lords! It will not be well with us till my Lord Manchester is but Mr. Montague, as I once told him to his face."

Waller's countenance was a curious study; Joscelyn guessed that the remark grated on his sense of decorum, and that he was very far from sharing his companion's views.

Yet this bold, aggressive leader of men was at present far better to work with than the timid earl, whose lack of zeal and promptitude would go far towards keeping the country in all the miseries of war for many months to come.

The troops galloped on through woods and lanes and across a wide heath, halting at last beneath the Downs at the little village of Blewbury, only to learn that the King's army had crossed the river at Wallingford, and had gained country where it would be impossible for them to pursue without the aid of the foot-soldiers. In vain Cromwell and Waller, returning to the Earl of Manchester, implored him to support them with the infantry; he refused to stir, and betrayed so marked a craving for peace at any price, and such a hopeless lack of all the qualities that go to make a good leader, that the luckless generals who were supposed to co-operate with him were almost in despair.

During the days that followed, Joscelyn, with his usual hopefulness, was making what he deemed a steady recovery. One of the surgeons sent down from London had reported well of his wound, and as there were hundreds of far more severe cases to be attended to, he was satisfied with one examination. But unfortunately the very slightness of the injury proved its danger. Had he been entirely invalided all might have gone well, but he was able to keep about, and insisted on sharing in his men's discomforts, protesting that many of them were far more ill than he was. Indeed, it was too true that the troops were suffering grievously, and the sight of this was enough to have moved even a less considerate officer. The quarters, first at Blewbury and afterwards on Newbury Wash, on the south of the Kennet, were miserably uncomfortable. To add to their distress, the rain and cold of that wintry November proved "of such extremity as hath seldom been seen." The horses died by hundreds, many of the soldiers deserted, and those

who were left murmured greatly against the Earl of Manchester, who, either from sheer stupidity or from a desire to avoid a long winter campaign, had actually sent away to Abingdon the food so much needed by the army, which the committee had at last sent to them by water.

"'Tis well enough for him in his lodgings at Newbury," murmured old Major Newell to Joscelyn one day as they rode together on a foraging expedition. "If he were quartered as we are he would bestir himself to some purpose. I marvel what he doth with himself all day."

"Hopes for peace, and plays the royal game of goose," said Joscelyn, with a laugh.

"In good sooth, he hath played that bird throughout the campaign," said the major. "Always for not stirring when it was essential to be prompt and active, ordering impossible marches when the horses had scarce a leg to stand upon, thwarting our general at every turn, and in this affair of Donnington Castle acting as though it were well-nigh his object to suit the King's convenience."

At this moment they halted at a little hamlet, and the major, dismounting, made his way into the most promising and prosperous-looking house, while Joscelyn waited in the road. Presently his companion reappeared in the cottage doorway and beckoned to him.

"Come, sir," he called; "you were ever the best hand at catering. See if you cannot cajole some provisions out of this woman."

Joscelyn stepped forward. "Good dame," he said, in his pleasant voice, "we are well-nigh starving. Can you not give us food of some sort?"

The woman hesitated. It was difficult to resist the appeal of this yellow-haired boy, with his hungry, wistful eyes. Moreover, the arm in a sling softened her heart. But just then her children, terrified as the little room grew

more and more full of soldiers, ran towards her and clung to her gown.

"I have naught for you, sir," she faltered. "There are many of us. I have naught."

"We will see about that," said the soldiers, pressing forward desperately. One of them uncovered the brick oven and drew forth in triumph a batch of loaves. The smell of the hot bread made the ravenous men almost frantic. In a trice they had divided it between them, and had trooped out of the cottage, one of them, who was specially fond of Joscelyn, pausing to thrust into his hands the top of a loaf. The major did not interfere, and walked grimly off munching a crust. The woman wiped her eyes with her apron.

"One may put loaves into the oven nowadays," she said, piteously, "but there's no knowing who will take them out!"

"The men are half starved," said Joscelyn, lingering for a moment, and ashamed to find that his craving to eat the bread he held made him grudge even this brief delay. "We have neither food, nor firing, nor shelter, and we are doing our best to defend you."

"Small use in defence, sir," said the woman, "if we are left to famish. When life is taken, what will there be to defend?"

"True," he said, faintly. And putting the bread into the hand of the nearest child, he turned away.

Later in the day, when a discussion was going on as to the way in which the scanty rations were to be apportioned, he made Waller laugh even in the midst of his depression.

"Feed the feeble-minded, sir," he said, "or they will be running to Abingdon."

"And let the best men starve, eh?" said Waller. "'Tis my belief you yourself are well-nigh starving."

Joscelyn was, in truth, sick with hunger, but his spirits had not altogether deserted him.

"I have longed all day," he said, laughingly, "for Nebuchadnezzar's appetite for grass. There is plenty of that ready to hand, and naught besides — not even a belated bramble to give us a few berries. Were there shewbread in England, I would certainly follow David's example!"

But the next day he was not even hungry; and his face wore such a haggard look that Major Newell urged him to give up and own that he was unfit for work.

"'Tis scarce a time to think of one's own ease, sir," he replied, despondently. "See how rapidly our numbers are diminishing, and I can surely hold out till we have met the King once more as he returns. We shall, I hope, strike one more good blow for the cause before going into winter quarters."

"Aye, 'tis to be hoped we shall," said the major; but he looked rather doubtfully at the feverishly bright eyes and flushed face of his young comrade.

All that day the pain of Joscelyn's wounded arm was almost intolerable; he began to feel less confident as to the possibility of keeping about.

"What is amiss, lad?" said Waller, in the evening, chancing to find him alone in the miserable quarters, and observing the profound dejection of his whole attitude. Joscelyn roused up a little in response, and tried to make light of his suffering.

"Methinks, sir," he said, "'tis gout settled in the wound, but assuredly it hath not come from luxurious diet!"

Waller was shocked at his almost hectic coloring and at the ghastly suffering which was plainly visible beneath the thin veil of forced gayety.

"To-morrow you go into decent lodgings at Newbury,"

he said, in a tone of authority, "and I myself shall speak a word with the surgeon."

The intense pain gradually passed off, and in the morning, though very weak and miserable, Joscelyn imagined that he was better. Waller, however, insisted that he should go to Newbury, and, true to his word, was himself present when the surgeon made his examination.

"The pain was severe last night," said Joscelyn, "but to-day I have none; to-day I am better."

"On the contrary, sir," said the surgeon, bluntly; "to-day you are much worse. Unless you lose your arm, your life is not worth a week's purchase. Mortification has set in."

CHAPTER XXXVI

My God! when I read o'er the bitter lives
Of men whose eager hearts were quite too great
To beat beneath the cramped mode of the day,
And see them mocked at by the world they love,
Haggling with prejudice for pennyworth's
Of that reform which their hard toil will make
The common birthright of the age to come—
When I see this, spite of my faith in God,
I marvel how their hearts bear up so long;
Nor could they but for this same prophecy,
This inward feeling of the glorious end.

—LOWELL.

THUS it came to pass that in an unlooked-for and unwelcome fashion Joscelyn lost his wish of striking one more blow for the good cause before going into winter quarters; it seemed that he could now only serve by suffering.

Waller, grieved beyond measure to lose his favorite, replied sadly enough to Cromwell's questions as that evening they supped together. "Thus ends one of the most promising careers," he said, with a sigh. "The injury was nothing like as severe as that he got at Lansdown, but the cold and wet and starvation were fatal to recovery."

"How did he bear the news?" asked Cromwell.

"The surgeon told him bluntly that he was a dead man unless the arm were at once taken off," said Waller, "and for a minute, poor fellow, he seemed wholly crushed, but quickly pulled himself together, and began to speak to me of various arrangements that he would have made if his death ensued, and charged me with messages to his wife, and with instructions about the future of his child."

"What! He is married, then?"

"Aye, at Gloucester, before the siege. God grant that he may recover! They say at present he does well, and his sober life is all in his favor; but then to set against that one must remember the severe strain of this last month's work, with its cruel hardships."

"To-morrow I would fain see him," said Cromwell.

While the two spoke thus together Joscelyn was struggling alone through his "Valley of Humiliation," and had gone but a little way before he "espied a foul fiend coming to meet him whose name was Anxiety." An intolerable dread of the future for Clemency and little Tom if he died, an intolerable dread of the crippled existence he must lead if he should recover, alternately swayed his mind, while grievous anxiety for the distracted country mingled with his other cares, gaining in the night an extraordinary power over his restless brain, which seemed to be fostered rather than checked by quiet and darkness.

At length, however, the power which had long ruled his life asserted itself; his vigorous, cheerful faith trampled down the assailing cares for a season, and with resolute patience he brought his thoughts into captivity to that Higher Will, which triumphed over the tumult and gave him rest.

Cromwell, paying his promised visit the next day, and full of sad memories of the death of his own nephew at Marston Moor after a somewhat similar operation, looked searchingly into the young officer's face, and was reassured by what he saw.

"Methinks you are making a good first step towards recovery. May the Lord be your strength," he said, his harsh-featured face transfigured by a sympathy which came to Joscelyn as a revelation. It almost seemed to him for the time worth losing an arm to gain such a royal gift.

"Sir," he said, "I shall never be fit to fight again even

if my life be spared. 'Twill make the thought less hard if you will accept from me, and sometimes ride yourself, my horse Hotspur."

Cromwell, touched by the spontaneous offer of what was evidently so much valued, thanked him, and promised to use the horse at any rate until his master should need him again.

"He is out of condition," said Joscelyn, "having suffered well-nigh as much as we have done these last weeks. But he is a good horse, and has seen many a fight, that of Chalgrove among others. I shall never ride him more."

A look of profound sadness passed over his face.

"There are other weapons than those of carnal warfare," said Cromwell, laying a kindly hand on his head. "The Lord hath yet a work for you."

With that thought to carry him through his troubles Joscelyn left the army. As soon as the surgeons would allow him to be moved he was borne by six of his men down to the river, and after a regretful parting with Sir William Waller, to whom he was greatly attached, set off for London under the charge of the faithful Morrison. They were often reminded of their journey by boat to Gloucester, and Morrison heartily wished that the whole of their return to Katterham could have been managed by water. This was, of course, impossible, and after spending a night at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, that he might have the benefit of the London surgeons' advice and skilful dressing, they were forced to travel the last eighteen miles of the way by coach, a mode which tried Joscelyn infinitely more than the boat had done.

A letter bearing the news of his trouble to Clemency, and warning her of his speedy arrival, had been despatched some days before from Newbury, and as they approached the familiar little village Joscelyn roused himself from the

semi-stupor into which he had sunk, and begged Morrison to raise him a little that he might the better see from the window.

"The place hath a strangely deserted look!" he said, surprised at the almost sabbatical calm that reigned, and at the entire absence of playing children or busy men or women glancing from open doors.

"A fast day, maybe, sir," said Morrison, glancing at the pretty thatched cottage which had lately been built for his parents by Sir Robert Neal. "Aye, that must be it, for yonder I see folks trooping towards the church. The second sermon will doubtless be beginning."

With flushed face and eyes bright with fever, Joscelyn gazed anxiously forth as they drove past the park and drew near to the gate-house.

"Higher," he begged; "lift me higher. I can't see. Great God! what means this?"

Morrison's jaw fell; in speechless horror he saw approaching them through the open gates of the Court-house a funeral train.

The coachman reined back his steeds to let it pass on towards the neighboring church, and Joscelyn began to struggle desperately to fling open the door with his left hand.

"Let me go!" he cried, wildly, as the servant tried to calm him. "She is dead, and I will follow her."

"Sir," entreated Morrison, "you put your own life in peril. For God's sake be quiet!"

But Joscelyn's frantic endeavors to open the door had attracted the notice of one of the villagers, who came to his aid.

"Alack, sir," said the man, "you come back on a woful day. He was ever good to the poor and needy; we shall never see the like of Sir Robert again."

"'I AM NOW GOING TO WORK IN ANOTHER FASHION.'"

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Joscelyn sank back, his feverish strength wholly exhausted. "How?" he faltered. "When?"

"A was found dead in bed one morning nigh upon a sennight since, sir," said the villager. "Never had a day's illness, but folks say a was just wore out."

"Bid the coachman drive to the Court-house, neighbor," said Morrison, alarmed at the faintness which threatened to overcome his master.

Meanwhile Clemency sat desolate and forlorn in her own room, her heavy mourning robes making the pallor of her face all the more noticeable. It was not the custom for women to attend funerals, nor would she join the others who gazed forth from the window overlooking the churchyard. Her grandfather's sudden death had left her crushed and bewildered. The old man had for so many years been her counsellor in everything, he had had so much to do in the formation of her character, and had been, spite of the gulf of years between them, so real a friend to her, that his loss seemed to shake the very foundations of her life. It was to him that she would have turned in her great anxiety about her husband, and though Mrs. Ursula gave her the kindest sympathy, yet there were many things which she could not mention to her, owing to the difference in their views. It was now ten days since she had received any tidings of Joscelyn, for the worst news had miscarried; she merely knew that his wound was progressing satisfactorily, and that the troops were suffering a good deal from the severe weather. Sitting there alone on that dreary winter's day, her heart felt ready to break, so terribly did she crave for Joscelyn's presence, while a lurking hope that he might possibly have received the news of Sir Robert's death in time to get leave to return for the funeral died away in disappointment.

Presently there came a tap at her door, and Mrs. Ursula

entered. "My dear," she said, gently, "it seems that a letter which should have reached you with news of your husband hath been lost on the way. I have tidings for you now; they are neither wholly bad nor altogether good."

"He is ill?" cried Clemency. "Oh, Cousin Ursula, tell me the whole truth; let me go to him quickly!"

"Yes, you shall come," said Mrs. Ursula; "but, my dear, he is very ill; he hath lost his right arm. They have brought him home."

"Home!" cried Clemency, springing to her feet with a look of rapturous relief. "Oh, thank God, he hath come!"

In a moment she was her strongest self, giving rapid orders to the servants, thinking of everything that could possibly be used in the sick-room, then hastening to the library, controlling her agitation, lest it should harm Joscelyn and unfit her for tending him.

They had laid him down on the carved settle where she remembered so often to have seen him long ago, when in the first days of their acquaintance he had studied the great question of the time. A vivid recollection flashed back into her mind of his bright, humorous face and air of glowing health and vigor on the first night of Mr. Hampden's visit; how his hearty boyish laugh had echoed through the room when they had heard the story of the Buckinghamshire bridegroom who repented at the last moment! Now he lay there maimed, wan, and haggard, moaning a little as Morrison shifted his position and made way for her.

But her presence quickly restored him, and as he caught sight of her pale, anxious face, he forgot for the time his bodily misery, and remembered only the exquisite relief of finding that she was still spared to him.

"My beloved," he said, with the look and tone for which in her sorrow she had been craving, "we meet, as usual, in the very shadow of death."

"I can bear all, now you are here," she said, struggling to keep back her tears. "I would that my grandfather could have known; he had been full of anxiety for you."

"I have come back to you a miserable wreck," said Joscelyn, a spasm of pain passing over his face.

But in the delight of having him home, and in the glad perception that their separation was at an end, Clemency had not a thought to spare on his enforced retirement from the army.

True, her anxiety was not yet over, for Joscelyn remained grievously ill for many weeks. But by Christmas Eve the surgeon who rode over daily from Croydon pronounced him to be out of danger, and there followed for them both happy days of gradual recovery, when, in the thankfulness of a life wonderfully restored, they lived in a sort of heaven of content, desiring nothing beyond the four walls of their room, forgetting the outer world and the troubles which still distracted the land. It was just that ideally happy part of an illness when the supreme duty is to rest and be thankful, when the brain lies fallow, and the process of building up an exhausted strength goes quietly forward.

Clemency, radiant with the consciousness that she could exactly supply all his needs, that her presence wholly sufficed him, and that the doctor did not flatter her when he told her she had saved her husband's life, lived on in a sort of dream of happiness, not realizing that this sort of existence could ever cease to suffice them, nor understanding that they must either climb to something higher or gradually sink.

CHAPTER XXXVII

For Love is fellow service, I believe!
—CLOUGH.

IN the gray dawn of a December day Lady Heyworth might have been seen at her dressing-table, impatiently watching in the looking-glass the slow process of hair-curling which was being performed by Thérèse, her French maid; in the background old Kezia, the nurse-keeper, was struggling to close the lid of a well-filled travelling-trunk, aided by Rosamond, who, in an undertone, offered laughingly to dance on the top of it; otherwise she was convinced the fastening could never be brought into position.

"Come hither, Rosamond," said her mother, impatiently, "you do but trifle and hinder us all; had you been more of a credit to me I would have taken you with me to Oxford, and we might have been able to arrange a marriage for you. But who would wed a foolish child like you? There is Mistress Carew, only fifteen years old, as you are, and was married last week to Sir Charles Praed; and Bess Coventry, at sixteen, married to old Mr. Marchant, with a great fortune and a fine house in London."

Rosamond's head drooped, as it had acquired a habit of doing when she was scolded; nevertheless she was far from submissive in her heart, and was inwardly congratulating herself that no tiresome Sir Charles Praed, or objectionable old Crœsus, had asked for her hand.

"Shall you return soon, ma'am?" she asked, timidly.

"That wholly depends on the course of the war," said Lady

Heyworth. "Nothing will induce me to remain buried here in the country any longer without your father. I shall stay with Isabella at Oxford, or wherever she chooseth to go."

Rosamond looked somewhat blank, not altogether liking the prospect of being left for an indefinite time.

"Don't be down-hearted, child," said her mother, more kindly. "Doubtless erelong the King will make some sort of arrangement with these villainous rebels, even if he doth not succeed in crushing them, as I hope in God he may. Moreover, you will not be left alone; Thérèse will take good care of you, and teach you dancing and the lute, and give you embroidery lessons; and for your graver studies, the chaplain will be here to attend to them, and he will report to me on your progress. I leave you in good hands."

"And if letters should come from my father or Dick," questioned the child, "may we read them?"

"Nay," said Lady Heyworth; "you will without delay despatch the messenger to me at Oxford."

"Pray take me with you, ma'am," said poor Rosamond, much daunted at the prospect before her.

"I cannot, my dear, even had I the mind to do it," said Lady Heyworth. "Your clothes are not presentable, for one thing, and then, as you well know, Sir Toby and Isabella do not like children, and you are still sadly childish. My cloth mantle, Thérèse, and the sable muff. There is the coach at the door; we must not keep the horses waiting in the cold. Come, kiss me, child, and have a care of yourself till I return. If she ails anything, Thérèse, send to Alton for the doctor."

Rosamond followed her mother down-stairs, and saw her step into the coach, attended by old Kezia; and then the little bustle of departure over, she turned back into the lonely house where so many of the rooms were closed, and, stealing into the dining-room, the only place where a fire had been

lighted, she crouched down by the hearth and threw her arms about Cymro's neck.

"I wonder, Cymro, which is the worst—to be married to some stupid man, or to be left alone here?"

The dog looked into her eyes and blinked silently, as though the problem were beyond him.

"Some men beat their wives, you know, Cymro, and I have had too many beatings already, and will endure no more. Then many of them are ill-tempered, and will have everything done precisely to their liking, nor ever think at all what their wives may chance to like. And almost all of them drink too much. 'Tis, after all, better to be left here in the country. But I should like to go to Oxford and see the King, and find out whether he be as noble as Dick says, or as faithless as Joscelyn deems him. My dress, they say, is too shabby! What do you think, Cymro?"

The dog sniffed at it dubiously.

"And I am sadly childish! How about that, Cymro?"

The dog began to lick her face, lovingly, which led to a grand romp, and Rosamond was in full career round the room, playing at "catch-as-catch-can," when the door opened and the grave old chaplain looked in, bidding her be ready for matins in the oratory in five minutes' time. Rosamond sighed; it was hard to have been caught in the midst of such an untimely frolic. A maiden of fifteen who could romp with a collie at eight in the morning was certainly unfit for the duties of a matron. She stood for a minute in front of the gilded mirror which hung between the two windows, looking ruefully at the picture it disclosed of a very untidy little maid with yellow curls much disordered, with arms and hands nearly as ruddy as her cheeks, with a crumpled white neckerchief, and an outgrown blue stuff gown, faded in one place and darned in another, and, worst of all, not touching the ground, but disclosing in a most unseemly and unfashion-

able way two clumsily shod little feet and a pair of pretty ankles.

"Well, Cymro, there is one comfort," she said: "no fine gentleman ever could think of asking me in marriage till I have a new gown; and to have a new gown before the rents are paid is impossible, and the rents will not be paid till the war is ended, and when the war is ended, why, we shall see Joscelyn again, and nothing will matter."

They prayed that morning in the oratory for the archbishop's deliverance from his persecutors; and Rosamond, with a touch of the same sanguine nature which belonged to Joscelyn, could not bring herself to believe that the old man would indeed be brought to the scaffold.

But a week later—on the evening of the 4th of January, when she was having her lesson on the lute from the French maid—the chaplain entered the room with a look of such dire trouble on his aged face that Rosamond at once knew some great disaster must have happened.

"My father," she cried, "and Dick? You have had bad news of them?"

"Nay, my dear," said the old man; "'tis of the archbishop I have bad tidings. The lords have given their consent to the Ordinance of Attainder. A messenger hath but now arrived with an urgent summons for me to return to London; we trust that even yet an effort may be made to spare him. Say, can I trust you to pursue your studies alone for a time?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Rosamond; "indeed I will mind my books."

"And you, Thérèse," he said, "have a care of your young lady, and see that no harm befalls her. I trust to return erelong, and were it not on a matter of life and death would not leave the manor now.

Thérèse promised faithfully that nothing should part her

from her young mistress; and the chaplain, promising to see Barnaby, and to leave a message for the steward as to money matters and other arrangements, hurried away, being anxious to travel, at any rate, as far as Guildford that night.

So Rosamond was left at Shortell Manor with Thérèse and the cook and the old butler to protect her, with Cymro for her sole playfellow, and Barnaby, the gate-keeper, for her best friend. The house felt strangely desolate—within, it was cold and silent; without, it looked even more dreary, so many of the windows being closely shuttered. Rosamond resolved to keep her promise to the chaplain, and to work well at her studies. On the Epiphany, however, she felt justified in treating herself to a holiday, and spent most of the morning in writing a long letter to Joscelyn, telling him of her loneliness, and begging him to let her know how his recovery advanced. Temperance Turner had brought her a most welcome letter from Clemency at Christmas, and very eagerly she wished that on this January day she could catch sight of the hunchback crossing the park with another missive, and ready to carry her greetings back again.

The afternoon had nearly passed and the sun was sinking in the west when the child, having spent three hours curled up in the dining-room window-seat reading *Twelfth Night*, closed her book with a long yawn, and stood up to stretch her cramped limbs and to warm her cold hands on Cymro's glossy coat. She wondered how the effort to save the archbishop's life would prosper; she wondered what Joscelyn and Clemency were doing away at the Court-house she so greatly longed to see; and though she sang softly to herself—

> "Oh, mistress mine, where are you roaming?
> Oh, stay and hear! your true love's coming"

—her thoughts were not at all in harmony with the cheerful

words of the clown's song, and her voice had a sorrowful cadence in it. All at once she clutched closer hold of Cymro, and the dog began to bark in the most excited way, for they had both caught sight of a troop of horsemen approaching the manor; not, alas! her father's troop—she saw that at a glance. The red ribbons and feathers, however, proved them to be Royalists; and she well knew that the visit was more to be dreaded than a visit from the Parliamentary troops, who defaced images, but respected woman and children. In the early days of the war she remembered that a troop had been quartered upon them, and though she herself had been rigorously kept in the nursery by old Kezia, she had nevertheless heard a good deal of the trouble that the soldiers had made in the household, and of the harm they had wrought in the village.

Her heart died within her as she heard the altercation going on at the door between the butler and the officers; she longed to effect her escape, and was about to run across the hall and gain the stairs when, opening the dining-room door, she found herself confronted by a tall, powerful-looking man, who seemed startled and amused as he caught sight of her.

"What do you mean, you knave?" he said, turning to the trembling butler. "You tell me the house is empty and the family away, and who in the devil's name is this pretty maid?"

"Sir," said Rosamond, griping fast hold of Cymro's collar for protection, yet speaking with a touch of unconscious dignity, "my father and mother are away from home. Pray, sir, seek quarters elsewhere, for indeed the house is well-nigh empty, and we are short of provisions ourselves and cannot feed your soldiers."

"Never fear, my dear," said the officer, kissing her, "they will ferret out food for themselves without servants

to help them. And such a sweet face as yours cannot have a cold heart behind it. Come, order us a good supper and we will drink your health, and you shall bear us company."

He turned away with a laugh, making some jesting remark to one of his companions, and leaving Rosamond to wonder why she should feel such deadly terror of a handsome middle-aged man who had spoken very kindly to her, and why she was seized with an unaccountable desire to go straight to her room and wash the cheek he had kissed. It was the most ordinary greeting of the time; why should it seem to her like an insult? She was standing by the hearth, her hand still upon Cymro, when into the fast darkening room there entered another officer.

"Thank God I find you alone!" said a voice she seemed to recognize, and as the new-comer approached her she sprang to meet him with a stifled exclamation of delight.

"Mr. Denham!" she cried, "oh, how glad—how glad I am you have come! You will tell me what to do, as Joscelyn would have done."

"Yes, God helping me, I will," said Arthur Denham. "But you must not be seen here talking with me, though elsewhere I must see you and speak with you. That was my Lord Goring who spoke with you before, and you must shun him as you would shun the devil himself. Don't linger now, but go while he is out of the way. Where will you be most apart from the rest of the house?"

"There is the old nursery," said Rosamond; "'tis well-nigh the only room through which there is not a passage. 'Tis in the north wing; first there is the boy's room, then mine, then the nursery."

"Well, shut yourself in there, and keep your maid with you," said Arthur; "and as soon as may be I will come and see what arrangements had best be made."

The hall and staircase were, as he said, quite clear at that

moment, and Rosamond flew up to the nursery, closely followed by Cymro, while Arthur Denham, with a troubled face, walked restlessly about, chafing at the thought that this lovely, innocent girl should be left in a desolate house at the mercy of the most unblushingly vicious man of the day.

All through the noisy supper which followed he was trying to devise the best means of protecting her, and his consternation was great when Lord Goring, suddenly bethinking himself of the pretty face that had taken his fancy, sent a message to remind Mistress Heyworth of her promise to sup with them.

Fortunately, Rosamond, though innocent and unsuspicious, had taken his words about the devil quite literally. She had no intention whatever of supping with such a dangerous personage, and Arthur heard with relief the old butler's quavering voice announcing:

"Mistress Rosamond hath already supped, my lord, and will not come down to-night. She bids me wish you a prosperous start to-morrow morn."

Goring burst into a fit of laughter.

"'Pon my life, 'tis a discreet little maiden. And now methinks I have a mind for a second day in this Manor House. That canting old Sir Thomas would as lief see his pretty daughter in her coffin as in my care. A loyal old man, you say? So are many other fools; but I have an old score against him, and curse me if I don't pay it off."

Later on, when all the rest were in various stages of drunkenness, Denham, sickened by all that he had heard, and at his wits' end to know how to act for the best, made his way from the room, and, seeking out the old butler, had a long talk with him, and was finally taken up to the nursery, where Thérèse with a scared face was relating to her little mistress tales of the soldiers' misdeeds. The Frenchwoman had seen enough of the world to know at a

glance that Denham was to be trusted, and she followed the butler into the adjoining room to discuss what was to be done to guard the house from the desperate havoc which the soldiers were making in it.

Denham seized the opportunity to speak to the child plainly.

"Mistress Rosamond," he said, "I count it a very happy thing that, being sent on secret business by my Lord Hopton, I chanced to fall in this day with my Lord Goring's troop. They have been ravaging Hampshire this last few days, and I like their ways ill enough, as you may guess; but when I found that 'twas a settled thing they should seek quarters here before going on to attack Farnham, I thought myself most happy to be at hand, welcoming the chance of serving you and Lady Heyworth. I little thought to find you alone and unprotected."

"My mother hath gone to Isabella, who lies sick at Oxford," said Rosamond, "and she left me in charge of the chaplain. But he, too, hath been summoned away; he is a friend of the archbishop's, and would fain save him. But all will be well, now you are here. 'Tis just as though one of the boys had come to take care of me."

"In the eyes of the world 'tis not quite the same," said Denham. "Only you yourself can wholly fit me to protect you in the way I desire. Your father and Dick know me well; I believe they would trust you to me; and once, long ago, at Farnham, when I vowed that if I could not wed you I would wed none other, Joscelyn said he would very gladly see such a union. Do you remember this token? Do you know what such things mean?"

He showed her a little thin bracelet of golden hair upon his left wrist.

"I suppose 'tis made from a curl of the maiden you love," said Rosamond, looking puzzled.

"Aye, to be sure," said Denham, smiling. "The curl that she gave me long ago in Farnham Park."

The color rushed into Rosamond's face; she cast down her eyes, only to become vividly conscious of her short, shabby gown. She looked up at him piteously. "I do not feel good enough, or—or old enough," she said, falteringly; then, meeting his gaze, an answering light began to dawn in her blue eyes. Denham, falling on his knees, caught her hand in his and kissed it with a tender reverence which seemed to awake within her possibilities of love hitherto unknown.

"I will ask you to give me the right to protect you," he said—"to promise in the future to be my wife, if your father consents, and if your mind remains unaltered."

"I will be your wife, sir, with my father's permission; and my mind will not alter," said Rosamond.

As she said the words there came into her face a look so strangely like Joscelyn's when he had resisted threats and inducements at Farnham Castle, that Arthur realized the force of character latent in this forlorn little girl. Her shrinking timidity was but the effect of the stern régime under which she had grown up; at heart she was a true Heyworth, just as stanch and strong-willed as old Sir Thomas and Joscelyn.

Leaving Cymro to guard her door, he went down once more to see how the house was faring in the hands of Goring's troopers. The poor old butler seemed well-nigh distracted. It was in vain he argued that his master was no malignant, but as loyal a baronet as could be found in England; the soldiers thought only of their own ease, and, finding fuel scarce, seized upon anything they could find to pile on the dogs and make a blaze. The night was intensely cold; they tore down the window-curtains and slept in them; they broke open the cellar and drank all the best

wine, and when Denham sought out Lord Goring, hoping to induce him to interfere, he found him lying drunk on the dining-room floor, while on the hearth there blazed the remnants of a beautifully carved oak stool. With a sigh of disgust he threw himself into a chair beside the fire, wondering whether Goring would remain yet another day at the manor, or would push on at once towards Farnham, and greatly perplexed as to the best course for Rosamond to pursue. Tired with a hard day's riding, he presently fell asleep, to awake in about two hours with a sudden start and a curious consciousness of danger. The place was very cold, the fire had died out, but from the window there came a flickering light. Stumbling across the room, he nearly tumbled over Goring's prostrate form, kicking him so severely that his lordship started up in a towering rage, swearing like a trooper.

But the shock seemed partly to sober him, and he managed to reel across to the window and to grip hold of Denham's shoulder.

"What are you about, sir?" he mumbled, stupidly. "What's yonder light for?"

"'Tis your devilish soldiers, my lord, that have set on fire the house of the most loyal man in the land!" cried Denham; and rushing from the room in a white-heat of anger, and distracted with anxiety for Rosamond, he made his way up-stairs to the north wing. The passages were full of blinding smoke, and it was chiefly by the sound of Cymro's whines of distress that he guided himself, quickening his steps in deadly terror as he heard piercing cries proceeding from the child's room. Groping about in an agony of impatience, he at length found the handle and flung back the door. A fierce light beating in from the window revealed with dreadful distinctness the figure of Thérèse leaning through the open casement and in violent hysterics. Then

as the draught caused by the opening of the door dispersed the blinding smoke for a minute, Denham suddenly perceived a little white-robed figure lying at full length on the floor. Thérèse, with a cry of joy, ran towards him.

"The smoke, monsieur," she gasped, recovering her self-control, "it have choked her. In vain I try to lift her to the window."

"Come," cried Denham, "there is no time to be lost!" And snatching up a blanket from the bed, he wrapped it round the child, and, lifting her in his arms, bore her through the smoke-filled passages down the staircase, amid the crowd of half-sober troopers, never once pausing till he had gained the park. Thérèse had followed him as though all the demons of hell were in pursuit, her little skinny brown hands, which were better fitted for lute-playing and embroidery than for carrying heavy weights, clutching fast hold of his cloak.

"Ah, monsieur has saved us both!" she cried, with passionate gratitude. "Regard, then, her face, monsieur! See, she revives with the cold air."

Rosamond's eyes slowly opened; she stared up at the bare branches of the great oak-tree under which they were sheltering, and at the ruddy sky against which its twigs were sharply outlined. Then, with a scared look, she turned towards the house, and saw that the whole of the north wing was in flames.

"Oh, what will they say to me?" she cried, piteously, her mind turning in the midst of this perilous adventure to the dreaded scolding which she felt to be in store for her.

"No one can blame you, sweetheart," said Denham. "'Tis they that are in fault to have left you alone, and the fire was caused by these cursed troopers, who treat friend and foe alike."

"Let me go back and try to save things!" cried Ros-

amond, shivering with fright. "My father will grieve if all is destroyed."

"Nay, I cannot let you go among those devils!" cried Arthur, holding her more closely. "Trust me, your father would sooner that his house were destroyed a thousand times over. And, see, rain is beginning to fall, and the wind is from the south; perchance 'twill only be the north wing that is burned. Now, tell me where I can find shelter for you."

"There is Barnaby's cottage," said Rosamond; "but they said 'twas full of soldiers."

"They must turn out, then," said Denham, shortly; "you will take your death of cold if you are out much longer."

Rosamond's terror was by degrees allayed, indeed; notwithstanding her grief for the house, she was still such a child as to feel a strange sort of interest in the novelty and excitement of this adventure. Moreover, though it was terrible to see lurid flames shooting through the windows of familiar rooms, there was, nevertheless, a curious pleasure in being cared for with such tenderness; only once before had she experienced anything like it, and that was when they had all thought her dying. To be the most absorbing thought in the mind of any one while in the possession of health and strength and the power to enjoy was bewildering but delightful; she cared neither for the rain nor the cold; a feeling of blissful, drowsy content stole over her; she would not have murmured if for an indefinite time they had been forced to traverse the silent park with the flaming house behind them and the grim darkness before, with Cymro at their heels, and with Thérèse in the strangest dishabille beside them. Long before they had reached Barnaby's cottage, however, her love had advanced a stage. She noticed that her bearer moved a little less quickly, and remembered that he was a man of Dick's build—not anything like so vigorous and athletic as Joscelyn.

"Let me walk," she said; "indeed I am able."

"In the rain and cold with bare feet?" said Denham. "Do you think I should let you do that?"

"But you are tired and out of breath, and it is far to the gate."

"Three arguments that increase the satisfaction of carrying you," said Denham, with a smile.

Almost unconsciously she passed her hand gently over his dark hair, with much the same sort of caress that she might have bestowed on Cymro when he had comforted her after a scolding. After which, Denham, thrilled through and through by the touch of the little cold fingers, drew her down more closely to him, and, ignoring the presence of Thérèse, kissed her again and again, while Rosamond began better to understand the song from *Twelfth Night* which had haunted her mind since the previous afternoon. When at length she found herself safely beside the hearth in Barnaby's cottage, with Robin's wife rubbing her cold feet, the conviction that she and Arthur Denham belonged to each other had become part of her very being; she scarcely even changed color when she heard him boldly telling the exact state of the case to Barnaby, and announcing that she was his betrothed.

"'Tis right glad I am to hear it, sir," said dear old Barnaby, with tears in his eyes. "And 'tis the flower of the flock you have got, sir, to my way of thinking. She'll devil-up into the flower of the flock."

He bustled off to see what could be done towards helping to save the property, while Rosamond covered her face and sank back upon the old oak settle, shaking with laughter at Barnaby's theories as to her development.

"But you must still love me, even if I do not, as Barnaby foretells, devil-up into a beauty," she said, her blue eyes looking appealingly, yet with a smile, straight into his.

"My dear heart," he said, "'tis yourself that I love, and nothing but death shall part us."

After that assurance Rosamond let Robin's wife lead her away to a quiet little attic, where, with Thérèse and Cymro to guard her, she slept like a baby for the next five hours. Indeed, the maid had much difficulty in rousing her at dawn, and it was only the repeated sound of the words "Katterham" and the "Court-house" that finally succeeded in making her start up from her pillow.

"What news of my brother?" she cried. "Is he worse?"

"No, no, ma'm'selle; but Barnaby and Monsieur Denham they both say 'tis the only safe place for you. And come, rise, my child, quick, then! The horses await us."

"How can I have slept while the house was burning?" said Rosamond. "Why, Thérèse, that is my mother's pelisse and hood and her blue tabby dress."

"Yes, ma'm'selle," said Thérèse, "the only things that your *fiancé* could lay hands upon, and too great for you, but they will serve to keep you warm."

"He went back to get them?" asked Rosamond, anxiously.

"Yes, ma'm'selle; and thanks to the heavy rain, naught but the north wing hath been burned, though the soldiers have made havoc everywhere."

Hurrying down the steep stairs in her rather cumbersome pelisse, Rosamond found breakfast awaiting her in Barnaby's kitchen, and the old gate-keeper in close conversation with some one in the dress of a groom, who nevertheless wore the long hair which was the distinctive badge of a gentleman.

"The disguise is not good," said Rosamond. "You must let us arrange your hair in the crown of the hat, sir, else will all men divine that you are no true groom. Why is it needful that you should be disguised?"

"I am travelling without a pass through the enemy's country, and must no longer wait for my Lord Goring's troop to bear me company." Then, as they were left alone for a few minutes, he lowered his voice a little. "I will tell you the whole truth: I am bearing despatches from my Lord Hopton to the King, and am first to contrive, if possible, to see certain Royalists in London."

"But to take me to Katterham will make your journey yet longer and more hazardous," said Rosamond, her eyes dilating; for since Joscelyn's adventure with the despatches she had learned to dread, above all things, the thought of letter-carrying for those she loved.

"Perchance a trifle longer," said Denham; "there is no help for that. I shall not rest till I have seen you in your brother's care. The Court-house will be by far the best shelter for you, and if Sir Thomas is angry with me for taking the law into my own hands, why he can come up from Bristol and himself place you elsewhere."

"Sir," she said, "I shall not stir one step from Barnaby's cottage till you promise me one thing."

The air of resolution and the womanly attire added a strange new dignity to the little girlish face that looked up at him.

"What is your will, dear heart," he said, kissing her.

"I want to carry the despatches," said Rosamond, holding out her hand expectantly.

Wholly unprepared for such a request, Arthur expostulated, argued, pointed out the risk of the plan; but all to no purpose. Rosamond quietly untied her hood, and, sitting down to the table, began to stir her hot ale with a sprig of rosemary.

"I shall stay with Barnaby, then," she remarked, carelessly, "and you, sir, can go on to Farnham with my Lord Goring."

Denham was silent—puzzled and provoked by her unexpected resolution. "You forget," he urged, after a minute, "that I must be guided by my honor and conscience."

"No," said Rosamond, with a curious flash of light in her eyes, "'tis you, sir, that forget what is consistent with my sense of honor; you risk everything for me, and refuse me my just share when I, too, want to help."

Arthur hesitated a little, loath to yield, yet touched by her words. She saw her advantage, and, springing up, clasped her hands over his arm imploringly.

"You know well," she said, "that the Parliamentary soldiers would never dream of molesting a girl. Dick has told me that many times women have been the best and safest messengers. See, I will hide them here within my pelisse—they shall be your love-pledge to me."

He was conquered at last, and a few minutes later the two were riding off to Katterham, Thérèse on a pillion behind the genuine groom, and Rosamond holding fast to her disguised lover. In the dim light of the winter's morning Barnaby opened the gates for them and bade them godspeed; then, with a sigh, turned back towards the half-ruined manor, hoping that Lord Goring would find his quarters too uncomfortable for a further stay, and congratulating himself that the little playfellow who had followed him about so faithfully ever since she could run alone was out of harm's way.

"I shall miss her full sore," he said to himself, "and she will be married and changed ere I see her again. But 'tis the road we all have to travel, and with a good mate 'tis not ill faring."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Many times . . . I must come with my ill-ravelled work to Christ, to encumber him (as it were) to right it, and to seek again the true end of the thread. But God be thanked for many ill-ravelled hesps which Christ hath mended since first he entered tutor to lost mankind.—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

ROSAMOND'S loving plan succeeded well, and carried them safely through a really perilous hour when they were forced to rest the horses at Guildford. The men had to submit to searching and cross-examination, but no one troubled the French maid and her weary-looking little mistress. At last, quite late in the evening, they rode slowly up the long hill near Willey Farm, dimly discerning the old yew-trees which served as a rough indication of the bridle-path leading to the brow of the hill to which they had been directed. Rosamond was so weary that she could scarcely keep her seat on the pillion; her head had sunk down onto Denham's shoulder, and her voice had grown sad and plaintive.

"I begin to fear meeting my brother's wife," she said. "What if, after all, she be not willing to have me?"

"Nay, no fear of that," said Denham; "I learned to know her well while I was a prisoner at Gloucester, and she is one of a hundred. She will be the best possible protector for you."

"Ah, what is that?" cried Rosamond, clutching more closely hold of him as a lantern suddenly flashed upon them, and a stalwart figure strode forward at an angle of the road where the old Roman Stane Street was crossed by a path known as the Pilgrim's Way.

"Who art thou for?" said a deep voice; and Rosamond, straining her eyes to see the speaker's face, could dimly discern the solemn, stern features of a yeoman who was evidently of the Puritan persuasion.

"Who art thou for?" repeated their challenger.

"Sir," said Rosamond, "I am travelling with my servants to the Court-house. My father's house hath been burned by my Lord Goring's troopers, and I seek shelter with my brother, Captain Heyworth."

"May the Lord protect you, mistress," said the old yeoman. "I knew not whether ye were friends or foes. If 'tis the Court-house you seek, I had best guide you across yonder bit of common, or maybe you'll miss the road on the other side."

He plodded along beside them, his lantern shedding a fitful light on the track, while Rosamond roused herself to talk incessantly, fearful lest Arthur should betray himself to be anything but the groom he represented.

Farmer Smith insisted on seeing them to the very door of the Court-house, and poor Rosamond felt a little guilty when, with the despatches for the King securely hidden in her bosom, the Puritan lifted her from her pillion, and, invoking a solemn blessing on her, bade them good-night. As they waited in the darkness for the great front door to be opened to them she handed the perilous packet to her lover, heartily wishing that there were neither kings nor parliaments to disturb their peace, yet with a sense of relief that for the present, at any rate, Arthur was in perfect safety. At length the grille was opened, and a servant inquired what they wanted. Rosamond, quite worn out with her journey, left all explanations to her lover; her courage and spirit had deserted her, and when the door was flung back and a stream of light from within revealed a tall lady dressed in mourning robes, her knees trembled beneath her

as she courtesied, and it needed the whole of her self-control to keep from bursting into tears.

"How can we ever thank you enough, Mr. Denham?" said a low, sweet voice. "Welcome to the Court-house, dear Rosamond. Why, you poor little maid, you are well-nigh frozen."

As for Cymro, he did not wait to be asked, but bounded straight through the house into the library.

"He has gone to Joscelyn," said Rosamond, apologetically. "I hope, madam, you do not mind dogs?"

"In truth I am not over-fond of them," said Clemency, smiling, "but I shall like your dog, little sister, never fear. Now come in to the fire, and see if you do not think Joscelyn on the road to recovery."

Throwing her arm about the child, she guided her across the hall and into the snug room beyond, where, in Joscelyn's delightful greeting, Rosamond forgot all her cares, and could have smiled to think that she had stood in awe of Clemency even for a moment. The young husband and wife took her right into the centre of their home, and Rosamond had never in her whole life been so happy as she was that night; she would not trouble herself over the uncertain future or over the ruined manor, but just basked in the present sunshine, which, in contrast to her somewhat dreary life, was dazzling in its brightness.

"If one did not ache all over, 'twould be just like heaven!" she reflected, in dreamy content.

It was, alas! a heaven that soon came to an end; for the very next day Joscelyn received a letter from Jervis, who, it seemed, had been made prisoner while on a foraging expedition, and having been carried up to London, wrote an urgent request that his brother would endeavor to procure a release for him, or get together the money for his ransom. The letter was written from Newgate, but Jervis was to be

removed immediately to one of the ships in the Thames, used on account of the overcrowded state of the London prisons.

"And they are the worst of all," said Denham, who, little as he liked Jervis Heyworth, could not but feel some pity for him.

"Then," said Joscelyn, "I will ask you to bear me company at sunrise to-morrow. I shall be some sort of protection to you if you travel in the dress you wore from Shortell, and you and Morrison and a coach-and-six will contrive to get me to London in a fashion that will satisfy even Clemency."

"You will let me come with you?" she pleaded.

"Nay, dear heart," he said, "I would far leifer that you stayed with Rosamond and Tom and the children; 'tis scarce right to leave them alone. I will not be away more than a couple of nights, and, to please you and our friend, the surgeon from Croydon will visit Dr. Mayerne, and find out from him what can be done with this old wound of mine, which doth not even yet forgive the Cornishman's pike."

So in the faint sunshine of the cold January morning Rosamond parted from her lover, and Joscelyn, not without a sense of keen delight at being once more astir, stepped briskly into the coach, bearing about him the money for his brother's ransom, and looking forward with his usual sanguine cheerfulness to the result of his interview with the famous doctor.

"Who knows," he said, gayly, "if I may not, after all, serve the country once more as something better than a justice of the peace in this quiet place? There is a talk of recruiting the members of the House of Commons and filling up the gaps left by the absentees. Perchance I might serve that fashion, though unfitted for fighting."

By the time they reached London they found it was too

"HE RODE DOWN CASTLE STREET."

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late to set about delivering Jervis that night. Joscelyn, however, called upon Sir Robert Pye, and procured the necessary orders and permission to have him removed from his floating jail at noon the next day. Morrison, meantime, had been with a letter to Sir Theodore Mayerne, one of the leading physicians of the day, who had ranged himself on the side of the Parliament. He brought back word that the doctor would see his master at seven o'clock the next morning, and after a night's rest at the Blue Boar, in Holborn, Joscelyn, with his faithful servant in attendance, made his way to the great man's house. He was ushered into a finely-proportioned study, the walls of which were covered with pictures, and with books that had evidently seen good service. Behind a large table, on which were stacked in neat slides a number of works of reference, there sat a very stout, benevolent-looking man, whose keen eyes seemed to read at a glance the character and the physique of his visitor. Somehow Joscelyn grew less hopeful as his examination proceeded; his eyes rested on the model of a man in wax which stood on the table, and he fell to thinking of all the woes that flesh is heir to while Dr. Mayerne was plying him with questions as to the nature of his wound at the battle of Lansdown, the length of time he had lain untended on the hill-side, details of his journey to Gloucester, details of the pain which had first become troublesome as they lay in the fields on the frosty winter nights during the march to Arundel.

When at last all was ended, and the great man was scribbling various items in a book, Joscelyn waited in painful suspense for the verdict; the picture of Hippocrates, the physician, which hung over the chimney-piece, seemed to stare down at him with mournfully prophetic eyes; the minutes dragged by as slowly as though he had been confronting a whole army in that dread pause of waiting for hostilities to begin which tries the courage of all.

At length Sir Theodore looked up with an air of cheerful resolution, of determination to put his verdict in as pleasant a fashion as might be, yet nevertheless to tell the whole truth.

"You have served your country very gallantly, Captain Heyworth," he said, "and now you must stand aside, and leave the work to other men."

"I know, sir, that I can never be fit for active service, but—"

"Aye, I know what you would say," said the doctor; "you would serve in the senate if not in the field. But, sir, I must tell you plainly that 'tis impossible. You may, please God, live to a good old age, but the injury you got at Lansdown, and the cold and exposure of your campaigns since then, have set up internal mischief that can never be repaired. You may, I hope, live to be as old as Barzillai, but 'twill be more or less as an invalid." He paused, and began to write down certain directions and remedies which might alleviate pain, though powerless to cure.

"A quiet country life hath its own pleasures," he added, presently. "Remember Cincinnatus. With care I am well assured that your life may long be spared. Your youth is in your favor—twenty-three years of age last Michaelmas, you say? That is a great advantage. Youth, sir, in a fight with disease, is the greatest possible advantage."

Joscelyn did not reply; there rang in his ears the familiar text, "Now Barzillai was a very aged man, even fourscore years." The picture of Hippocrates seemed to fade away, and in its place he saw, in staring white figures on a black ground,

80
23
—
Remainder, 57

A strange feeling of numbness crept over him as he bade

Sir Theodore Mayerne farewell; he found himself reflecting dreamily on the difficulty of presenting a fee with any sort of grace when a man had but a left hand to do it with.

Then the front door was opened, and the frosty morning air revived him a little and sent a sharp thrill of realization through his consciousness. The clock in a neighboring church struck eight. It was early morning still! Hours and hours had to be lived through before he could give the rein to his misery in darkness and solitude—hours during which he must always be haunted by that dread vista of fifty-seven healthless years.

CHAPTER XXXIX

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part:
I give my patient God
A patient heart.

—ANON.

JOSCELYN had not walked many paces from Dr. Mayerne's house when he recollected that at least there was one piece of work for him to do.

"I will take a boat at the Temple stairs," he said to his servant, "and will see if my brother's release can be effected."

"The air will be cold, sir, on the river," urged Morrison. "Were it not better to send the order of release by a trusty messenger?"

But Joscelyn was determined to see Jervis himself, and into his ever-sanguine heart there crept a hope that now at last their differences might be made up. Hailing one of the watermen, he stepped into a boat and gave orders to be rowed with all speed to the *Neptune*. The wintry wind blew coldly, but the sun was shining and the rime-laden trees in the gardens leading down to the river sparkled in its beams;

the spire of old St. Paul's stood out against the pale blue sky, and the gloomy Tower rising from the river-side took Joscelyn's thoughts away to the memory of Sir John Eliot's sufferings. He remembered how Colonel Hampden had told him of the King's persistent injustice and cruelty towards his friend; and how, when at length his health succumbed to the hardships of his prison life, the tyrant's enmity had been carried on even after death, and with incredible meanness his son's request to take the body of his father to Port Eliot for burial had been refused. Somewhere within that gloomy pile the ashes of the great patriot yet remained; and Joscelyn was still musing on the part he had played in the great struggle for freedom, when he became aware of an unusual concourse of people flocking along in the direction of the Tower. It suddenly flashed into his mind that this was the very day appointed for the execution of Laud on Tower Hill.

"See, sir," exclaimed Morrison, "the folk go to see the archbishop beheaded."

"Shall I not row ye there in time for the show, sir?" suggested the waterman.

Joscelyn shook his head with a gesture of distaste.

"I wish you would go, sir," pleaded Morrison. "Fain would I see the end of him that has cropped and branded and pilloried and ruined many hundreds of the Lord's people. Why, sir, you yourself owe him a grudge; for had not the Church truckled to the King and aided and abetted his tyranny, there would never have been a call on you to fight for liberty, and you would not have been left a shattered wreck now."

"The axe is too good for un," growled the boatman. "They are more merciful to him than e'er he was to others. Have ye forgot, sir, how he pulled off his cap and thanked God for the sentence on Dr. Leighton, that he himself had

procured, to a torture worse than death? Have ye forgot how at Lambeth to get evidence from—"

"Be silent," said Joscelyn. "He is dying, and hath doubtless repented. I would that they had left him to die in his bed, for he is old, and methinks past harming the nation any more. There be others more guilty who go untouched."

His tone silenced the men, and for some time nothing was heard save the monotonous plash of the oars and the dull roar of voices in the distance. A profound depression fell upon Joscelyn; he could not think the death of the archbishop a necessity, and more and more it seemed to him that the Presbyterians were following in Laud's own mistaken steps, and forcing upon a reluctant people a uniformity which meant bondage. When would the day of toleration, for which Hampden had hoped and Brooke had argued, dawn on the troubled land? When would men learn that the highest unity is incompatible with forced uniformity?

His spirits were not raised by the visit to the *Neptune*, where a glimpse into the stifling hold in which the unfortunate prisoners lay was enough in his weakened state to make him stagger and clutch hold of Morrison for support. The jailer, having received the order of release, went to summon Jervis, and in a few minutes the two brothers confronted each other, the elder with disordered dress and traces of the sufferings he had gone through during his brief imprisonment, the younger white to the lips, looking as though he had already lived through years of pain. For a minute Jervis was too much taken aback at the havoc wrought in him to do anything but stare.

"Confound it all!" he cried, with a blank look at the empty sleeve of his brother's doublet, "what have you done with your arm?"

"Left it at Newbury," replied Joscelyn, the ghost of a smile flitting over his face.

"For once, then, rebellion has not paid," said Jervis, with a chuckle of satisfaction. "The jade Fortune hath meted out justice at last. Here, my friends," he said, beckoning to three miserable-looking captives who were taking their allotted time of exercise on deck, "let me present you with a fine example of the reward of virtue and the punishment of vice. Behold the loyal subject!"—he laughingly threw back his head and tossed up his strong arms; "behold the traitor!"—he pointed tauntingly to the figure leaning against the taffrail.

The prisoners, imbittered by suffering, burst into a roar of scornful laughter.

The hot blood surged up in Joscelyn's face, his eyes flashed; but in the midst of his anger he remembered the stifling hold in which these unfortunate Royalists had lain.

"Sirs," he said, with admirable temper, "I am glad to furnish mirth for you in this dismal prison, from which I heartily wish I had orders to release you as well as my brother."

"What, 'tis your brother; eh, Jervis?" said one of those who had laughed loudest. "And he hath come to release you? Then 'twas a scurvy trick you played us, and whatever his politics, I say your brother is a gentleman, and I ask his pardon for our discourtesy."

"Well, well," said Jervis, with an impatient shrug of the shoulders, "out of his disloyalty I suck no small advantage. So farewell, gentlemen, and may Heaven favor you all with a rebel kinsman to deliver you."

He disappeared over the side of the *Neptune*, and took his place in the stern of the little boat; but the sight of Joscelyn's slow descent, and the pain it evidently involved,

touched him; he could well understand what it must cost a man of his brother's temperament to be helped down into the stern by a servant and a waterman, and no more taunts escaped him. He volunteered an account of his father and of Dick, of the winter they had passed at Bristol, and how he hoped shortly to obtain an exchange into Prince Rupert's troop, Will Denham taking his place in Hopton's army.

This led the talk round to Arthur Denham and to the doings at Shortell, and by the time the two brothers had landed and made their way to Henry Barrington's chambers in the Temple the scene on board the *Neptune* was forgotten, and they parted in kindness. Jervis was Jervis still. But he was not ungrateful for his release, nor could he avoid feeling a certain sort of respect for the man whom he had termed a traitor.

"Brendon was right just now," he reflected, as he made his way up Drury Lane to the house of a Royalist friend. "Joscelyn will always remain a gentleman and a Heyworth. 'Tis my belief that had he not met with that arch-rebel Hampden he would have stood by the King as loyally as he stands by his own family."

Joscelyn returned to Katterham the next day, and for some weeks managed to endure life with a tolerable degree of ease. But after a time, when Rosamond had become thoroughly established at the Court-house, and had to spend most of the day over her studies, when Clemency could no longer devote herself exclusively to him, but was forced to spend much time in the guidance of her great household and in the care of her child, his spirits began to flag. It was in vain that she procured books for him—he seemed lacking in all inclination to open them; the weather was severe, and kept him almost entirely confined to the house, and the dull weight of his crippled existence seemed to

paralyze him completely; sometimes he would struggle against it, pace to and fro in the library in a dreary duty walk, or take up the copy of Milton's *Areopagitica* which had been sent to him from London, and try to grapple with sentences that stirred no answering thrill in his heavy heart.

Clemency, young and inexperienced, failed to understand his state. She could not enter into the misery he was undergoing at the thought that he could no longer work for the country, because she was absorbed in the rapturous relief of finding that his illness was not mortal, and that there was every chance of his living to old age. Surely he had now done enough for England? Surely he might enjoy, as she enjoyed, the quiet, uninterrupted bliss of home life?

It happened at this time that she was also anxious about little Tom, who was sadly frail and delicate. She kept her fears from Joscelyn, unwilling to add to his trouble, and having once noticed that the child's fretting irritated him, she made Charlotte keep the little fellow at every available minute, and not at all realizing that her frequent absences seemed long to Joscelyn, or that when she was with him her heart was all the time with her sick child.

Her change was, however, very apparent to him, and he brooded over it as only an invalid can brood, until the thing had grown out of all proportion, and he had almost persuaded himself that Clemency no longer cared for him, and wished him away. A gloom settled over the whole household; it seemed as if his own depression affected every one else; the very children scarcely spoke when they were in the same room with him, while Rosamond was again driven to confiding her sorrows to Cymro, and went about with as wistful a face as ever she had borne during her scolded life at Shortell. No one scolded her now, but she had a miserable perplexed feeling that something beyond her under-

standing was passing in the household, and she had often felt nearer to Joscelyn during his absence with Waller's army than she did now, though actually under the same roof.

By the time little Tom had practically recovered, Clemency awoke to the perception that her husband was beyond her help; they had drifted apart, and do what she would she could not regain the sense of perfect companionship which had made the first days of his illness bright. It was sometimes with a sense of unspeakable terror that she realized how little they really knew of each other. After all, what were the brief weeks of acquaintance before their betrothal but a surface knowledge? What was the interrupted intercourse during the war but a brief joy snatched out of the universal trouble and confusion? Clearly, now that he was entirely cut off from the outer world, he had learned the fatal error he had made — had realized that the wife to whom he was tied could in no way suffice him. So argued poor Clemency, and unconsciously her manner grew more grave and repressed. Always inclined by nature to see the sad aspect of life, and to depend on others for fostering her cheerfulness, she became each day less able to cope with the atmosphere of depression which pervaded the house. Moreover, she had never really recovered from the shock that Original Sin's treachery had given her, and though no one ever spoke of that past episode, and though it seemed to her more like a bad dream than a bit of actual life, it had left her nerves shattered and her powers of calm judgment impaired. To breath a word of her trouble to Mrs. Ursula would have been treason to her husband, and she went about always with the sad consciousness that her grandfather, the one being who might have put matters straight, had passed away to the other world, leaving her to struggle on as best she might—the incapable head of a dreary house.

At last one bleak spring day matters reached a crisis. For the last twenty-four hours Joscelyn had scarcely spoken a word to any one, and the dark, clouded look of his brow and eyes told that the demon of depression had him prisoner, body and soul. Something she must do to combat this wretched malady.

"Here is a newspaper just brought by Mr. George Evelyn's man," she said, entering the study timidly. "Maybe we shall hear more of the late mutiny at Farnham."

There was no reply.

"Oh, Joscelyn, there is good news!" she cried, glancing down the printed sheet, and beginning to read it aloud as she had so often done in her grandfather's time. "Sir William Waller came undiscovered to the Devizes till he faced the town, who sent out a party of horses and dragoons to skirmish with him, whom Waller's men beat back and pursued into the town, taking of them one hundred and ninety horse, sixty foot, and four hundred arms."

A gleam of eager interest flashed over Joscelyn's face, only to be succeeded by a more profound depression. His whole being rebelled against the useless life to which he was condemned; every pulse within him throbbed with strong desire to be back once more with his troop, leading them again to victory.

Clemency at last divined what was passing in his mind, and in her great longing to comfort him she forgot the diffidence that of late had made her manner restrained to the verge of coldness.

"Dear heart," she said, bending over him with a caress that a week ago he would have welcomed, "'twas foolish of me to read that to you, and yet methought the news of the victory would have given you pleasure."

All the wild rebellion against his lot seemed to express itself in the impatient vehemence with which he freed him-

self from her embrace. With a gesture which, from Joscelyn, was equivalent to a blow from another man, he sprang to his feet.

"All I ask," he cried, "is that you will leave me alone!"

The sound of his own voice in its wrathful intensity horrified him, and brought him back to his senses. If Clemency had shed a single tear he would have been at her feet in an instant. But the rebuff seemed to have turned her into stone; for a minute she stood motionless; then, without one word, she took his request literally and quitted the room.

Joscelyn paced the room in great trouble of mind. Not only was his life forever crippled, but it seemed that his character was also fast degenerating. Where was the buoyant strength that had carried him through the hardships and perils and temptations of his soldier life? Where was the hope that had been his staff? Where the cheerfulness that Waller had been wont to praise? Had all been swept away with his health? Was he merely the toy of circumstances, to be robbed of his courage and manhood by a musket-ball or the thrust of a pike? by the bitter frost or the damp of a campaign?

His eye fell on the motto carved on the chimney-piece:

> "Lett come what will come,
> God's will is well come."

Often during those dark days he had fiercely rebelled against the assertion; but now in the misery of his regret at having grievously pained Clemency, in the depths of his despair at the discovery of his own irritable impatience, he perceived that his failure had come from a mistaken notion that for an active life only need the will be consecrated to God. The days of his service were, after all, not ended; there was work before him—perchance the hardest work he

had ever been set to. For how could a man bring to mere endurance which seemed barren of all results the glad-hearted courage that had made active service a keen delight? What profit would his years of suffering bring to the country? How could pain and loss and inactivity be the welcome will of God? Before that great problem which has perplexed all men he stood for a while baffled. Presently, however, there flashed back into his memory a vision of the wooded valleys of Buckinghamshire, and away in the distance sharply outlined on the green hill-side the Whiteleaf Cross and the rainbow above it, as he had seen it on the day of Hampden's funeral.

If "the Captain of our Salvation" in doing the will of God had been brought through a life of suffering to a death of shame and apparent failure, were the rank and file to have no part in the same? On the other hand, if they shared in the pain, surely they also shared in the glory. And what was glory but the power to bring help?

He suddenly grasped a truth which he had never before even approached; he saw that to be "in Christ" meant not only to be redeemed, but also, in some sort, to be a redeemer. It was no mere metaphor of the head and the members, but a living fact; and he — crippled, shattered, doomed to physical inactivity—had yet the power to serve the country in ways unknown by the resolute consecration of his will.

The meaning of all the suffering he had seen, whether in its ghastliest forms on the battle-field or in the room at Thame, or at the death of such a victim as John Drake, of Lincoln, seemed now clear to him. It was the purchase-money of reform, of progress, of redemption from the slavery of sin to the freedom of love. When apparently profitless, it was, if not self-sought, the most honorable because the most difficult service of all.

Clemency meanwhile, shut into her little dressing-room, had utterly broken down; all her calm dignity had vanished, and she cried like a heart-broken child, partly from the sheer pain of the rebuff, partly from the growing sense of her own mistakes and shortcomings. Her over-anxiety about her babe had blinded her to Joscelyn's needs, and in her self-reproach she was ready to think that any other woman would have had the sense to avoid so great a blunder, and that had he but chosen some other wife all might have been well with him.

While she was still weeping very bitterly she heard a knock and the soft opening of her door, and fancying that it must be Monnie coming in her usual fashion to bear her company, made a hurried excuse, and, without raising her head, bade the child go.

"My dearest heart," said Joscelyn, stooping to kiss her hand, "forgive me."

She looked up in astonishment. Not a word would come to her lips, but she wreathed her arms about his neck, her sobs gradually ceasing as she clung to him.

"What a brute I must be to have mistaken you!" said Joscelyn. "Is it my wretched ill-temper that still makes you weep?"

"Not that now," said Clemency; "'tis over and gone. But I cannot forgive myself. I fretted and fussed because Tom was ailing, and I left you lonely. And then when I wanted to help you 'twas of no use, and I began to think just now it must all have been a mistake, and that you might have been happier if—if—"

"If what?" asked Joscelyn.

"If you had married some one else," said Clemency, sadly.

"But how could that be, when you are the only one in all this world that I love?"

"She might have had more sense than I have shown these last few weeks," said Clemency, despondently. "I mean that fair Mistress Anne Barrington, of whom you told me long ago."

He burst out laughing; and the sound of that clear, ringing laugh, which she had not heard since they were together at Farnham in the old garden of the Bush Inn, dispelled the last remnant of Clemency's sorrow.

"My beloved," said Joscelyn, holding her more closely as a vision rose before him of a girlish figure standing in an oriel-window, keenly conscious of the beauty of her own face and dress and dainty pink shoes, while she protested that his sad talk spoiled her pleasure, "pretty Mrs. Anne married a wealthy parson, who it is to be hoped will help her to climb 'the steep and thorny way.' Certain am I of this: that she could only have enticed me along 'the primrose path of dalliance.' So let us take heart, dearest, and begin anew and climb hand in hand."

"Hark!" said Clemency, starting back; "what can that strange shouting and hooting mean?"

Joscelyn threw open the casement, and a babel of voices reached them; but the church and the surrounding trees barred all further view.

Just then Hester's voice was heard beneath the window. "Had my grandfather been alive, 'twould not have chanced," she said, indignantly.

"But Joscelyn is now a magistrate," said Rosamond; "he could hinder them."

"What is amiss?" asked Joscelyn, to the great astonishment of the two girls, thrusting out his head from the upper window.

"Oh, Joscelyn, 'tis a wizard they brought to the pond to duck, and 'twas frozen hard, and now they vow they'll hang him."

"We'll put a stop to that," said Joscelyn, his eyes dilating as they were wont to do in excitement. "Come, Clemency, the people know you better than they know me; let us go together."

Clemency knew better than to protest that the afternoon was too cold for him; she only threw his cloak about him, and hurried forth into the bitter air without, following the two girls through the grounds to the gate-house, and across the road to a bit of open country where, to her infinite horror, she caught sight of the War Coppice Wizard—a familiar and greatly detested character, who for some six months had haunted the neighborhood—already hanging from the bough of an aged oak-tree. Around him, shouting and jeering, stood some thirty or forty villagers in a state of frenzied animosity. Joscelyn strode into the midst of them.

"Cut the man down!" he shouted, as though he had been commanding a troop.

The villagers, startled and a little awed, became perfectly silent; but no one volunteered to save the wizard, whose agonized struggles and convulsions were piteous to behold. No time was to be lost, and Joscelyn, seizing the quivering legs of the victim in his arm, raised the poor wretch as high as he could reach, relieving the strain of the rope round his throat.

"Out with your billhook, Diggory Brown!" he cried, catching sight of the village constable.

The man reluctantly obeyed, awkwardly drawing forth his hook, while he kept his first and fourth fingers studiously pointed towards the wizard like a two-pronged fork, to avert the evil-eye.

"Sir," he protested, I dursent touch un, he'll do me a mischief; he's overlooked more than one of the villagers, and Jake Johnson's cow is bewitched, and Gregory—"

"I will look into all that by-and-by," said Joscelyn. "Haste and cut the rope, or the man will be dead."

"Sir, if he be innocent, why the rope will break," protested the constable. "We do but put un to the ordeal. There's them above as 'll keep a innocent man from hanging."

"Try the ordeal on yourself, my friend, before you put a rope round another man's neck. Would to God I had my right arm! Is there not one man among you who will help me?"

The appeal touched them; not one, but half a dozen pressed forward to the rescue, and the unfortunate wizard was delivered out of the very jaws of death. For some minutes he lay half conscious on the grass, while Joscelyn dispersed the crowd; and when the constable seized him by the arm and led him off to the Court-house, he made no resistance, walking along in a dazed way, and allowing himself to be put in one of the cellars where prisoners were usually placed while waiting the magistrate's decision. Not till Diggory Brown had left the premises did Joscelyn address a single word to the wizard, and it was with no small trepidation that the women of the household saw him go down the cellar stairs to find out the truth about his prisoner. He came back in a quarter of an hour, and beckoned Clemency into the study to tell her what had passed.

"The fellow," he said, "is no wizard, even if such beings exist, which I greatly doubt. But, as ill-luck will have it, he is what is even more obnoxious in the eyes of all Englishmen—he is an Irishman."

Clemency shrank back in horror.

"What!" she cried; "one of those bloodthirsty savages, and you down there alone with him!"

"The poor fellow seems harmless enough," said Joscelyn, "and as far as I can make out his story it is this: He was seized by some of the King's party in Ireland, and forced on

board a troop-ship. Most of the soldiers were English, but there were others of his countrymen who had been pressed in the same way. The ship was wrecked on the Welsh coast and fell into the hands of Swanley, a Parliamentary captain, who had pity on the English Royalists, but showed no mercy to the Irish—the poor fellows were tied back to back and pitched into the sea. This Terence, as he calls himself, had better luck than the rest; the match ran short, he was insecurely tied, and parted from his fellow-victim as they were thrown. Managing to keep himself afloat, he was washed ashore at dusk, and ever since has tramped the country, living as best he can."

"But the folk do say he is a wizard," said Clemency.

"Merely because for six months he has lived in a sort of cave scooped out of the chalk below War Coppice, and because he avoids talking to the villagers, and potters about gathering strange herbs. Then his English is imperfect, and he crosses himself in the oddest and quickest fashion you ever saw, so that the folk are like enough to think he is muttering charms and making signs to the Evil One. He seems very grateful for his release, and when you see him and speak with him you will quickly find that he is no savage."

"But they say the Irish are worse than the most wicked of the Cavaliers," said Clemency; "that they slay and eat people."

Joscelyn laughed.

"'They Say' is ofttimes a great liar. For my part, I think whenever I hear of the wicked, bloodthirsty Irish, of my pretty old Irish grandmother, and the tales she told me of Brian Boru. And for her sake I ask you to take pity on this poor, ill-used vagabond."

"I will do it for your sake," said Clemency. "How can we help him?"

"Only by sheltering him here," said Joscelyn; "for had the villagers known him for an Irishman, they would have been legally within their rights in hanging him. Last October an ordinance was passed that every Irishman taken, either at sea or on land, should be put to death. I intend to break that law, and to keep the sixth commandment. Are you willing to share the risk with me?"

"Yes, dear heart," said Clemency, smiling; "that is precisely what I like best."

So Terence remained at the Court-house, and, being decently treated, he quickly lost the look which had roused the hatred and fear of the villagers. Joscelyn explained to them that he was a shipwrecked foreigner; and when he left off making cabalistic passes with his right hand, and sat soberly through the services every Sunday at the church, looking eminently respectable in his blue lackey's coat, even Diggory Brown, the constable, owned that he had made a mistake, and that, after all, it was not a case of the evil-eye.

The Irishman's attachment to his rescuer was touching to see, and when a month had passed Joscelyn determined to keep him as his own valet, thus freeing his faithful servant for the soldier's life that the honest fellow had relinquished for love of his master. Morrison obtained a post in Cromwell's own regiment in the New Model, and Joscelyn, with wistful eyes, watched him ride off from the Court-house, then turned back into his study to practise the slow and tedious left-hand writing in which he had determined to become a proficient.

CHAPTER XL

It is not the beautiful front, nor the rich furniture, but the noble heart and the rich mind of the owner that recommends the house.
—Sir William Waller.

One sunny afternoon towards the middle of June, Joscelyn, who was now able to take a fair amount of exercise, set out on a long postponed duty which, as a local magistrate, had fallen to his share. Rosamond, who was a better walker than Clemency, had volunteered to go with him; and the child's happiness was perfect when, with Cymro bounding on in advance, they crossed the park, talking of Dick and Shortell, making plans for the future—in which, of course, Arthur Denham had his share—and basking in the happy consciousness of a tolerably secure present, for in the previous month a letter had been received from Lady Heyworth, in which she mentioned that Jervis had visited her at Oxford, and had advised her that Rosamond was safest under Joscelyn's protection; and he, being only too eager to keep her, had promptly written to his mother, promising to give the child a home until the war was ended and her marriage could be arranged.

Passing the comfortable-looking farm of Friern, they walked down through shady woods, sweet with wild-roses and honeysuckle, to the tiny hamlet of Chaldon. The Manor House was still closed, and would not be again inhabited till Hal Coriton was of age. But Joscelyn's duty was in the church; and having obtained the key of the old sexton, he asked what the feeling of the people was with regard to the painting he had come to see.

"Bless you, sir," said the old man, "there's not one

among us but would fain have un daubed out. 'Tis a cruel popish picture, sir, as you'll see for yourself."

Throwing back the heavy door, he ushered them into the tiny church, and upon the west wall they found a grewsome painting in red and yellow ochre representing heaven and hell. In the lower portion eccentric-looking demons inflicted on their victims every sort of hideous torture; in the upper part the blessed were welcomed by angels. But that which arrested Joscelyn's attention and carried a new thought to his mind was the sight of a ladder stretching straight down from heaven to hell, and even in the deepest depths the miserable souls were struggling up it. Some, apparently, were dragged back by demons; but the ladder remained, and those that persevered seemed to gain the regions of the blessed.

"What do they call this painting?" he asked. "It must have been done by some monk in old times."

"I've always heard un call it 'The Ladder of Salvation,'" said the sexton, "and well can I mind gettin' in a cold sweat as a youngster at the bare thought of it. See that little winder up above, sir, with the deep splay to it? I mind looking up at that, and finding it wonderful comforting to see the blue sky, and to know that God Almighty was behind it. And what were all the divells in hell when compared with one as is almighty, and loves His very enemies? A doant mind them painted divells now I'm old, sir, for, says I, 'What's divells but a swarm o' nasty summer wasps?' Plaguy beasts is wasps; but they doant last long, sir, and evil be a plaguy thing thet spoils the world as wasps spoil the summer; but it doant last, sir; 'tis bound to go, and we'll be left alone with Him as was in the beginnin', is now, and ever shall be."

The quavering old voice had a genuine ring of conviction that appealed to Joscelyn.

"If you have been able to get from the painting so excellent a sermon," he said, "I doubt if I ought to deem this a 'superstitious picture.'"

"Eh, sir," said the old man, eagerly, "doey now let un put a coatin' o' whitewash over it. The children are cruel scaret by it."

Joscelyn smiled, and gave the order for the whitewashing.

"Folk are cruel enough already," he said to Rosamond, as they walked back through the woods. "There is no need to brutalize them more by such vivid shows of torture."

The old man's talk, and the thought suggested to him by "The Ladder of Salvation," and the struggling souls who mounted it, remained at work in his mind for many years. And often when Clemency spoke sadly of the horrible end of Original Smith, or when he himself was haunted by some of the terrible scenes he had witnessed during the war, a fresh gleam of light would dawn upon him, and he would add a page or two to the manuscript which all through these stormy years of strife and sorrow, of national convulsions and personal pain, slowly accumulated in his desk. In the careful, clear writing which he at length achieved with his left hand there gradually grew a volume, published in Commonwealth days under the title: "Of the torments of hell, the foundations shaken and removed; with many infallible proofs that there is not to be a punishment that shall never end."

And often Clemency would turn to a passage against which she had pencilled a date in the margin.

"Such torments of such continuance," urged the writer, "agree not to the gracious mind and merciful heart of a saint — he desires not any man or creature to be in such torment an hour; therefore it doth in no way agree to the mind of God. We find the more the Lord manifests himself in any, the more their minds and spirits are humbled,

the more loving and merciful they are even to their enemies, and can do them good for evil. Christ is full of love and mercy to the worst men. It was truly said of Him that He was a friend of publicans and sinners."

On the very Saturday that they had walked so peacefully to Chaldon, the battle of Naseby had been fought, and on the Monday the village was ringing with the news. On the Tuesday, Joscelyn, to his surprise, received a visit from his old friend Waller. The Conqueror's military career was over; for in accordance with the Self-denying Ordinance he had given up his command, and had returned to Westminster, to be merely the Member for Andover. A genuine patriot and a perfect gentleman, he was full of joy at the success of the New Model, in whose victories he could not share, although he had been the man to urge the necessity of calling it into being. This brilliant victory of Naseby, in especial, could not fail to cheer all who longed for freedom; but it was clouded to Joscelyn by the news of his brother's death.

Sir William Waller had brought with him a letter from Mr. John Rushworth, secretary to General Fairfax, giving details of the battle, and at the close of a triumphant account of the thousand slain in the fight and the pursuit, of the five thousand prisoners, including some five hundred officers, and of the capture of the King's artillery, his colors, his coach, and his cabinet, came the brief lines which were all that they ever learned about the death of Jervis. Sitting with Waller in the window-seat of his study at the Court-house, Joscelyn read and reread the account: "A party of theirs that broke through the left wing of horse came quite behind the rear to our train, the leader of them being a person somewhat in habit like the general—in a red montero, as the general had. He came as a friend; our commander of the guard of the train went with his hat in his hand, and

asked him how the day went, thinking it had been the general; the Cavalier, who we since heard was Rupert, asked him and the rest if they would have quarter? They cried "No," gave fire, and instantly beat them off. It was a happy deliverance. There was slain one Captain Jervis Heyworth, brother to him that was your prime favorite. He, getting a musket-ball in the breast when Prince Rupert and the rest took to flight, dropped from his horse, fetched a groan or two, and so died, ere the surgeon could come at him."

Joscelyn sat for some time in silence, vividly realizing the whole scene. It was a comfort to him to remember that, at any rate, he had saved Jervis from the utter misery of the prison-ship in the Thames, and that there was just one pleasant memory of his brother which he could carry through life—the kindly glance and the few words of friendly farewell when they had parted in the Temple. Jervis had gained his great wish of serving under the gallant Prince Rupert, for whom, spite of his faults, Joscelyn could not but feel a certain admiration, and he had fallen while fighting bravely, as became a Heyworth.

"'Tis ever the prince's failing to charge with great resolution, to succeed, and then to mar his work by wasting time over the baggage-wagons," said Waller. "'Twas this that kept him off the field over-long at Edgehill; he blundered in the first battle, and now hath, spite of his zeal and courage, blundered in that which may prove the last battle of this war."

"The last!" cried Joscelyn, starting to his feet. "Is there indeed a hope that this may be the last?"

"Methinks the King will find it impossible to recover from a blow as severe as this," said Waller, "and peace must soon come to this bleeding country. Yesterday several that had been at Naseby—Colonel John Fiennes, among others—were

"DICK ARDENTLY DECLARING HIS LOVE."

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called into the House, and gave us a full account of the battle, and I, privately getting this letter with news of your brother, was glad to snatch a day to ride down here and see you."

Joscelyn pressed his guest to remain, but Waller shook his head.

"Right gladly will I come here from time to time," he said; "though for the peace and rest of this quiet haven that you provide for me, I, in return, can but give you an echo of the strife and care which surround us at Westminster. But now I can only lie here this one night, since early on Thursday both Houses and the City are to keep together the Day of Thanksgiving, with services at Christchurch, and afterwards a dinner given by the Lord Mayor. Then, erelong, we shall have before us the reading of the papers found in the King's cabinet, which have not yet been deciphered."

"God grant they may tend to the peace we all crave," said Joscelyn, with a sigh.

When in a month's time he saw for himself the treacherous letters which were printed and read throughout the length and breadth of the land, he realized that the seizure of the cabinet had done more for England than years of fighting could have achieved. Before all men Charles was now shown to be hopelessly false to his word and a traitor to his country. Even those who had sacrificed much for his cause were appalled at the revelation, and, though many months passed before Joscelyn knew it, his brother's awakening dated from this time.

At last Dick's idol was shattered. It was impossible for such a genuine Englishman to regard as the beau ideal of all that was noble and virtuous a sovereign who had tried to bring over to England the savage French soldiers who fought under the Duke of Lorraine, or who contemplated making

peace with his Irish rebels that he might bring over an army of forty thousand of them to fight his English rebels.

Poor Dick fought on in Hopton's army, but he could put no heart into his work; nothing but his youth and his love for Hester kept him from actually throwing himself into the jaws of death, so miserable was the sense that his ideal had been but a dream.

Good old Sir Thomas still hotly maintained that the King could do no wrong; but the revelation, coming as it did just after the news of his son's death, struck him to the heart. He fought on doggedly, trying to persuade himself that the letters were forgeries, and quoting more fervently than ever the motto borne on Hopton's standard: "I will strive to serve my sovereign King." But he was never again the same man; and it was with relief indescribable that Dick learned one day of Lord Hopton's resolve to accept the honorable terms which Fairfax offered to the army of the west, and to lay down his arms. By this time Sir Thomas, worn out with the frost and cold of the winter and the soaking rains of February, his hearing impaired by the explosion of their store of gunpowder in Torrington Church, and his spirits depressed by the daily desertions of his men, was in no state to resist the general conclusion that they were hopelessly beaten. The terms of surrender were far better than Dick had expected: they were allowed their choice either to go back to their homes or to leave the country, and the officers were to be allowed to keep their horses and pistols; those who stayed in England were, however, required to swear that they would never serve against the Parliament. But even this oath Sir Thomas took in a quiet, dazed fashion, without one protest.

It was Arthur Denham who hesitated longest. And in the end even he was brought to see that the King's cause must have been utterly hopeless before such a man as Lord

Hopton would have consented to lay down his arms, and that for himself perhaps the truest work might be to help Dick in getting old Sir Thomas safely home. Their weary journey, ending as it did in the arrival at the desolate manor with its blackened walls and devastated rooms, was desolate enough. It was rendered all the more miserable when old Barnaby told them the latest news from Oxford. Lady Heyworth had accompanied her daughter and Sir Toby Blount to France, Isabella having, a fortnight before, received orders to attend on the Queen. This seemed to be the last drop in the poor old baronet's cup.

"There is Rosamond still left to me," he said. "We will ride on to Katterham; 'tis not fitting that she stays longer under that rebel's roof."

"Sir," protested Dick, "he hath sheltered her as a brother. Can we not at length lay aside our differences?"

But Sir Thomas, in his misery of mind and body, had relapsed into the sharp, irascible tone of former years.

"Is he less a rebel because his party hath triumphed?" he asked, angrily. "'Tis unwillingly enough I have thus long left the maid there, and for myself I tell you frankly I will not lie in his house or break bread with him."

Dick fell into deep dejection. They paused to bait the horses at the way-side inn where he had first seen Hester, and dined in the very room where Original Sin had met with his death; he could almost have fancied that he again felt Hester's terrified grip on his arm as she caught sight of the dead man on the floor, and her face, sweet and womanly and compassionate, as she stooped to cut off a piece of his hair for the bereaved mother, rose vividly before him.

"Will you, then, lie at Bletchingley, sir?" he asked, sorely disappointed that they were not at once to proceed to the Court-house.

Sir Thomas nodded an assent, but in his secret heart he would fain have ridden straight to Katterham; and when they found Sir Richard away and Bletchingley Hall shut up, his spirits sank, though he insisted on passing the night there, and drove Dick almost desperate by vowing that he would follow Lady Heyworth to France, and remain on the Continent for the rest of his life.

He was in a mood which would brook no resistance, and neither Dick nor Arthur Denham understood his sudden change from a dazed indifference to vehement and obstinate action. The two friends slept, however, being young and weary; the old man rested but for a couple of hours, and then lay in the darkness, revolving in his overwrought brain a dozen wild schemes for his future life. At sunrise he stole out of the house, saddled his horse with his own hands, and rode up the hill to Katterham, finding a certain pleasure in the bleak March wind, and in the consciousness that he was stealing a march on his companions, who still slept peacefully at Bletchingley. At the gate-house he inquired for Rosamond, and was admitted. The order and comfort that he saw around him made a strong contrast to the wretched plight in which he had left his own Manor House, and bitter thoughts and stinging speeches began to crowd into his mind. He decided that he would ask for Joscelyn, and speak with him at the door, coldly refusing even to dismount. But his plans were checkmated, for the front door stood open, and on the step between the great box bushes sat two figures, a girl of seven or eight years old, and a curly-headed, blue-eyed boy of two. Between them was a basket of daffodils over which some dispute had arisen, which was happily ended by the unexpected appearance of the horse and its rider. Monnie jumped up and courtesied shyly, but Tom, at the sight of the powerful charger, uttered a shout of joy, and began to caper with glee,

and with outstretched arms to plead in baby fashion to be lifted up.

Sir Thomas dismounted, and taking the child in his arms, looked eagerly into the little fair face with its unmistakable Heyworth features and crisp little curls; in the meantime Monnie, in some alarm, had summoned Charlotte, who came hurrying out with apologies to the stranger.

"Is your master at home?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Yes, sir," said Charlotte, "he hath been at home now this long time; but all through this winter he was forced to keep to his bed, and is but now recovering his strength a little. Walk in, sir, and I will tell my mistress. What name shall I say, sir?"

Sir Thomas somewhat reluctantly revealed himself; but Charlotte's beaming face of delight mollified him.

"Oh, sir," cried the faithful servant, "'twill be indeed a glad day for my master! He hath been full of anxiety for you, and Mistress Rosamond, too. I will haste and tell her, sir. I little thought when I found the child making so free with a stranger that he had been the first to know his own grandsire!"

Charlotte ushered the guest into the library, threw another log on the fire, and bustled off to announce the glad news.

Sir Thomas paced to and fro with a confused sense that circumstances were too strong for him, and a haunting memory of a plan he had conceived which had been overthrown by the greeting of a little child. Suddenly his eye fell on a newspaper which lay on the table, and, taking it up, he established himself comfortably beside the hearth and began to read. What was this ill news which met his glance on the very first page he opened:

"Letters have been brought by Mr. Temple with information that Sir Jacob Astley hath been totally routed by

Colonel Morgan and Sir William Brereton at Stow-on-the Wold. After a sore conflict on both sides, wherein two hundred of his men were slain, Sir Jacob Astley and sixteen hundred of the Royalists were taken prisoners. The word of the Parliament's forces was, 'God be our guide!' Astley's word was, 'Patrick!' and 'George!' The King's cause is now finally defeated, even by the confession of Sir Jacob Astley himself, one of the bravest among them. He, talking to some of the Parliament officers after he was prisoner, told them, 'Now you have done your work, and may go play, unless you fall out among yourselves.'"

The newspaper dropped from the old man's hand. In a dim way he had known that hope was at an end ten days ago in Cornwall, but now, seeing the words actually in print, the truth flashed upon him in all its intensity. Without a word or a moan he dropped back in the chair, and Clemency, entering the room a moment later, found him stiff and unconscious.

For three days he remained in that strange death in life, and when once more he came to himself and saw Rosamond and Dick near him, all recollection of what had passed had gone from his mind. He seemed puzzled by the room, and asked where they had taken him.

"We are at the Court-house, sir," explained Rosamond, "with Joscelyn and Clemency."

"Clemency?" he said. "Who is Clemency?"

"She is your new daughter, sir, Joscelyn's wife," said Clemency, coming forward with a bowl of soup, and beginning to feed him. Sir Thomas asked no more questions, but took the food obediently like a child, eying her from time to time with great content.

"I had thought the lad was still at Cambridge," he said, musingly, "and lo! he hath a wife and a house of his own."

"And a child, sir," said Clemency, smiling; "your little grandson."

"Well, well," said Sir Thomas, "time passes quickly when one is old. And to tell you the truth, my dear, I forget things now; I forget."

He fell asleep peacefully, and, leaving him in Charlotte's care, the three stole down quietly to Joscelyn and told him the news.

"He hath recovered, but his memory seems gone," said Clemency. "He thought you were still unmarried and at Cambridge."

"Then maybe he will never remember what hath happened betwixt that time and this," said Joscelyn. "Let us keep from him all things that would remind him of the war. Put the armor away in the garret out of sight, and let no one speak a word of public matters. Do you agree to this, Dick?"

"Aye, right willingly," he replied.

"But wait," said Joscelyn. "Hath my father already freed the estate from sequestration?"

"No; for the only way to do it involved taking the Covenant, and he would die first, though he swallowed the negative oath quietly enough at Truro. 'Tis hard on you, now that you are heir, for unless he can be brought to do it he will not be able to save Shortell, though they say the date for being admitted to composition hath been further extended since December."

"Every possible chance will be given to those who would make their peace," said Joscelyn; "but you are wrong in saying I am the heir. Now that Jervis is dead, the estate will come to you. My father disinherited me long ago."

"In words, but never legally," replied Dick. "You are heir to Shortell, my friend, however much you may protest against it. And even if my father regained his memory and

became capable of making another will, which you know is scarcely likely, his bequeathing the estate to me could only land us in fresh trouble, for should not I have to go forthwith before the committee at Goldsmith's Hall and take the Covenant? No, no; you are the heir, and with you there will be no difficulty whatever."

Joscelyn mused over the position for a time.

"Legally," he said, "I suppose I am the heir, but morally not. I shall only consent to be the nominal owner, Dick; Shortell must virtually be yours. You and Hester will, methinks, quickly drive out the ghosts, the bats, and perchance some of the bitter memories."

"But you should be just before you are generous!" cried Dick. "You forget your child. Are you not defrauding him of his rights?"

Joscelyn put his thin white hand on little Tom's curly head, and looked at him for a moment in silence.

"No, Dick," he said, presently; "methinks I give him a better birthright by showing him that law is not always equity, and that justice now and then doth elude its coarse meshes. Moreover, I would venture to stake a fair amount that Tom, if he lives to be a man, will himself say that the estate was rightfully yours, and will not quarrel with my decision."

All through that year of 1646 the Court-house became a sort of shelter of the destitute, Joscelyn and Clemency not only giving a home to Sir Thomas and Dick and Rosamond, but welcoming the Denhams whenever they liked to avail themselves of a hospitable roof, and keeping at the Dower-house the former vicar of the parish, who, upon the establishment of the Directory and the abolition of the Book of Common Prayer, had been ejected from his living. The new-comer chanced to be one of the victims of the late archbishop, who, for preaching against images and decora-

tions in churches, had, a dozen years before, been deprived of his ministry, and for occasionally preaching afterwards had been thrown into a miserable dungeon in Bridewell, heavily ironed, chained to a post, fed on bread and water, and through an entire winter allowed only a pad of straw for a bed. All these privations, combined with whipping and hard labor, had not tended to sweeten the poor man's temper. To keep the peace between the new minister and the old, and to see that the fifth of the income was—as appointed by the Parliament—paid by the Presbyterian to the wife and child of the Episcopalian, proved to be one of Joscelyn's most unpleasant duties; but after a while, what with his bright humor, and his power of seeing the best points of both the men, he succeeded in bringing them to a less quarrelsome frame of mind, to the great admiration of Mrs. Ursula, whose opinion of the other sex gradually rose.

To old Sir Thomas the year passed in a happy second childhood of peace. He seldom inquired for those whom he did not see, never fretted over the absence of Lady Heyworth or Isabella, and delighted in teasing the two betrothed couples, and in discussing plans for their future happiness. Now and then Joscelyn had some little difficulty in evading questions with regard to his empty sleeve.

"It pains me, lad," his father would say, "to think that at your age you should be thus shattered and broken down. 'Twas a ball you got in the arm, you say?"

"Yes, sir," said Joscelyn, "a slight enough hurt at the time."

"You were out deer-stalking, I suppose? Well, 'tis a fine sport, and accidents will happen now and again. There was a man I used to hunt with in years gone by, he lost an arm, but he rode well enough afterwards with a hook at the end of his stump. 'Twas not all gone, as yours is."

To Arthur Denham there was something infinitely pa-

thetic in the struggle which Joscelyn made to shield his father from the shock of realizing the King's defeat, or of gaining any recollection of the civil strife. Often he saw him chatting gayly with the old man when his lips were blanched with the pain of the injury he had got at Lansdown; and remembering the intense bitterness of the old baronet when he had first met him at Farnham, and the trying scenes in the church and the castle-hall, he most earnestly hoped that this happy oblivion would continue for the rest of Sir Thomas's life. The doctor argued that if left in undisturbed quiet the old man might live for years, while on the other hand any sudden excitement or revival of painful memories would probably prove fatal.

It chanced that on little Tom's third birthday Joscelyn, sitting in the study where his father dozed peacefully in a great arm-chair by the hearth, saw a man wearing Sir William Waller's livery riding across the court-yard. He stole out of the room, anxious to receive the latest news from Westminster, and to prevent the man from rapping at the door and disturbing his father. Outside in the entrance-hall Monnie and Tom were playing battledoor and shuttlecock.

"Be quiet for a while, children," he said. "I must leave the door open in case your grandfather calls. I shall be back anon."

Receiving from the messenger Sir William's letter, he lingered for a few minutes in the withdrawing-room, not venturing to read it over the study fire lest his father should perchance awake and ask the contents.

His brow clouded as he read the brief lines, for it seemed to him that Sir Jacob Astley's words were being fulfilled, and that they were beginning to fall out among themselves very seriously. The grave injustice shown by the Parliament in refusing money for the arrears of the soldiers' pay

seemed to him to bode ill for the future, and Waller spoke of the difficulty he had found in hindering a duel between Major Ireton and Mr. Holles, the former having justified the soldiers' petition.

Meanwhile little Tom, catching sight through the half-open study door of the present he had that morning received, forgot to follow his father's injunction to be quiet, and running into the room, dragged down the toy bricks from the window-seat and implored Monnie to come and build. Sir Thomas woke up, and sat quietly watching the two little playmates at the other end of the room.

"We'll build Harlech Castle," cried Tom.

"Yes," said Monnie, "because 'twas the very last one taken, and we will put my neckerchief at top for the King's flag, and you shall be the Parliament's soldiers, and drag it down."

"Tom knock the castle down! Tom make a crash!" said the child, clapping his hands.

"Hush!" said Monnie, "you'll awake your grandfather. And I know a better play than that. You see, Tom, 'tis stupid to put up the flag when the King's flag isn't on no real castle any more. And we won't play at soldiers and war, because your father doesn't like it."

"Me like soldiers best," pouted Tom.

"But, Tom, the war is over. Don't you remember Charlotte told us so more than a sennight since? Let us play at real happening things, Tom. We'll build Holmby House, and have my Bartholomew babe for a prisoner. For, truly, Tom, the King is a prisoner, and they do say he plays at bowls to pass the time; we will make pretend bowls with comfits."

At this moment Joscelyn returned, and one glance at his father's ghastly face warned him that a great change was at hand.

"Sir," he cried, hurrying forward, "are you ill?"

Sir Thomas griped fast hold of him with both hands.

"Tell me the truth!" he panted. "Is his Majesty indeed a prisoner in the hands of the rebels?"

"He is at Holmby House, sir, under the care of the Parliament."

"A prisoner! and you and I stay idly here?" cried Sir Thomas. "What did they say—the war at an end? Aye, it all comes back to me now—it all comes back! You were a traitor—an accursed rebel. Away with you! You are no son of mine!"

Pushing him back with violence which terrified the children, he started to his feet; but the sight of the anguish which Joscelyn could not hide sobered him.

"I remember now," he said, "you were piked while rescuing Dick. Here comes Clemency to chide me for my roughness."

He turned with relief to his daughter-in-law, who, at the sound of the loud talking in the study, had hastened in from the garden with Rosamond. She glanced from one to the other, dismayed at the signs of both physical and mental pain in her husband's face, and terrified by Sir Thomas's agitation.

"Dear sir," she said, coaxing the old man back to his chair, "it is true, as you say, that Joscelyn was hurt while saving Dick, but methinks the knowledge of that helps him to bear the pain he must always suffer."

"He was the best of all the lads, and yet a rebel!" sighed Sir Thomas. "I don't understand it! I never could understand it."

"Sir," said Joscelyn, "for God's sake rest, and trouble yourself no further. The strife is at an end, the terms of peace are being arranged. If the King will be true, all may now be well."

"I hate your 'ifs,'" said Sir Thomas, petulantly. "The King can do no wrong."

But, vehemently as he spoke, a terrible qualm of doubt seized him as he remembered the letters taken at Naseby. "I' faith," he said, after a long silence, in which they had hoped his agitation was gradually lessening, "I should greatly like to know if your rebellion hath brought you satisfaction. It lost you home and kith and kin; it lost you the favor and the company of your friends and acquaintance; it lost you reputation and health, it hath left you maimed and disfigured at four-and-twenty. What is your reward? The triumph of a Parliament and the downfall of a monarchy. Let me tell you that future generations will deem you both a fool and a traitor."

"I am willing to be accounted both, sir," said Joscelyn, quietly, "if God in his mercy will but use my life for the good of the country."

There was a ring of devotion in his voice which silenced the old baronet. Gentler thoughts seemed to awake in his mind, and as Rosamond stooped to kiss his forehead a remembrance of the night when she had lain at death's door flashed across his brain. A curious feeling of faintness began to oppress him; he saw Joscelyn cross the room and open the casement; the cold spring air rushed in and revived him for a moment.

"Lift me up, my son," he said. "Aye, aye, there's strength in you yet. I'd liefer have your left arm than some men's right. Methinks my life is ending with the war."

The words proved true. It was all in vain that Dick chafed his hands, that Clemency brought restoratives, that Rosamond prayed for his recovery. He lay back with closed eyes on Joscelyn's breast, from time to time faintly muttering a few words. Just at the last, as if defying an accuser, he spoke out vehemently:

"I tell you I love my son! Aye, when I cursed and disowned him I yet loved him!"

Joscelyn bent forward and reverently kissed the forehead of the dying man; and at that Sir Thomas looked up once more, with a smile in his blue eyes which meant more to his son than many words.

Slowly the sun sank in the west, and twilight stole over the landscape; the room grew almost dark, the watchers could scarcely discern each others' faces, but the old warrior had passed away into the land of light.

CHAPTER XLI

The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge.—MILTON.

SIR THEODORE MAYERNE'S prophecy was fulfilled. Joscelyn, spite of great suffering and many tedious attacks of illness, lived on, while England passed through the stormy years which ended the Stuart dynasty.

On a bright, still day at the beginning of December, in the year 1697, the old church-yard of Katterham presented a picturesque scene. The service was just over, and the people in holiday trim lingered for a word or a smile from the old baronet and his lady, who, with a few guests staying at the Court-house, had come to take part in the National Thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick.

"Right glad am I," said Joscelyn, as he glanced at the villagers, "that we kept the Thanksgiving here at home rather than in London. John Evelyn will bring us news of the gay doings there, and I would not have missed this gathering for all the gold in the new Bank of England.

"Yes, we were best here," said Clemency, pausing to greet old Morrison, who stood at the gate.

"This is a good day for us, Morrison," said Joscelyn, giving the faithful servant his hand. "England hath triumphed over the worst of her foes, and the French King will, methinks, no more seek to meddle with our Protestant succession."

"Eh, sir. But it was grand to hear the folks sing the Old Hundredth!" said Morrison. "Many's the strange

places we have heard that in, sir. But 'twas true in the past days, and 'tis true now."

"It ever brings Temperance Turner to my mind," said Joscelyn. "How welcome it was to hear his rebec in the distance, and to know that tidings were at length coming."

Clemency lifted her hazel eyes to her husband's, recalling vividly the yellow-haired lad of former days in all his youthful strength and vigor. But in the spare form and noble features of the husband who for more than fifty years had been her constant companion she saw something infinitely dearer. There was still the same bright, hopeful look in the blue eyes, and a buoyant vigor of perpetual youth in the aged face, with its mellow coloring and gentle, kindly expression. While all that was stern, all that was obstinate or proud had died out of his character, and he had ripened into the most beautiful of all good things on God's earth—a beautiful old age.

"The service was shorter than I had looked for," he said. "There will be time before dinner to walk to Whitehill. Who will bear me company?"

"I would I had the strength, dear heart," said Clemency, smiling. "Fain would I go as far as our old yew-tree, and hear with you the robins singing in the wood; but my walking days are over. Hester and I will go in and rest and have my grandson for company, while you take Dick and the others for your daily pilgrimage."

"He hath more vigor than any of us," said Dick, his face lighting up with all its former devotion to his brother as he turned to Sir William Denham. "He can tire out his own son any day. Eh, Tom?"

"I' faith, then, we will leave you to follow at your leisure," said Joscelyn, with a laugh. "Mary will walk on briskly with me, and we will bring back some greenery to deck the hall for this evening's merrymaking."

His orphan niece, Mary Denham—the only child left by Arthur and Rosamond — was glad enough to avail herself of the chance of a quiet talk with her favorite uncle. During the last twelve years they had been the closest friends, and she had found at the Court-house a sympathy and love which had filled her life with happiness. A few months after the death of Charles II., Joscelyn, after living five or six years for his health's sake in the south of France, had returned to England better and stronger than he had ever hoped to be again. His first thought had been to seek out Rosamond's daughter, whom hitherto he had only been able to see at rare intervals. He had left her a shy, silent child; he came back to find her just of age, with all the charm of a thoughtful, questioning mind that will not be satisfied with surface knowledge or conventional life. From that time she had spent a great part of each year at Katterham, and had become like a daughter to Joscelyn and Clemency, filling with her bright companionship the gap that had been left in the home when Tom and his wife and children had gone to live in the Dower-house.

"You have set Morrison and dear old Charlotte talking of the war, sir," she said, joining her uncle in the ghost walk. "I heard him beginning the tale of Newbury fight as he helped her back into the Court-house."

"'Twas the Old Hundredth that started us," said Joscelyn. "I can hear it now in the darkness of the night as the troops marched to the siege of Winchester. Temperance Turner brought me the news that your mother was out of danger, and like to live. And now, dear soul, she hath been at rest these many years—ever since the time of the great plague — while I am still left. Her childhood was sad, but I verily think, Mary, that for the sixteen years of her wedded life her lot was the happiest that could well have been. Death itself severed her but a single day from your father."

He glanced at the dark eyes and brown curls of his niece, and recalled Arthur Denham bending over him when he struggled back to the consciousness of being a prisoner in Farnham Castle. And yet, in her sweet, pure face, with its underlying pathos, there was much that reminded him of Rosamond as she had been long, long ago at the Shortell Manor—a little, lonely, reserved girl, with burning thoughts seething under a quiet exterior.

Mary turned to him with a far-away look in her eyes.

"They were married in this church," she said; "yet there must have been many things at that time to divide your opinions. You and my father must have thought very differently about the King's fate?"

"Yes," said Joscelyn, "'twas a subject that could never be named betwixt us, though naught could hinder us from being true friends through all the troubles then and at the Restoration. But, methinks, were your father here now he would join heartily in this National Thanksgiving."

"Colonel Algernon Sydney always approved of the execution of the King," said Mary, "though not of the way in which the trial was arranged. What was your feeling, sir, with regard to it?"

Joscelyn's face became grave.

"I deemed his death a necessity," he said. "And this I know, that the late Protector—the greatest man England hath ever seen—would not have permitted it could the country have been saved in any other way. He had a sincere regard for his Majesty, he labored to save him; and had it not been for the King's duplicity, and his failure to understand or to put faith in the people, the execution would never have taken place. He died like a Christian and a gentleman; but his words on the scaffold, declaring that the people ought not to have any 'share in the government, that is nothing pertaining to them,' proved that he

could never have been anything but a despot. Believe me, dear, the future is with those who trust the people."

"Yet, even from Colonel Sydney I heard much against the late Protector," said Mary; "he, too, was despotic in his turn."

"Yes, that is true," replied her uncle; "yet 'tis easy to criticise afterwards, and methinks that no other mortal could possibly have steered the nation safely through those stormy seas, and have brought England to the place she now holds in Europe. He has his reward. But the world, with its usual wisdom, will put up monuments to King Charles while Cromwell's name is held up to scorn, his life slandered, his body dragged to Tyburn, his head set up in Westminster Hall, though England, without his aid, would now have been in the hands of the pope and the French king. God forbid that I should say one harsh word of those who have long left this world; but in truth, Mary, my old blood gets hot even now when I read in the Book of Common-prayer the sickening, servile lies ordered to be read on the 30th of January."

"I remember you never go to church on that day, sir," said Mary, "and I have been glad to follow your example."

"The service for the 29th of May is discontinued during King William's happy reign," said Joscelyn, "and I would that both could be forever abolished. There are sundry blots on our noble Prayer-book that I shall scarce live to see reformed, but that perchance you may."

"And yet," said Mary, shuddering a little, as she recalled some past scene, "I can well understand how people must have grieved over the beheading of King Charles. A death such as that is a horrible thing."

"My dear, I am an old soldier," said Joscelyn, "and have seen death after a much more ghastly fashion; if you dwell on the mere torture of it, what can ever come near the suf-

ferings of Colonel Hampden during those last days of agony? God forgive me if I am wrong, but I cannot think the King's sufferings were to be compared with the misery he had brought to thousands of better and more trustworthy men. I cannot, as the Prayer-book says, 'reflect upon so foul an act with horror and astonishment,' or deem that men like Cromwell and Ireton, Bradshaw and Hutchinson were 'cruel and bloody men,' 'sons of Belial,' 'imbruing their hands in the innocent blood of God's anointed,' and 'guilty of a barbarous murder.' Nor can I think it right for English folk to foist upon the nation the evils due to the Stuart tyranny, and to pray that they may follow 'the example of this thy blessed martyr.' For stealing a sheep we hang a starving man. Is not the tyrant who steals the just rights of Englishmen more blameworthy?"

Mary was fain to agree to this; but in her heart she looked forward to a distant future when war should cease and the death penalty be rarely exacted.

"Do not let us dwell on the dark past to-day," said her uncle, after a pause, "but rather turn to the sunrise which now gladdens the land."

She noticed that his voice, which had grown eager and passionate as he spoke of the strife of by-gone days, sank once more to its habitually gentle, happy tone; and as he gazed over the wide view from the hill-top and drank in the fresh wintry air, his eyes, which had flashed and dilated with all the fire of eager youth, grew tender and calm again.

The day was bright and clear, and as they walked home they could plainly see the new St. Paul's away in the distance.

"I have watched it building year after year," said Joscelyn, "and Mr. Evelyn tells me that he is going to the first service there on Sunday."

"You saw the old St. Paul's in flames, too, did you not, sir?" said Mary.

"Aye, my dear; a terrible sight, even at this distance. Truly we have lived through troubled times; but I thank God that he hath spared me to see not only the destruction of the old, but the ushering in of the new. I have lived to see wider toleration, a greater freedom for the press, and, above all, the transference of the supreme power from the King to the House of Commons. 'Tis a great thing to be spared to old age and to see God's truth prevailing by slow degrees."

Mary, who knew how much suffering and trouble he had lived through with undaunted courage and faith, felt braced by his words, and better able to face that vista of long life which seldom looks attractive when the first brightness of youth has passed. The man who had made so much of a crippled and shattered existence was like a tower of strength to all other sufferers.

They paused in the little shaw by the wayside to gather holly and yew for the merry-making; then entering the park once more, stood for a minute looking across the beautiful stretch of heath and common and undulating wooded country to the far distance, where in the wintry light the Chiltern hills could be faintly discerned.

Joscelyn's thoughts travelled back to the noble old house and the little country church among the beech woods of Buckinghamshire, and once again he seemed to hear Hampden's manly voice quoting the beautiful lines of Cervantes: "This peace is the true end of war."

Mary listened as they walked home to some of those stirring tales of the great patriot which her uncle loved to tell her, and as they entered the study at the Court-house, and rejoined the rest of the party, she was not surprised that her aunt divined, by a single glance at his eager face, the subject of the conversation.

"You two have been talking of the old times!" she said, with a loving look in her sweet eyes.

"Yes, dear heart," said Joscelyn, stooping to kiss her, and with his skilful left hand placing a tiny spray from the old yew-tree in the white folds of her neckerchief; "I have been telling Mary how you and I owe our life's happiness to one that was foremost in striving to right the wrong and to set the oppressed free."

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